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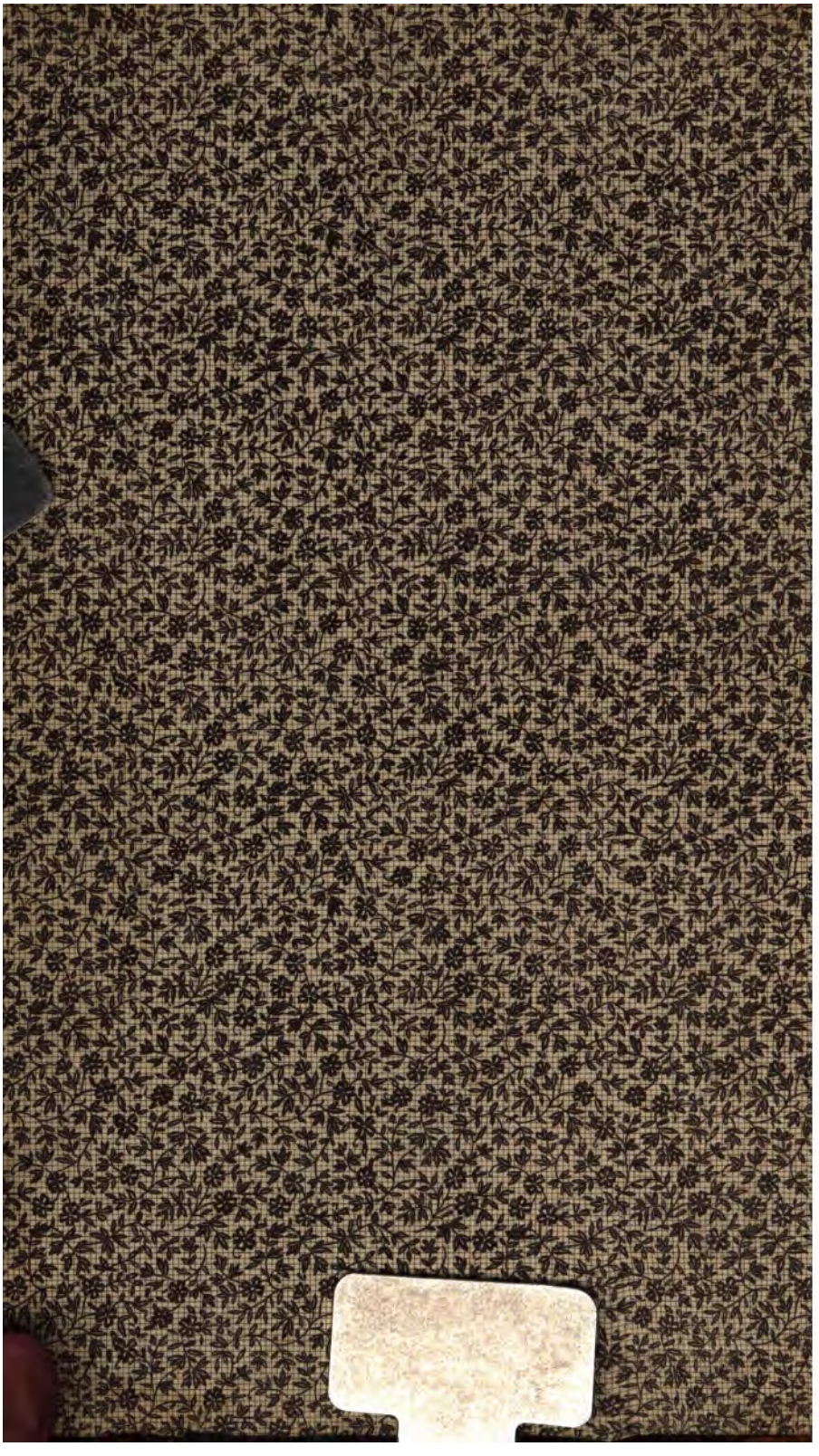

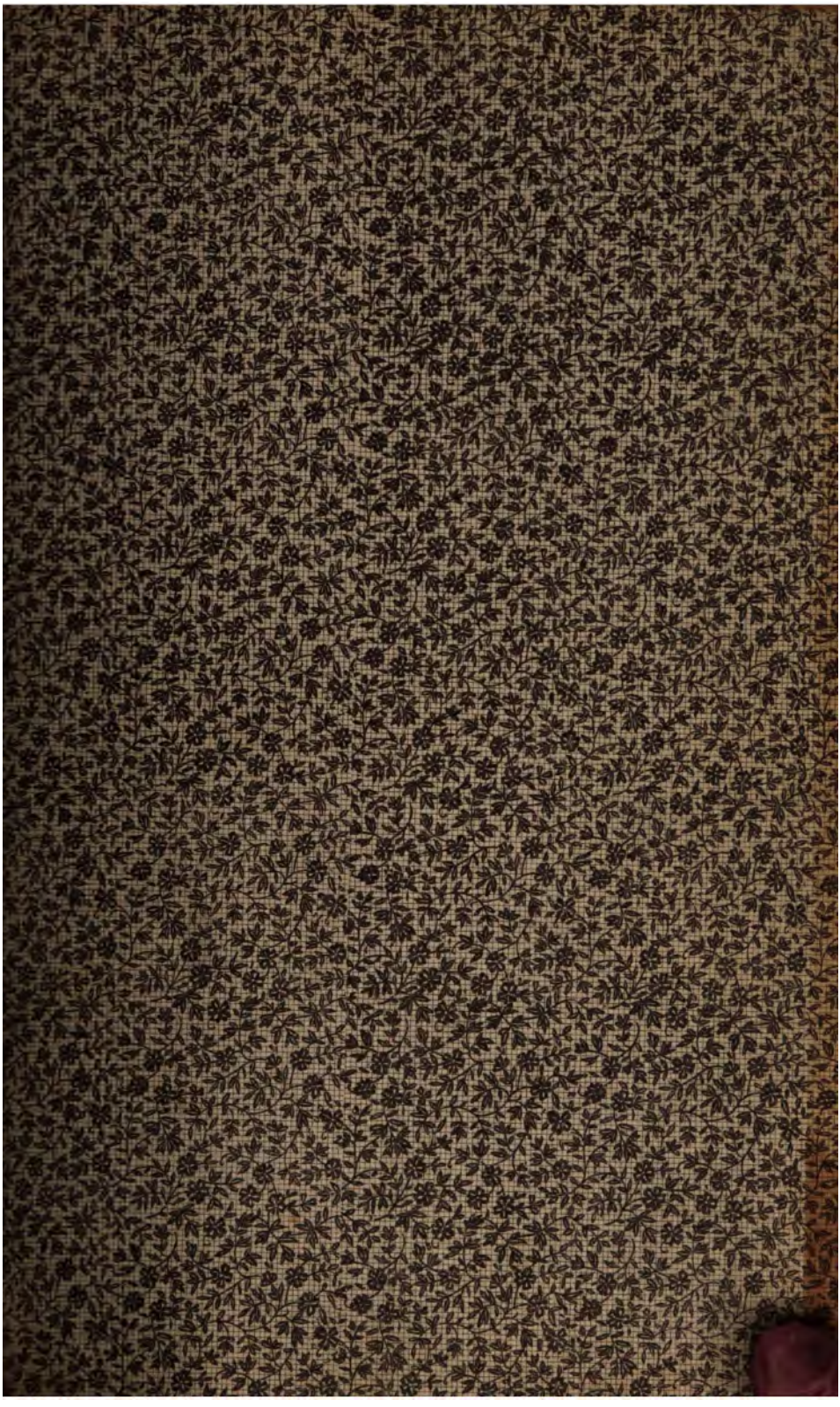

Jos Kranskopf

Theologies many—Religion one.

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel,

October 25th, 1891,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA:
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1891.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

BY RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES I. 1887—1888.

1. The Need of the Hour.
2. The Theology of the Future.
3. The Feast and the Fast.
4. Mind and Belief.
5. The Conquest of Evil.
6. Be Right To-day Though Wrong Yesterday
7. The Three Foes of Judaism: { Orthodoxy. Conservatism Reform.
8.
9.
10. Judaism and Unitarianism.
11. The Feast of Esther.
12. Judaism and the Ethical Culture Society.
13. The Chosen People.
14. The Hebrew and The Atheist.
15. An Error of Eighteen Hundred Years Corrected.
16. Passover and Easter.
17. Who is Responsible: { The State. The Church.
18.
19. The American and his Holidays.
20. The Saturday- and the Sunday-Sabbath.

SERIES II. 1888—1889.

1. Whence, Whither and Why?
2. The Voice of the People
3. Uncharitable Charity.
4. Wife and Mother.
5. Husband and Father.
6. Origin and Descent.
7. The People of the Book.
8. Future Reward and Punishment.
9. The Ideal Commonwealth.
10. The Puritanic Sabbath.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM:

11. I. The Mosaic Age.
12. II. The Prophetic Age.
13. III. The Messianic Age.
14. IV. The Rabbinical Age.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM CONTINUED:

15. V. The Kabbalistic Age.
16. VI. The Mendelssohnian Age.
17. VII. The Present Age.
18. Ashes to Ashes or Earth to Earth.
19. Sanitary Science.
20. Does Prohibition Prohibit?
21. Intermarriage.
22. Convert your own—Let Jews alone.
23. The 25th Anniversary of the Cornerstone-Laying of Temple Keneseth Israel.
24. Abused Benefactors.
25. A Benefactor Honored. (Rev. Dr. I. M. Wise)
26. The Real Saving Trinity.
27. The Removal of the Leaven.
28. Deed through Creed.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward.
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza—Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

Theologies many — Religion one.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.,
Philadelphia, Oct. 25th, 1891.

Again we are assembled, in large numbers, and with joyful spirits, for the commencement of another season of *Sunday* Services, in addition to our regular Saturday Sabbath Services. For the fifth time we resume to-day our gatherings, during the Fall and Winter and Spring Sundays, for gratifying the soul's craving after communionship with God, for drawing inspiration for right-thinking and right-living in our daily walks, for drinking in refreshing draughts from the fountains of knowledge and truth, and for an occasional theological discussion, or investigation of some of the professed creeds and dogmas.

The work for which the Sunday-Services are resumed.

The announcement of the last branch of this season's work is, I fear, not received with welcome by some of you gathered here. Theological questions, I might even include the Theologians themselves, have ceased to be popular. To many they have become abhorrent. Not a few flee from the theologian, as the theologian himself once fled from His Satanic Majesty. At the merest mention of Theology or Theologians they smell the odor of musty volumes, the effluvium of the grave, the exhalations of streams of blood innocently shed, they see manacles and shackles and torturing instruments, they hear the cries of anguish of the persecuted, exiled, tortured, executed, they see visions of the martyred Hypatia, Savanarola, Servetus, Latimer, of the slaughter of the Saxons, of the annihilation of the Albigenses, of the massacre of the Jews and Huguenots, of the murder of the Hussites, see the affrighting ghosts of Cyril, Torquemada, Catharine de Medici, Alva, Cotton Mather, and they shrink from it, as they would from poison draught or deadly weapon.

Theology unpopular.

There exists in the minds of many, and much it is to be regretted, a sorrowful confusion between Theology and the Theologian. Theology is good, the Theologian may be bad. Theology is necessary and rational, the Theologian may be unnecessary and irrational. Theology is a pure source of religion, Theologians may be its polluters. Theology is the benign mother of religion, theologians may be its assassins.

Theology confounded with Theologians.

Without theology there can be no religion. Before the heart can feel religiously, the mind must think theologically. Before hand and tongue can act and speak *godly*, theology must tell that there is a *God*, and what that God is, and what that God wants. Before we can know how to use this life of ours, we must form some idea as to what it is, and why it is, and whence it comes, and wither it goes.

Without theology no religion.

Theology constituted one of man's first thoughts, and to this day it has remained his highest thought. Long before theological institutes were dreamed of, theology existed, and it will continue to exist, even though every seminary dedicated to its study be destroyed. As long as man will continue human, as long as the human mind will remain finite, as long as the ever-perplexing and the ever-vexing problems of life will elude the grasp of exact science, as long as birth and death will alternate, and planets revolve, and seasons change, and the grandeur and harmony and wisdom in the universe overawe, so long will the mind search after the *First Cause*, and trace cause to the *Last Effect*. And the few faint glints of light, that it will gather up on its way, it will reflect in an infinite variety of speculations and hypotheses, of dreams and fancies, of creeds and dogmas, all of which will constitute its *Theology*.

Theology will continue to differ.

Moreover, theology will not only continue, but it will also differ in the future as it has in the past. As long as men will differ physically, mentally, and morally, in age and in environments, in circumstances and in antecedents, so long will there be an unavoidable difference in their theological conclusions. The *First Cause* of the savage, just emerged from the brute, will differ from the conception of it in the mind of a Herbert Spencer, and the *Last Effect* in the mind of the Esquimaux will differ essentially from that which the inhabitant of sunny Italy will form of it. The Pantheon of the Oriental, accustomed to pompous pageantry, to luxuriant display, to voluptuous ease, to slavish subjection, will differ materially from that of the plain, freedom-loving American or Swiss. To sailor and to mountaineer, to men constantly exposed to trials and dangers, to those whose whole existence is solely dependent on the uncertain products of the soil, to the poor and heavy-laden, Life—here and hereafter—will have an altogether different meaning from that which the rich and the strong, the happy and the young, give to it, who live sheltered and protected, amidst ease and affluence, on the broad avenues of the metropolis.

Continuance of differing Theology involves continuance of fighting theologians.

And much I fear that the continuance of differing theologies will prolong the existence of discord-spreading theologians. As in the past, there will be men, who, from choice or profession, will surrender themselves to theological speculations, will brood and ponder, will dream and guess, until they will mistake the few faint glints of light for luminous revelations, their guesses for proofs, their dreams for facts; and, hoisting their own theological notions high, will proclaim them as *the only theology*, themselves as its only proper enunciators, and declare war against all holders of other creeds and dogmas.

Excesses of theologians.

There has never been a theological system that has not had theologians to claim superiority for it, nor has there been a people on the face of the earth that has not been distracted and torn because of such a claim. Men, calling themselves theologians—for whom *idlers* or *peace-disturbers* had been a fitter name—keeping themselves aloof from the common walks of life, leading for the most

part a recluse life, coming little in contact with their fellowmen, knowing little of the trials and tribulations, of the joys and pleasures, of the real needs and interests and desires, of human society, often shunning home- and family-life, deadening the heart to all finer sensibilities, absorbing themselves wholly in abstract speculations, falling prey to mysticism and hallucination, have made, during many dark and painful centuries, of helpful and needful theology a most horrible monster, so much so, that to this day the merest mention of it fills us with disgust and alarm.

That the abuse of theology by theologians, the attempt to force one man's creeds and dogmas upon another of totally different taste, culture, environment, ancestry, modes of thought, and the practice of visiting cruel punishment upon him for refusing, has not aroused civilized society to open rebellion against theology, has not driven it to tearing it up, root and all, and crushing it forever, is indeed surprising. It is theology's best vindication that it is not responsible for its abuse. It is the best proof that rational man instinctively felt that not theology, but the theologian, is reprehensible.

Not theology but theologians reprehensible.

Rational man appreciated the benefit of civilization. He knew that its continuance depended on the continuance of religion, and that the continuance of religion depended on the continuance of theology. He knew that to have society pervaded with a love of justice and truth, of peace and good will, of virtue and charity, to have the mind ennobled, the heart softened, to make progress and enlightenment possible and easy, to have, in brief, man think divinely and act godly, he must have the ministration of religion. But, he also knew that religion, to achieve such lofty ends, must be invested with the highest authority, must speak, command, direct, in the name of a Being supreme in power, wisdom, goodness. The proof for the existence of such a Supreme Being, endowed with such attributes, religion could derive from theology only. It alone could furnish arguments in favor of the divine origin and purpose of life, and of the immortality of the soul. With these *First Principles of Theology* for a foundation, religion could go on erecting its magnificent ethical structure, without any other help from theology.

The good of theology.

These First Principles of Theology, however, seldom contented the theologians. They went on hatching new creeds and new dogmas, formulating new rites and new ceremonies, imposing new restrictions and new obstacles, which made life a burden, religion a hardship, disturbed the peace of society, impeded progress, and forced men into hypocrisy and infidelity.

The evil of Theologians.

It is amusing to hear theologians speak of the great benefits their caste conferred upon human kind, to see them claiming credit for blessings, wrought, not by them, but by religious people, and often despite their opposition.

I make a distinction between theologians and religious people. By theologians I understand those, who profess to know all about God and

Theologians and religious people contrasted.

the Hereafter; who profess to know precisely what sect is God's favorite and who are God's appointed and annointed, and where and when, and in what form and language, and with what rites and ceremonies, God wants to be worshipped by man; who regard themselves as God's detective force on earth, entrusted with the duty to see that even the minutest detail of God's want is scrupulously obeyed; charged even to visit severe punishment upon the disobedient; and who prove their divine appointment by their really marvelous powers for scenting heresies, and for unearthing apostasies.—By religious people I understand those, who, without much talk of God, who, without claiming much knowledge of the nature and essence of God, lead a godly life, in obedience to the will of God, as revealed by their reason, and by the dictates of their conscience.

It is amusing to see these theologians posing as the great lights. Who are the real lights and perpetuators of the world's religions? Who were the founders and preservers of Judaism? Who were they, who made its name coextensive with the whole civilized world, and beneficial, wherever once heard? Surely not those theologians, who wrote ponderous treatises on the nature and attributes of God, on the mysteries of the upper- and nether-world, who elaborated enormous digests on the ritualistic and ceremonial laws, who foisted the *Kabbalah* and the *Shulchan Aruch* upon the religion of Israel, who made Israel *a peculiar people*, who set up impassable barriers between them and other people, the effects of which have been, and still are, painfully felt? Nay, not these, not these.

Founders and Preservers of Judaism were religious people not theologians.

The founders and preservers of Judaism were not theologians; they were religious people. They were men of action, not dreamers. They dealt with realities, not with fancies. They dealt with people, not with phrases. They were men who, like Moses and the Prophets, heard within them God's voice calling them aloud for great work. In their writings and speeches you will look in vain for a theological system, or for a treaties on the soul's immortality, or for pictures of the Hereafter. But you will find there the first moral code known to History, the Ten Commandments, and a Golden Rule, and other wise laws, regulating the relationship of man to God, to the state, to his fellowmen, and to himself. You'll find there declaration after declaration, that: it is not sacrifice, not ceremony, not prayer nor penance, that God wants of man, nothing but—to use the prophet Micah's summary—'to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God.'

Who were the great lights of the Christian Church? Who were they who made its name and work blessed? Surely not those spinners of fine-drawn theological subtleties, who launched schism upon schism upon the Church, who introduced breach upon breach among her members, and shed rivers of blood in consequence? Surely not they, who clogged the wheels of progress, shackled independent thought, hurled the ban upon original research, brought the curse of the Dark Ages, the inquisition, the torture-chamber, the stake, the

Same true in Christianity.

autos da fe upon Europe, because of their unending doctrinal quarrels,—one theologian claiming that God is *one*, the other insisting upon a *triune* God; one claiming that the Son is co-eternal with the Father, the other that the Father is older than the Son; one claiming that the Son's essence is *identical* with that of the Father, the other that it is only *similar* to it; one claiming a *divine* origin for Jesus, the other a *human;* one insisting that Mary must be addressed as the *Mother of God*, the other as the *mother of Jesus;* one claiming that the communion wine and wafer consist of the blood and body of Christ, the other that they are only permeated with his spirit; one claiming that man is born corrupted with the sin of Adam, the other that he enters life sinless; one declaring that the Holy Ghost "proceedeth from the Father and the Son," the other omitting the Son; one insisting that baptism shall consist of immersion *in* water, the other of sprinkling *with* water,* and so on through a whole catalogue of them. Nay, not these were the lights and benefactors of the Christian Church.

Christianity's true founders and preservers were not theologians but religious people. Paul, the Neo-Platonic mystic, was, it is true, one of the founders of the Church. But had he not had the example of the noble life and deeds and utterances of Jesus, the religious Jew, and of his religious Jewish apostles and disciples and followers, to hold up for admiration and imitation, he would never have succeeded in planting Christianity in three continents. The true disseminators of Christianity, they that made it illustrious among the religions of the earth, were those religious men and women, who went forth in the true religious spirit of Jesus, to toil self-sacrificingly for the good of all men of all conditions, to bring liberty to the oppressed, help to the needy, comfort to the sorrowing, hope to the despairing, light to the erring, and to extend the hand of brotherhood to the fallen and straying, to the pariah and slave, to the publican and sinner.

The same is true of Buddhism. Not its theologians, who separated themselves from the world for ascetic practices or for idle profitless speculations, not those theologians, who spun out their voluminous commentaries and casuistries and systems, until they divided their Church into numerous factions, have made Buddhism the largest of all denominations, and in point of ethical excellence equal even to the best. Not the theologians of the Hindoos, but their religious people accomplished this, they, who like their leader, the good Buddha, were ready to surrender station, wealth, comfort, pleasure, ease, for the good of suffering humanity, they who went forth among men to break down castes, to make all men brethren, to diffuse the sentiment of universal peace and good will, and to extend them even to the lower animal, to heal and to aid and to comfort, to educate and to elevate, to instil a love of truth, of justice, of tolerance, of self-control, and who are amply rewarded, for the Buddhists rank to-day

Same true in Buddhism.

*See controversies of the Arians, Pelagians, Homoousians, Homoiousians, Eutychians, Nestorians, Transsubstantiationists, Consubstantiationists, Filioques.

among the most peaceful and industrious, among the most benevolent and hospitable, among the most temperate and humane, of all the people on the face of the earth.

The same is true of other denominations. While the Mohamedan theologians wasted their time and energies upon splitting the worst teachings of the Koran into a labyrinthal maze of doctrines, and divided the people into many hostile factions, the religious people took the best teachings of their Scriptures, the beautiful ethical precepts, and with them civilized and humanized and blessed themselves, and millions of others.

Same true in Mohamedanism.

It was the same in Greece. While the theologians clamored for the blood of Socrates, declared that the gods would visit terrible vengeance upon the nation for tolerating the heretic and infidel, the innocently accused philosopher was busily engaged in helping, teaching, elevating, ennobling, his fellowmen.

In Greece.

It is the same to-day. While theologians institute courts for the trial of heretics, split up people into factions, create confusion and discord, hurl their anathemas against the heads of those, who share not their views, nor perform their rites, nor pray in their language, deny even the right of fellowship to those who worship the same God, in the name of the same denomination, only in a different form, the people themselves, more religious than their theological leaders, toil side by side, hand in hand, heart with heart, in work of love, of charity, of education, and live peacefully and helpfully together in brotherly love and good will.

Same true to-day.

Thus we see that not the theologians of a denomination but its religious people are its real lights and propagators and benefactors. And we also see that the attitude and characteristics of theologians and religious people are about the same the whole world over. Study whatever history of whatever denomination we may, this we find as a universal characteristic:

Summary of contrast between theologians and religious people.

Theologians preach—religious people practice. Theologians deaden the heart,—religious people make it a living fountain of love and sympathy. Theologians wound, freeze, darken, divide,—religious people heal, warm, illumine, unite. Theologians deal with abstractions,—religious people deal with facts. Theologians are exclusive and narrow,—religious people are broad and cosmopolitan. Theologians are arrogant, intolerant, boastful, they delight in holding other creeds up to scorn, in flaunting the errors of others before their hearers, in contrasting their worst forms with the best of their own,—religious people are humble and tolerant, they pity the errors of others and seek to hide and to remove them by words and deeds of love and sympathy, they contrast their own weak sides with the best of other creeds, and thus set a stimulus for betterment before them. Theologians make forms and rites and creeds the end of worship,—religious people make them the means. Theologians say to the applicant for membership you must first be purged of your old errors, you must be new-born, converted, immersed, baptized, confirmed,—reli-

gious people stretch forth their hands and say: come brother, come sister, and be welcome, no matter what your former belief, or present belief, welcome even if you have no belief at all.

Such an examination of the actions of the different religious people reveals yet more. It shows that not only are their actions similar but also their conceptions of what constitutes religious duty.

Conceptions of religious duty alike.

Whatever definition we give to religion, whether that of the philosopher or scientist, of the historian or philanthropist, none is so narrow or so deficient as not to include every form of religion that was or is extant still. All start with similar First Principles of Theology—a Belief in Supreme Power, in a Hereafter—and though their conceptions of that Supreme Power and Hereafter and their mode of worship, differ, they are alike, and have been, in their conception of the highest religious duty. Their theologies differ—their religion is one. The Golden Rule was taught and followed by the Chinese, by the Greeks and Latins, by the Hebrews, and others, long before the advent of Christianity. Those of our Ten Commandments that relate to the duties of man to man are also those of the Buddhists. Long before Christianity was introduced among the Norsemen, Ingemund the Old, bleeding and dying, prayed God to forgive Rolleif, his murderer. The virtue of returning good for evil, of rewarding hatred with love, of thinking and judging and acting justly and charitably, the duty of being hospitable to the stranger, of sharing with the needy, of caring for the aged and infirm, of comforting the sorrowing and stricken, of self-control and self-culture, are as rigorously enjoined as the highest religious duty upon the Chinese, the Parsi, the Hindoo, the Arabian, as they are upon Christian or Jew.

It is the same melody which the human soul has brought from some other sphere, which all, from the highest to the lowest, are playing and singing still, only on different instruments, with different voices, in different times and keys. Some have elaborated it into a magnificent symphony, with others it is as monotonous as the droning of the bagpipe. But the musical ear detects the same melody even in the most unmusical of them all. Time may have damaged the instrument, or environment may have prevented the development of the voice, yet the melody has clung to the human soul, whether damaged or undeveloped, I believe with the poet

> "that in all ages
> Every human heart is human,
> That in even savage bosoms
> There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
> For the good they comprehend not;
> That the feeble hands and helpless,
> Groping blindly in the darkness,
> Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
> And are lifted up and strenghtened."
>
> "*Hiawatha*," Longfellow.

Yes, mankind is one religiously, and, but for the theologians, it might have constituted one religious brotherhood. And what has not yet been, soon may be, sooner perhaps than any of us believe. The theologian's power is broken. His recent heresy-hunt has revealed his senile weakness and his dotage. Science, that has already helped religion much, will help it yet more. With every day it increases the means of bringing the whole human family into closer contact. Peoples, long separated, learn to understand each other, and to copy from one another. The likeness of their First Principles, and of their religious aspirations and practices, will become more and more manifest, and hearts will soften towards each other, and the sanctuary of the one will be holy to the other, and where the one worships, the other will feel he too might worship.

Mankind will yet constitute one religious brotherhood.

This is not a dream. I have stood in Catholic Cathedral, in Quaker Meeting-House, in Protestant Church, in Mormon Tabernacle, in Chinese Joss-House, and I have felt within them all the same reverence, have felt the same prayerful feeling come over me, that I feel within the synagogue. Within each I felt the presence of the Supreme Power, and wherever it is present, I can worship.

I remember being told of a poor Catholic woman straying into a synagogue, one Saturday morning, before services had begun, and walking up to the chancel railing, dropped on her knees and offered her prayers. The Sexton informed her of her mistake. For a moment she seemed puzzled, but, regaining her self-possession, she remarked: "And to be sure, God is here too." That pious woman uttered in these few words a profounder truth than even she herself probably grasped, and many generations will yet pass before people will grasp the truth that God is present in every place dedicated to Him, by whatever name it be designated, and in whatever form He be worshipped, and that one may worship Him in one place or form, or in another, and not give offense to his God, nor do violence to his own conscience.

The time will come when some Reformer, greater than all that have preceeded him, starting from the premise that theologies do, and must, and will differ, but that religion is one, will set himself to work to unite the whole human family into one religious brotherhood, with theological liberty for each, even as now thousands, millions, of people constitute one citizenry or nationality, without sacrificing their right of managing their individual households as suits them best. Recognizing that the First Principles of all denominations, the basic elements of their modes of worship, their spiritual yearnings and expressions, are about the same, that the people long to commune with their Supreme Being, to bow, or to kneel, or to prostrate themselves before the Mysterious Power infinitely greater and better than themselves, to stammer before it their thanks, to bring to it their offerings, to confess before it their wrongs, to supplicate it for aid, to consecrate to it their new-born, their betrothals, marriages, deaths, and other important epochs of life, to place before themselves, in statue or painting,

A new Reformer wanted.

or in symbol, their great heroes and benefactors, for inspiration and imitation, that great Reformer of the future will set himself to work to contrive a mode of service, which, without doing violence to individual theological conceptions, will satisfy all the people's inner cravings, and conform, for the most part, in outward expression. He will enable the people to worship at home or abroad, within or without their congregation, with brother or with stranger, in almost the same manner, and not feel themselves strange, whether in synagogue or cathedral, in mosque or joss-house, in pantheon or pagoda.

It will be a gigantic work. It will require a Reformer, who will combine within himself the sagacity of a Moses, the fire of an Isaiah, the self-sacrifice of a Buddha, the sweetness of a Jesus, the zeal of a Paul, the magnetism of a Mohamed, the fearlessness of a Savanarola, the daring of a Luther. But he will come, with all these traits, and will achieve this glorious end. He will unite the human family into one religious brotherhood, with theological freedom for all. He will come, for it is right, and the right, in the long run, and in due time, succeeds.

He will come.

Who wrote the Pentateuch?*

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.,
Philadelphia, Nov. 1st, 1891.

For a thousand years and more, the Bible was a sealed book within our Sister-Church. It was written in a language which but the fewest could read. As the art of printing had not yet been invented, and the work of transcribing was exceedingly laborious, copies of it were very scarce, and these were sacredly kept within ... urch and monastery, and, for the most part, accessible ... the clergy only. Mere crumbs of it were doled out to the people as divine oracles; and when their appetites were excited for more, and they attempted to read and to study it for themselves, their impetuosity was rudely checked by Church-Decrees, that forbade the people the reading of the Bible, on the plea, that, not being mentally and spiritually prepared, their faith might be unsettled by its perusal. If, despite these decrees, they that hungered and thirsted after the truth nevertheless dared to read and study it for themselves, and to share the knowledge thus gained with the people, and the expected happened,—the peoples' faith in many of the clergy's claims for the Bible was unsettled—on came the intolerant obscurants, and made them suffer painfully for their daring.

Up to recent times the Bible was a sealed and a forbidden book.

This prohibition against the reading of the Bible seems still to be in force. It seems still to be dangerous to read and study the Bible for oneself. I do not mean to say that the mechanical, superficial, uncritical, reading of the Bible is forbidden. On the contrary, that is greatly practiced. Bible-reading constitutes a prominent feature in Church-services and in Sunday-Schools. In hundreds of homes no act is regarded more pious than that of reading daily a chapter or two from the Bible, within the family-circle. That sweet scene, so charmingly sung by the Poet Burns,

The prohibition against Bible-reading seems to be still in force.

> "The cheerful supper done, wi' serious face
> They round the ingle form a circle wide;
> The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
> His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
> His lyart haffets† wearing thin and bare;
> Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide
> He wales‡ a portion with judicious care." ‖

is still in common practice around many an ingle-side, and more especially in the rural districts. Only last week the Press informed us of the death of a resident of one of our neighboring towns, the greatest achieve-

* A Sunday Lecture before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel.
† Gray locks. ‡ Chooses. ‖ "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

ment of whose life consisted in having read the Bible through, from beginning to end, Old and New Testament, one hundred times. Such superficial reading of the Bible not only enjoys the greatest liberty, but is also highly commended and encouraged.

Only against those, who look deeper, who go to the Bible not merely for belief but for research, not for mere faith but for fact, who are eager to know what it really is, and what it is not, what it teaches, and what it does not teach, who is its author, and who is not responsible for its authorship, only against these, the prohibition against Bible-reading still seems to be in force. Else, how shall we account for the bitter attacks on Dr. Briggs, Professor of Biblical Theology in the Union Theological Seminary of New York, to which we have been treated in sectarian and secular press, during the last six or eight months, or for the heresy-trial that has been instituted against him?

Illustrated by Prof. Briggs' troubles,

Professor Briggs' troubles spring from his Bible-reading. He read it critically, by the light of recent archeological and philological researches, found it to be a collection of different books, of different merits, written at different times, and by, and for, different men, and did not hesitate to make these discoveries public. These discoveries, however, were promptly declared heretical by a large number of respectable adherents of a large and respectable branch of the Church, and they have demanded a trial, to establish his guilt, to take his professorship from him, and thus prevent his planting his heresies among his Divinity students.

Even this brief statement of the Professor's position on the Bible question warrants our arraying ourselves with him against his opponents. That, however, were an unjust proceeding. It is wrong to pass judgment before the other side has been heard. When a large and respectable denomination arrays itself against *one* man, it is at least fair to presume that the truth may be with the *many*.

But is it only *one man* against whom they are arrayed? Has he not the whole of scientific thought, the whole modern critical school, every radical thinker of our day, on his side? Professor Briggs is but one of the last links in a long chain of critical Bible-readers, and of public protesters against the conventional teachings and beliefs concerning the origin and authorship of the Scriptures.

The Hebrew responsible for the Dogma of the Divine Authorship of the Pentateuch.

The responsibility for the rise and spread of the belief that the Bible, or—to confine ourselves to a smaller area—that the *Pentateuch* was either wholly or partly the work of God, or His dictation or revelation to Moses, rests largely on the Hebrew people. According to some of the Rabbis, the Pentateuch existed even before the creation, and was the first and holiest of all God's works. Other Rabbis never speak of it otherwise than as the תורה מן השמים "Law from Heaven." Others look upon it as the work of Moses, yet have it transmitted to him from God ברוח הקדש by means of Divine Inspiration. To this day in thousands of Jewish congregations, the Pentateuch-Scroll is lifted up before the congregation, during every

Sabbath-Service, with the declaration: זאת התרה אשר שם משה לפני בני ישראל על־פי יהוה ביד משה "This is the *Torah* (Pentateuch) which Moses laid before the children of Israel, upon the command of God, through the hand of Moses." According to Philo Judaeus, even the last eight verses of Deuteronomy, which describe the death of Moses, and speak of occurrences after his death, were written by Moses under a prophetic inspiration.*

But, if the Hebrew people are responsible for the dogma of the Divine, or of the Mosaic, authorship of the Pentateuch, their's is also the credit of having been the first, and of being among the latest, to combat this doctrine. In the Talmud already the opinion is expressed that the last eight verses of Deuteronomy were written by Joshua, and not by Moses.†

Theirs is also the credit of having been among the first to combat it.

As early as the tenth century Isaac Israeli ventured to assert, that: the reference to the kings of Israel found in Genesis‡ could not have been made till about four hundred years after the death of Moses.⁂ And although he was taken to account for his view by Aben Ezra, a critical Bible student of the twelfth century, the antagonist himself seems cautiously to suspicion the Mosaic origin of a number of Pentateuchal passages.‖ Without any reserve, however, spoke the learned Spinoza of the seventeenth century, the Father of Modern Bible-Criticism, as he has been fitly named. He showed that the Pentateuch itself offers internal testimony that it is a compilation of miscellaneous, and frequently contradictory documents, that it could not have been compiled before the Babylonian captivity, and that Ezra was more likely its author than Moses.¶

Not to dwell too long on the Jewish reparation for their share of guilt in the establishment of the dogma of the Divine, and hence infallible, authorship of the Bible, and to bring it down to our own time, what stronger proof do we need than that platform clause of our own congregation, in which, three years ago, we declared our position on the Bible question? It is surely with no uncertain voice that there we say:

"We discard the belief that the Bible was written by God, or by man under the immediate dictation of God, and that its teachings are therefore infallible and binding upon all men and all ages. While we cheerfully admit that it has been and still is a most potent book for religious and moral instruction, while we value it for the influence it has exercised upon the civilization of the world, and prize it as the work of our fathers, and while, in recognition for its services in the past and for the valued services it still does render, we give it an honorable place in our services and in our homes, we nevertheless do not hesitate to admit: that it is the work of man, and shares all the faults that characterize religious writings of by-gone ages, that it frequently reflects the immature conceptions of primitive ages, that some of its self-evident contradictions, its conflicts with indisputable facts of science, show conclusively the human hand and the primitive human mind."

This much then is clear: Professor Briggs is not the first to deny the Divine Authorship, and Infallibility of the Bible, nor does he now stand

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* *Life of Moses*, Book III, 39.
† *Baba Bathra* 15, a.
‡ Chap. XXXVI.
⁂ Dr. G. Deutsch, in A. Z. d. J. LIV, No. 34.
‖ See his comment on Deut. I, 2.
¶ "Theologico-Political Treatise," Chap. VIII.

all alone. On his side, among a large number of others, were and are a number of Jewish writers and congregations, whose declarations concerning the authorship and value of the Bible, more especially of the Pentateuch, are entitled to some consideration, inasmuch as, having given this much-prized treasure to the world, they would naturally claim for it as much as could possibly be claimed, and, since it is written in their own language, it may fairly be presumed, that they understand it, at least, as well as they to whom its genius and spirit are foreign, and that, having been partly responsible for the rise of the Divine Authorship dogma, and seeing them now among the most eager to discard it, goes far to discredit the tenableness of such a doctrine.

Yet all this may count for naught, and all these allies may vanish, when confronted by the overwhelming majority on the other side, and when subjected to the fire of their theological artillery. We have heard Professor Briggs and his friends; let us now hear the other side.

The Dogma stated.

The Catholic Canonical Scriptures comprise 71 Books and Epistles, and the Church's teaching concerning them is as follows:

"That part of Divine Revelation which has been committed to writing by persons inspired by the Holy Ghost, is called Holy Scripture, or the Holy *Bible; the Book* of Books."*

Among the earliest Protestant, and among the most commonly accepted, beliefs concerning the authorship and value of the Bible are probably the tenets taught in the *Westminster Confession of Faith*, and which read as follows:

"The authority of the Holy Scriptures . . . . . dependeth . . . . wholly upon God, the Author thereof; and therefore it is to be received because it is the word of God . . . . . .

". . . . . and the entire perfection thereof are arguments whereby it doth abundantly evidence itself to be the Word of God, and establish our full persuasion and assurance of the infallible truth and divine authority thereof.

"The whole counsel of God concerning all things necessary for His own glory, man's salvation, faith, and life, is either expressly set down in Scripture, or by good and necessary consequence may be deduced from Scripture, unto which nothing at any time is to be added by new revelations of the Spirit.

"Being immediately inspired by God, and by His singular care and providence kept pure in all ages . . . . in all controversies of religion the Church is finally to appeal unto them."

Taught by the somewhat later Lutheran scholastics, the dogma reads:

". . . . . not only the substance of truth and the views proposed in their minutest detail, but even the identical words, all and in particular, were supplied and dictated by the Holy Ghost. Not a word is contained in the Holy Scriptures which is not in the strictest sense inspired, the very interpunctuation not excepted . . . . . Errors of any sort whatever, even verbal or grammatical, as well as all inelegancies of style, are to be denied as unworthy of the Divine Spirit, who is throughout the primary author of the Bible."†

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* Joseph F. D. Bruno's "Catholic Belief."

† *The Doctrine of Sacred Scripture*, II, p. 209.

Coming down to our own times, we see this dogma put in the following form by the late Dr. Chas. Hodge:

"Protestants hold that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are the word of God, written under the inspiration of God the Holy Ghost, and are therefore infallible, and consequently free from all error, whether of doctrine, of fact, or of precept... All the books of Scripture are equally inspired. All are alike infallible in what they teach."*

Translating this ecclesiastical phræseology into our plain every-day speech, we find in this variously expressed dogma a repetition of the old Rabbinical teaching, that: the Bible, particularly the Pentateuch, even to its words, letters, and vowel points, is the work of God, that parts of it were written by Himself, other parts were dictated by Him, other parts were written by man under Divine Inspiration, and still other parts were copied from the *Original Bible*, which existed from the beginning of time—old pictures, still extant, represent scribes copying Scriptures from a book held over them by angels—and that, furthermore, it is absolutely free from error, that all its books are equal in sacredness and worth, and that all its teachings are binding upon all men, for all times.

Before making any comments on these claims, there is yet another question we must have answered: "Upon what grounds is this dogma based?" The bolder among them answer us, and say: "The Pentateuch itself declares that it is the work of God, as may be easily seen from the frequent use of the phrases: "*Thus saith the Lord*," "*The Lord spake unto Moses saying*," and the like. The more diffident base it on certain *Internal Evidences*.

Grounds upon which the Dogma rests.

As to the first claim, we fail to find any evidence in the Pentateuch for a Divine Authorship of the Bible, It is true, the phrases: "*The Lord spake*," "*Thus saith the Lord*," occur frequently. But it is no less true that such phrases are distinctively *orientalisms*, that they are in common use in the sacred literature of other oriental peoples, heathen and otherwise, that they constitute the *formula* by which the ancient prophets and lawgivers and bards introduced their speeches, enactments, and lays, and that they were as fluent in the mouth of the false prophet as in that of the properly accredited. Thought, reason, intuition, impulse, feeling, passion, conscience, all these subtile psychical states they interpreted as the voice, the revelation, the illumination, the inspiration, the communication, the call, of God. When we now say: "I have an idea," "a thought comes to me," "a light dawns within me," "there is a something that urges me to say or to do," they, under similar mental states, made of their *subjective* moods *objective* agencies. They mistook their own thoughts and feelings and yearnings for the *voice of God*.

Claim that the Bible teaches the dogma examined

As to the second claim, the *internal evidence* argument, that, I fear, is even weaker than the first. In a Book of Divine Authorship one may reasonably expect to find startling originality. That can hardly be claimed for the Creation- and Paradise- and Flood- and other stories of the Penta-

* *Theology*, Vol. I, 152, 163.

The claim that *internal evidence* verifies it examined.

teuch, which are found, in similar form, in the sacred literatures of other peoples, and which seem to have found a place there long before the Pentateuch existed, even before the Hebrew people were known.

A book of Divine Authorship one might reasonably expect to find free from contradictions, such a claim we can hardly set up for the Pentateuch, when at the beginning of Genesis we are told, that: God promised that seed-time and harvest shall never cease, and at the end of the book we are told that they did cease for seven years; when in one chapter we read of Isaac, one hundred years old, blind and weak and ready to die, hastening his son Jacob away to save him from the wrath of Esau, whom he had cheated out of his father's last blessing, and in another chapter read of his having lingered eighty years longer, till Jacob returned to bury him; when we find Kings spoken of as ruling over Israel, many centuries before Kings were yet thought of; when we find the Canaanite spoken of as extinct, at a time, when he was still a dreaded power in the land; when in one book we are told that the slave, who refuses to take his freedom after seven years of service, shall be a slave forever, and in another book are told, that in the year of the Jubilee, the fiftieth, all slaves shall have their freedom; when in one chapter we read of God's solemn prohibition against the making of graven images, and five chapters later read His command to fasten graven images, winged *Cherubim*, on the Holy Ark, and later still, the making of a brazen serpent for a curative purpose; when in one verse we hear Balaam ordered by God to obey the summons of Balak, and a couple of verses later see him punished by God, for doing what he was bid, when such, and quite a number of other equally glaring contradictions, we meet with in a book, it is difficult to believe in its Divine Authorship.

A book of Divine Authorship must be free from contradictions.

A book of Divine Authorship one might reasonably expect to be free from scientific error. What scientist of our day will declare its teaching, that the world was created in six times twenty-four hours, some five or six thousand years ago, that this earth of ours is the centre of the universe, that, sun, moon and stars were placed above it, merely for purposes of illumination, that a rich vegetation covered the earth before the sun had yet come into existence, that woman was made from a rib of man, that the serpent spoke, what scientist will declare these, and yet other similar, teachings free from error?

A Book of Divine Authorship must be free from scientific errors.

A book of Divine Authorship one might reasonably expect to find absolutely pure in tone, and absolutely faultless in its ethics. What moralist will stake his name on such an unqualified claim for the Pentateuch? Does it not contain passages, which you would not read aloud in your family circle, which we would not teach the children in our Religious School, which I would not quote in this pulpit as illustration? Are there not passages there that horrify us for their cruelty, such as the slaughter of

A Book of Divine Authorship must be absolutely pure in tone and ethics.

all the first-born of Egypt for the sin of a single despot;* the fratricidal massacre enjoined because of the worship of the golden calf;† the murder sanctioned even of brother, son, daughter, wife, for enticing to worship other gods;‡ the slaughter of thousands, in a fit of wrath, for murmuring;§ the command to put the inhabitants of hostile cities to the edge of the sword, and to spare neither man, woman, child, not even beast;‖ the tolerance of bloody sacrifices, polygamy, slavery, the extermination of peoples, the devastation of countries, are all these *internal evidences* of a Divine Authorship of the Pentateuch?

Impossible for us to regard God its author.

For us, at least, with all our high regard for the Pentateuch, it is impossible to believe that it had any other than a human author. We can not regard it in any other light than as a human product of remote antiquity, sharing the faults that characterized all writings of those early times, and possessing far greater merits, and holding a much higher spiritual and moral standard than any of the others that have come down to our times. This very superiority is probably part-cause of the belief in its Divine Authorship. Comparison with other inferior scriptures, aided by bias, raised it almost to a supernatural rank. The fact that it was a written document, of which copies were scarce, and these sacredly kept within shrine, or chained to reading-desk, as well as the fact that but the fewest could read it, and these, for the most part, were holy persons, and that the unlettered are always mystified by that which they can not decipher, surrounded it with a halo of mystery and awe, which, in time, aided perhaps by a credulous or a diplomatic clergy, sublimated into a Divine Authorship dogma.

The claim of Mosaic authorship examined.

Having satisfied ourselves that the Pentateuch must have been of purely human origin, the original question recurs: "Who was its author?" Almost instantly the name of Moses forces itself to the front. We feel ourselves on safer ground with Moses than we did with God as author; and yet, even in connection with him strong doubts arise. Our examination into Divine Authorship claim has disclosed facts, which go far to negate the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, in its present form. The fact that an almost unbroken chain of tradition points to Moses as its author, that it has always been known as the "*Five Books of Moses*" does not count for much in these days. We know that it was an ancient custom to ascribe writings to certain illustrious personages, to secure for them easier introduction perhaps, or to honor him whose name was borrowed. As writers now dedicate their work to names they desire to honor, writers then placed the names of those they desired to honor over their work, and concealed their own names altogether. Thus, for instance, the Book of Psalms is ascribed to David, though some of them speak of events that did not occur till long after the death of David,¶ and writings are ascribed to King Solomon, of which he was probably as innocent as Alphonso was of the compilation of the "Alphonsine Tables," or Justinian of the "Justinian Code."

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* Exod. xii. 29-30.
† Exod. xxxii. 26-28.
‡ Deut. xiii. 6.
§ Numb xi. 33.
‖ Deut. xiii. 15.
¶ Psalm xiv, cvi, cxxvi.

There seems to be little doubt that Moses wrote portions of the Books ascribed to him. The Pentateuch itself designates some of these parts.*

Moses wrote portions of it.

Other parts fit so well into the time and circumstances and environments of Israel's sojourn in the wilderness, that they point very strongly in the direction of Mosaic authorship.

Still, to avoid the charge of arbitrariness in our discrimination, let us assume that the entire Five Books were written by Moses, and let us submit them to the test of modern Bible Criticism. One of the first questions that presents itself is:

Proofs that he could not have written the whole of it.

How about some of the stories in the first of the Five Books, the earliest of which antedate the birth of Moses by more than two thousand years, some of which are strikingly similar to the myths and legends of other peoples, and some of which took place before man was on earth? To this may be replied: Moses found these narratives current among the people as tradition, and that he collected, purified and compiled them.

How about the remarkable fact, which the critics have discovered, that the Pentateuch is a compilation of a number of different documents.

Evidences that the Pentateuch is a composite work.

Two of these are so patent as to be discerned even by the novice. These are called the *Elohistic* and the *Jehovistic* documents,—so named, because the former designates God by the name אלהים *Elohim*, and the latter by יהוה *Jehovah*—and reveal by their difference in their appellation of God, in style,† in their frequently telling the same story in different form, from different standpoints, with different heroes,‡ in the occasional patchwork of the fragment of one account with material of the other, especially noticeable in the story of the Flood,§ that they must have been the products of different authors, and of different times.

This belief in the composite authorship of the Pentateuch acquires yet greater credibility from the number of anachronisms, repetitions, contradictions, self-laudations, which it contains. It is not easy to believe that a man like Moses would write of himself that he was very great, and very meek‖ and that no man like him ever lived, or that he would write his own obituary, and give an account of his own burial.¶ It is not easy to believe that a Lawgiver like Moses would be guilty of such a repetition of legal enactments, often in the same order, in the same words, in consecutive chapters, as are found in the middle books of the Pentateuch.** It

* Exod. xvii. 14; xxiv. 4; xxxiv. 27; Numb. xxxiii. 2; Deut. xxxi. 9. 22. 24. 26.

† Compare Gen. i, 27 (*Elohistic*) with Gen. ii, 21-24 (*Jehovistic*).

‡ Compare *Genesis* i-ii v. 3, with ii v. 4 iii; ii v. 9, with iii v. 5. 6. 22; xii with xxvi; xviii v. 12 with xxi v. 6; xxi v. 22-34 with xxvi 26-33.

§ *Genesis* vi, 5-8 *Jehovistic*, vi, 9-22 *Elohistic*, vii, 1-6 *Jehovistic*, vii, 7—viii, 19 *Elohistic*, viii, 20—viii, 22 *Jehovistic*, ix, 1-17 *Elohistic*, ix, 18-26 *Jehovistic*, ix, 27-29 *Elohistic*,— once or twice the names interchange, due perhaps to the error of the transcriber. Separate all the *Elohistic* passages, and join them together, and you will have, without the help of the *Jehovistic* verses, a complete and continuous account of the Flood, while the *Jehovistic* verses, joined together, represent a fragment.

‖ Exod. xi. 3; Number xii. 3.

¶ Deut. Chap. xxxiv.

** Compare Exod. xxiii with Exod. xxxiv 17-26; Levit. xviii with xx.

is not easy to believe that Moses could have written of the extermination of the Canaanite, of the existence of Dan, of the rule of Israelitish Kings, long before the happening of these events.* It is not easy to believe that Moses, still in the wilderness with Israel, could have written the phrase: "And it came to pass, while the children of Israel were in the wilderness."† Still harder is it to believe that a man like Moses, opposed to idolatry as he was, would in the Ten Commandments prohibit the making of images, and immediately after command the ornamentation of the Holy Ark with images, and later erect an image himself wherewith to save the people.‡ And when we consider the clashings between laws of the Deutronomic code and that of the middle books of the Pentateuch; of customs and institutions, which were not observed prior to the Babylonian captivity, and which, with the exception of the three middle Books of the Pentateuch, are not known in the Historical and Prophetical Books of the Bible till after the return from Babylon—such as the *Day of Atonement*‖—and which bear a striking similarity to Babylonian customs and institutions, of five hundred years later, when we read of legal enactments such as had no meaning for a people, leading a republican camp-life in the wilderness, such as: laws for the Kings of Israel;⁋ laws against the removal of landmarks;¶ laws for purifying stone-houses;** and for fixing battlements on the roofs of houses;†† when all these, and yet other discrepancies we consider, it is illogical, it is impossible, for us to assign the authorship of the entire Pentateuch to Moses.

But, no less untenable is to us the opposite extreme, that: Moses wrote none of it at all, that a part of it was not written till the days of King Josiah,‡‡ and the remainder of it not till the return from the Babylonian captivity, 700 and 1000 years, respectively, after the death of Moses. I have already referred to passages which are designated in the Pentateuch itself as Mosaic writings, and which, for the most part, seem to fit well into the times, circumstances, and environments, in which Moses lived and worked, such as laws relating to the life in the wilderness, to the tabernacle, and the like. There are narratives, descriptions, and enactments, in the Five Books, which could no more have been written in Palestinian lands, a thousand years after their occurrence, with that exactness which the latest discoveries have demonstrated, with such vivid detail, in such corresponding spirit, than Moses could have written in the wilderness some of those passages and laws that refer to an age a thousand years after his time.

Untenableness of the theory that Moses wrote nothing at all.

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*Genesis xii. 6; xxxvi. 31. Compare Genesis xiv, 14 with Judges xviii. 29; Deuteronomy iii. 14 with Judges x. 3. 4.

†Numb. x, v, 32.

‡Compare Exod. xx, 4 with xxv. 19, Numb. xxi. 9.

‖See Dr. M. M. Kalish's "Treatise on the Day of Atonement," Commentary on *Leviticus*, Part II, p. 266 f.

⁋Deut. xvii, 14-20.

¶Deut. xix. 14.

**Lev. xiv. 33-57.

††Deut. xxii. 8. ‡‡II Kings, xxii.

What appears to us as the most rational conclusion as to the authorship of the Pentateuch is this: It is a composite work. It represents a compilation of different documents, some ante-Mosaic, the most valuable Mosaic, others post-Mosaic. Much of it is fragmentary. Vast gaps are manifest;—of Israel's forty years sojourn in the wilderness, the records of but two years have been preserved. Some of these documents were probably in the custody of the Prophets and their schools. A compilation of some of them, supplemented by new enactments to suit the altered times, and by explanatory notes and marginal glosses, that found their way into the text, probably took place in the days of Josiah. The whole was finally re-edited, probably supplemented with still other additions, by Ezra, the scribe, after the return from the Babylonian captivity, a thousand years after Moses.

The most rational conclusion.

Such is the belief concerning the Pentateuch authorship of most of those arrayed on the side of Professor Briggs. What, we ask, is there so criminal in his position, to be made the victim of such bitter and vociferous antagonism, to be dragged as culprit into a heresy-trial? Does the Pentateuch lose its value with the loss of the belief that it was written by God or Moses? Are its eternal commandments of right and truth, of love and justice, any less beautiful, or any less binding, when shown that they were conceived and enjoined by a God-created mind instead of by God Himself? Is not a work, that, for its sublime excellence, has ever been regarded as of Divine origin, all the greater when proven that it is a human production?

Is such a conclusion heretical.

The contents of the Pentateuch, not its author, have given it, and still give it, its value. We enjoy, we profit by, chapters like the twentieth of Exodus, or the nineteenth of Leviticus, no matter who their author. The comparatively few errors we discover in it no more injure the excellence of its mass of faultless teachings than does a facial blemish mar the excellence of a noble character, or a few withered leaves injure the fragrance and beauty of a choice garden-bed. Faults and blemishes are natural in a History of a people. What horrible scenes of vice, of crime, of blood shed are we not forced to witness in the Histories of France, of England, of Spain! The true grandeur of the Pentateuchal history lies in the fact that in so primitive an age its excellencies are so great and numerous, that many of them have not been attained even at this late date. I would not have its faults removed, even if I could. They bear evidence of man's social, moral, spiritual evolution. They prove that man has risen, and yet shall rise higher still.

The contents, not the author give the Pentateuch its worth.

The Bible's true friends are its scientific critics, its only enemies, they who claim for it what it does not claim itself, they who declare war against those who read it critically and not *mythically*. You make it ridiculous, a tissue of falsehoods, when you regard its authorship divine; you make it *divine* by regarding it *human*. Insist upon an inspired Bible, and you'll soon have none.

Scientific critics the true friends of the Bible.

Think not religion is at stake by withdrawing from the Bible its supernatural halo. Religion never suffers through the proclamation of truth, nor is its existence dependent on particular books and authors. As long as mind will think, soul will worship, and heart and hand will feel and act nobly, Bible or no Bible. Not all the criticism in the world will undo a single one of the countless blessings, which it has shed on human kind. It will but add blessing to blessing. It will fill men with pride that authors of their own species have been the authors of these blessings. If we can not give it the idolatrous worship our fathers gave it, we can, and we do, honor it still more. We do not lift it up as they did, and proclaim it the work of God and of the God-inspired Moses, but with still greater pride do we hold it up and proclaim: This is the *Torah*, the banner under which Israel has battled for the One and Eternal God. This is the *Scripture* from which have issued the mightiest streams of civilization, and on which are founded the strongest pillars of right and truth. This is the *Law* that first proclaimed the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, that first enjoined the Ten Commandments, that secure the peace of our land and the happiness of our homes.

Let us be truly sensible of the debt of gratitude, we, and the world with us, owe our fathers for this blessed heritage, and for the valor they displayed, and for the martyrdom they suffered in its defense. Let us show our gratitude by a true appreciation of the sublime instruction it imparts. Let us cling to it always, for 'it is a tree of life to those who grasp it, and happy are they, who lean upon it. Its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are Peace.'*

Our Debt and Duty.

* Prov. iii. 17. 18,

Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel,

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BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

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SUNDAY LECTURES.

BY RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

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1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
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9. After Death—What?
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Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

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13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
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18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
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7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
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11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
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21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
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27. Shifting but not Drifting.

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EPOCHS IN JUDAISM:

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EPOCHS IN JUDAISM CONTINUED:

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25. A Benefactor Honored. (Rev. Dr. I. M. Wise)
26. The Real Saving Trinity.
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Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.,
Philadelphia, Nov. 8th, 1891.

It was some years ago, when, together with a vast throng of people, I witnessed a performance of one of Shakespeare's plays. From first to last the acting and the scenery riveted my whole attention upon the stage. The plot was an exceedingly interesting one. The opening scene carried us to beautiful Venice, and among the first of her people introduced to us there, was one, *Antonio*, and his friend *Bessanio*. Antonio was a man of means, whose fortunes, however, were all bound up in a number of hazardous speculations; he was rather careless with his money, and a very convenient source for some of his spendthrift friends to draw their means from for their revels. One of these spendthrifts was his friend Bessanio. He had squandered his own, and a goodly share of his friend's, fortune, and was, besides, heavily in debt, especially to Antonio.

Synopsis of the drama "*The Merchant of Venice.*" *Antonio* and his heiress-seeking friend *Bessanio.*

At the time of our making his acquaintance, he was again in need of money, but also resolved to put an end to his financial embarassments. He has heard of a rich heiress. He will try to win her affection, and he has no doubt of his success, if friend Antonio will only help him with 3000 ducats, wherewith to rig himself up with attractive fineries to make a pretty bait, and to enable him to make the journey, to where the coveted fish basked in a sea of gold. Antonio is out of money, even out of commodities wherewith to raise it. But, desirous of helping his friend's scheme, bids him to find some one willing to lend the required sum, with him as security.

Bessanio approaches a man, named *Shylock*, who, as a member of the proscribed Jewish race, enjoys a very unsavory reputation. He is talked of as cunning and usurious, and yet, strange, out of the hundreds of wealthy merchants of Venice, this very Jew, despite his evil reputation, is sought to advance the 3000 ducats to the scheming fortune-seeker. While the Jew is reflecting on the worth of his security, Antonio himself appears. Shylock hates him for hating his race, for injuring his business, for the repeated insults to which he had publicly subjected him, such as spitting upon his beard and gaberdine, kicking him from his door, calling him: misbeliever, cutthroat, dog,—all of which he had endured patiently, for 'sufferance is the badge of all his tribe.' He expresses his surprise, that: after all these insults Antonio should come to him for favors, to which Antonio haughtily replies, that: he is as like to call him so again, to spit upon him and to spurn him as before, that if he advances the loan to bear in mind, that: it is to his enemy and not to his friend that he loans the money. Shylock

Shylock, the Jew, approached for a loan.

feels the sting of this new insult keenly, but bears it with the characteristic patience of his race. Still, within his heart the wrong rankles, and his outraged human nature clamors for revenge. O, for a chance to triumph over his enemy! O, for an opportunity to make him feel that his all, his very life, is in his power!

He sees the chance. Antonio's hazardous speculations might all fail. Antonio would then be at his mercy.—He declares himself ready to advance the money. He wants no interest, only, as a merry sport, he wants Antonio to sign a bond, that: if the money be not paid in due time, Shylock should have the right *to cut a pound of flesh from off his body*. Antonio, positive in his ability to meet his obligation long before the time set shall have expired, and, undoubtedly believing that, among all his wealthy Christian friends, one will be found to deliver him from the clutches of the Jew, should he, perchance, not be able to meet his debt, signs the bond.

Shylock stipulates the forfeiture of a pound of flesh.

In the mean time, while Bessanio is getting himself in trim for the capture of fair Portia, the much-coveted heiress, an outrage is perpetrated upon the Jew, that tops all the insults and injuries that had been heaped upon him before, that overwhelms him with grief, that drives him into a frenzy of wrath, that kindles within him an unquenchable thirst for cruel revenge. He is robbed—robbed of treasures, of more, infinitely more, of his daughter, of *Jessica*, his only child, the only link that tied him to his beloved wife Leah in the grave. His feelings of a father are insulted, beyond endurance. The honor of his family is besmirched. The covenant of his fathers is desecrated. His daughter enticed from her home, is a Jewess no longer, a Christian she was made, to become a Christian's wife. By whom? O, vengeance! by that Antonio's friend *Lorenzo*, by another money-less and conscience-less heiress seeker, aided by yet other of Antonio's friends, by those impecunious rakes, that now make sport at his lamentations over his irreparable loss.

Shylock robbed of his daughter and treasures.

The fates favor his thirst for revenge. Antonio's possessions are all lost. The time expires. Among all his Christian friends apparently not one was found willing to stake 3000 ducats to save a friend's life. The Jew insists upon the pound of flesh. He had called him dog, he shall now feel his fangs. The Duke of Venice is undecided. In response to his appeal to Rome for legal aid, a Judge appears, who is none other than the heiress Portia, now Bessanio's wife, in disguise. She hears the case, and admits the Jew's right to the pound of flesh. Shylock is offered ten times the sum originally loaned. He declines; he will have the pound of flesh. Portia orders him to proceed, but cautions him to *beware of shedding a single drop of blood, or of cutting a trifle more or less*, for, if he do, his life, and all his possessions, are doomed. Shylock, baffled, demands his money. This is now denied him, on the ground, that: it had been offered, and was by him refused. When about to depart, he is stopped by the

The bond forfeited. Shylock insists upon the pound of flesh—and is baffled.

clever and much-concerned wife of him, who was cause of all this trouble, and informed, that: according to the Laws of Venice, by intending, as an alien, to take the life of one of her citizens, one-half of his possessions must go to the threatened person, the other half to the State, and that his life is at the mercy of the Duke. The latter pardons him his life. Shylock, however, begs that his life be taken from him, too, inasmuch as they have robbed him of everything wherewith to sustain it. Antonio, somewhat moved by the Jew's misery, becomes generous. He asks the Duke to quit the fine for one-half of the Jew's goods, providing he will let him have the other half, to render it on his death to him that abducted his daughter from him, providing also, that for this favor, he will instantly become a Christian, and providing also, that at his death, he will leave all he may possess to the Christian-husband of his faithless daughter. The Duke conditions the pardon of his life upon his compliance with Antonio's request, and so, finding no other escape, Shylock sobs forth a piteous consent, and staggers, heart-broken, off the stage.

It was with sincere regret that I saw the curtain drop, so much had I enjoyed the acting and the play. The late Lawrence Barrett played the title-role, and that evening he was at his best. He was not the actor that evening, not a son of the Celtic race. He was the embodiment of the whole Jewish people, driven by unending persecutions, by insufferable wrongs and insults and injuries, to a frenzied thirst for revenge. Round upon round of applause greeted his efforts, and what struck me as most noteworthy, was the fact, that though the audience was almost entirely Non-Jewish, its sympathies seemed with Shylock.

Impression of the play.

On my way from the theatre I overtook a Gentile friend of mine. "How did you like the play?" I asked. "To be frank, I did not enjoy it at all," my friend replied, "in fact, I was in misery the whole evening." "And why, pray?" I questioned, much astonished." "Well, I saw you sitting in front of me, and for your sake I felt bad to see the Jew placed in the light in which he was this evening, and I was heartily glad when the play was over."

A considerate friend.

I thanked my friend for her kind consideration, but assured her that, instead of seeing offense on the stage, I saw there a most eloquent vindication of the Jew. What better illustration of the Jew's sufferings than those spoken of, and endured, by Shylock? That fiendish revenge wherewith the Jew seeks to soothe his outraged feelings, is the play's weakest part. The impossibility of it is self-evident. Not a student of History but knows that Law—human, religious, psychical,—would have prevented the alien, scarcely tolerated, Venetian Jew of the Middle Ages from venturing upon such a public and cruel revenge. Not a Shakespearean scholar but knows that in the original plots, from which Shakespeare derived his own, the characters are reversed, that there it is a Christian, that insists upon cutting a pound of flesh from the body of a Jew. That very evening's applause, her very consideration, I instanced as proofs, that audiences are beginning to

The play's proper interpretation.

recognize the injustice towards the Jew. In time, I predicted, there will be a yet wider recognition of the play's unhistoric and impossible parts, while its historic parts, the 'sufferance' of the Jew, will stand as a constant witness to the outrages to which the Jew has been innocently subjected, and as a constant summons for reparation, just as the charge of the Jews' share in the crucifixion has been authoritatively declared false, and this knowledge of their innocence is spreading, and with each day is increasing the number of those, who, instead of persecuting the Jew as revengeful slayers of a *God*, thank them for having given the world a man with attributes so good and noble as to be deemed almost *divine*.

Old-time representations of the play.

After parting from my friend, I wondered what she would have thought, had she been made to witness one of the old-time representations of the Jew, had she seen Shylock shuffling along upon the stage, as a hideous carricature, with hooked nose, humped back, long unkempt beard, with tattered and dirty gaberdine, with yet other features of a grotesque make-up, one moment convulsing his audience with laughter over his ridiculous gestures, and scarcely intelligible nasal jargon, and the next moment exciting it to rage over his fiendish blood-thirstiness. And I wondered also, what she would have thought, had she seen stage-representations of other Jewish characters, in other plays, written before and after the "*Merchant of Venice*," characters such as *Barabbas* in Marlowe's "*Jew of Malta*," characters invariably farcical or infamous for their villanies, usuriousness, niggardness, self-defeating cunning, brought upon the stage to afford infinite merriment to the jeering and hooting and hissing galleries above, and contempt and scorn to those that filled the pit below. I wondered what she would have thought had she known that such an impersonation of the Jew has continued down to our day, that in some regions it is practiced still, that in some parts of the world, the play-wright, who would bring a noble Jew upon the stage must crave the audience's indulgence and sympathy, in language such as that in Cumberland's apologetic prologue to "*The Jew*":

> "To your candour we appeal this night,
> For a poor client, for a luckless wight,
> Whom bard ne'er favored; whose sad fate has been
> Never to share in one applauding scene.
> In souls like yours, there should be found a place,
> For every victim of unjust disgrace."

Shakespeare's improvement on the stage-Jew.

That the author of the preceding lines made his assertion "whom bard ne'er favored" too sweeping, I felt convinced that evening in the theatre. The actor's make-up, carriage, and language, his fire and pathos, did not indicate to me 'a Jew unfavored,' nor seemingly to the audience, judging from its sympathy with Shylock. That the Venetian Jew has all along been falsely impersonated, is not Shakespeare's but the actor's fault. That there is to-day a different presentation of that character is not due to any change in the text, nor to any alteration of the plot, but to the actor's

more careful study of the history and character of the Jew, and to a deeper insight into Shakespeare's real intention.

Many have been the guesses as to Shakespeare's intention in writing *The Merchant of Venice*. One critic finds as its fundamental theme: the doctrine of the pernicious power of gold. Another sees there the glorification of pure, disinterested, friendship. Yet another discovers there the lesson of the superiority of the paternal instinct, or of revenge, over money-getting greed. Another still is of nothing surer than that Shakespeare intended it to be a popular proselytizing tract, to teach the superiority of the Christian over the Jew. Another completely reverses this latter theory, he sees there a vindication of the Jew, and a powerful appeal for religious tolerance. According to Heine "Shylock is, with the exception of Portia, the most respectable person in the whole play."* In this view, he has of late been followed by many Shakespearean scholars. I remember having read quite a number of essays under headings, or in which phrases abounded, such as these: "Shylock, the Jew*ed*," "Shylock, the more *sinned against* than sinning," and the like. "I look on Shylock," says the studious actor Irving, "as the type of a persecuted race; almost the only gentleman in the play, and the most ill-used."†

Guesses as to Shakespeare's *motif*.

Claim that its *motif* is the vindication of the Jew.

Whatever our opinion be of this last mentioned theory, admit we must, that Shakespeare throws out strong hints that make such a theory plausible. The striking superiority in character of Shylock over *Barabbas*, in Marlowe's "*Jew of Malta*," which was written and played in Shakespeare's own time, indicates, if nothing else, a conscious effort on the part of the later author to place the Jew in a less hideous light before the world, not as a saint, but neither as a devil.

Proven by superiority of *Shylock* over *Barabbas*.

There are stronger hints than this. It is certainly true, that as a keen logical reasoner Shakespeare invariably gives Shylock the advantage. At times, he makes him fairly crush his antagonists with a mass of unanswerable arguments, undeniable fact, withering sarcasm. When in the end he has him defeated, it is not by law that he has it done, but by the perversion of law. What humiliating injustice does not cry out of these lines, which he makes Shylock to address to the favor-seeking Antonio:

By Shakespeare's making the Jew the better reasoner.

> "Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
> In the Rialto you have rated me
> About my monies, and my usances:
> Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
> For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe;
> You call me,—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
> And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
> And all for use of that which is mine own.
> Well then, it now appears you need my help;

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* "Shakespeare's Mädchen und Frauen," *Jessika*.

† "Reminiscences of America."

Go to then: you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies: You say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshhold; monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? Or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness.
Say this,—
Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me—dog; and for these courtesies
*I'll lend thus much monies."**

It is also true, that Shakespeare makes the Jew lay bare many a weakness of the Christian, which, as a Christian himself, he certainly would have avoided, had he intended his play for a proselytizing tract, or had he been satisfied with all the Christian practices of his day. When Shylock's enemies suspicion his motives, Shakespeare is instantly ready for them with this rejoinder:

By exposing fault's of Christians.

". . . . . O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others." †

When Shylock is asked: why he is so anxious for that pound of flesh, Shakespeare instantly meets the question with this telling thrust at the Christians of his time for their cruel slave-trade:

"You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours:—so do I answer you.
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 't is mine, and I will have it;"‡

When, at the trial, Bessanio declares himself ready to sacrifice even his wife, if by so doing he could deliver his friend, and when Gratiano wishes his wife were in heaven, so she could entreat some power to soften the heart of the Jew, Shakespeare has Shylock instantly ready with this *aside:*

"These be the Christian husbands: I have a daughter
'Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!"§

Very strikingly he contrasts their readiness to give to strangers their wedding-rings with Shylock's profound grief over the robbery of the ring his beloved Leah had given him before their wedding.‖

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* Act I, Scene III. † Act I, Scene III. ‡ Act IV, Scene I.
§ Act IV, Scene I. ‖ Act III, Scene I.

The conversion-farce seems to afford Shakespeare considerable amusement, and he shows it plainly in the following conversation:

Jessica. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Launcelot. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another: This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.*

and his amusement turns into cutting irony, when, in seeming ridicule of a practice in those days, he makes Antonio force Christianity upon the hated and despised would-be criminal Shylock, as a means to escape death, and suggests the question: as to what benefit could possibly accrue to the Christian Church by the forced conversion of unreformed criminals.

It is also certainly clear, that, when the play is carefully read, or properly presented on the stage, Shakespeare invariably wins the reader's or hearer's sympathy for Shylock. Heine tells us, that: at the time he witnessed a performance of this play at the *Drury Lane* of London, he heard an English maiden sobbing at the end of the trial scene, and repeatedly saying: "the poor man is wronged." Heine and Irving are right, excepting Portia, he is certainly the most respectable person of all in that play. Shylock is far from perfect, but not quite so far as are the others. He is grasping,—but what a scrambling after money we detect among the others, what eager hunt after heiresses, what greed after the Jew's money, what shameful desertion from a friend by all the Venetian Christian merchants for the sake of 3000 ducats! No such extenuating excuses for greed can be found for them as exist for the Jew. The Jew of those days had to be grasping. His very existence depended on his ready money wherewith to quieten the religious scruples of his persecutors. It was the only reason that he was at all tolerated. He was a convenient and a profitable spoil for those in power. As long as he had money to lend to spendthrifts, or property for pillage and confiscation, he could count upon some degree of safety. Since, as despised and accursed alien, he had, till recent times, no right in European countries to institute legal proceedings against a Christian for non-payment of debt,—a fact, of which Shakespeare seems to have been unconscious—he was forced to ask exorbitant interests, to make sure of some return. And when brought to court by his persecutors, the kind of legal justice that was rendered him there, may be seen in the absurd decision in the trial scene of this play.†

Shylock not so grasping as his enemies.

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* Act III, Scene V.

† The falsity of Portia's decision is made evident by its contradiction to the old and well-known legal maxims, that: a bond, whose conditions are contrary to morality, is null and void; a bond containing a condition that is unreasonable and absurd is good only for the sum actually secured by it; that a right to do a certain act confers the right to do the necessary incidents of that act, *omne majorem in se minorem continet*, i. e., the greater includes the less, the conceded right to cut a pound of flesh, rightfully includes the blood, necessarily flowing in consequence, that inasmuch as the bond did not stipulate the taking of life, nor necessarily involved it, and that inasmuch as the court did

Shylock is far from being a model of a man, the others are further still. *Antonio*, the reckless speculator, the encourager of spendthrifts, the unrelenting enemy and public insulter of his Jewish competitor, for being a Jew and for not lending money *gratis*, who without a scruple appropriates the Jew's fortune, is certainly not a model character. *Bessanio*, the spendthrift, whose credit among all the rich and noble lords of Venice is so bad, that he can find only a hated and despised and grasping Jew to advance him, with his friend's life as pledge, 3000 ducats, which, expended on showy costume and fineries, shall help him in his fortune-hunting design upon an innocent rich orphan, who, when he has won her, and is in the possession of her coveted fortune, forgets his friend, whose life, on his account, is at the mercy of the Jew, and never thinks of him, till informed, that the time has expired, and the bond is forfeited, is surely no model character. *Lorenzo*, who, not to be outdone by his heiress-hunting bosom friend Bessanio, contrives a plot of his own, which, according to Heine, Prussian Law would have punished with public branding, exposure in the stocks, and fifteen years penitentiary, who invades the sanctity of the Jew's home, abducts from him his only child, robs him of his jewels, and with them flees from Venice, breaks a father's heart, drives him almost to madness, to a frenzied thirst for executing a bond, which, when it was drawn up, he had never intended to execute, surely this Lorenzo is also no model worthy of imitation.

Shylock more respectable than his enemies.

Shylock is revengeful, he is deaf to entreaty for mercy, his soul knows no "Christian pity." But what pity had Christians shown his race during all the centuries when they hounded the Jews from land to land, denied them the barest human rights, treated them as outcasts and vagabonds, isolated them from decent society, barred schools and office against

Shylock is revengeful, but what pity was shown him?

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not grant him the right to cut the pound of flesh, and he did not, he could not be punished for an attempt on life. Shakespeare seemingly meant by these legal quibbles to illustrate what sort of justice was dealt to the Jew by interested and profiting courts, and it is not for naught he makes the Jew to ask: "Is this in the bond?" "*Is this the Law?*"

Professor von Ihring, an eminent German jurist, in his book, "The Struggle for Law," discourses as follows on Shylock's wrongs:

"I crave the law." In these four words the poet has described the relation of law in the subjective to law in the objective sense of the term, and the meaning of the struggle for law, in a manner better than any philosopher of the law could have done it. These four words change Shylock's claim into a question of the law of Venice. To what mighty giant dimensions does not the weak man grow when he speaks these words! It is no longer the Jew demanding his pound of flesh: it is the law of Venice itself knocking at the door of justice, for his rights and the law of Venice are one and the same; they both stand or fall together. And when he finally succumbs under the weight of the judge's decision, who wipes out his rights by a shocking piece of pleasantry; when we see him pursued by bitter scorn, bowed, broken, tottering on his way,—who can help feeling that in him the law of Venice is humbled? that it is not the Jew, Shylock, who moves painfully away, but the typical figure of the Jew in the Middle Ages, that pariah of society who cried in vain for justice?..... He is only the despised mediæval Jew, to whom justice is done by defrauding him." "The jurist can only say that the bond was in itself null and void, because its provisions were contrary tn good morals." But failing to take this ground, "it was wretched subterfuge, a miserable piece of pettifoggery, to deny the right to shed blood in cutting the pound of flesh. Just as well might the judge deny to the person whose right to an easement he acknowledged, the right to leave footprints on the land, because this was not expressly stipulated for in the grant."

them, forced them to follow the meanest callings, robbed and pillaged, tortured and burnt them, and all for the great crime of having been born Jews? What pity had Shylock experienced at the hands of Christians from the day he first learned, by painful lesson, that he was a Jew, to the day, when they publicly spat upon his beard and gaberdine, and kicked him from their doors, hooted him with the shouts of "misbeliever," "cut-throat," "dog"? What mercy did the Christian show him, when to his complaint of unjust treatment, when to his offer of friendship, he flung back the insult, that: he should not look for better treatment in the future, nor think of him otherwise than as his enemy? What mercy did Christians show, when they violated the sanctity of his home, robbed him of his only child, enticed her from the religion of her fathers, publicly mocked at his grief,—nowhere a word of sympathy, 'no sigh but of his own breathing, no tear but of his own shedding'? Is it surprising that, when a chance for getting satisfaction for the outrages committed on his fortune, faith and family-affection, his passion for revenge should get the better of that patient sufferance, which, as he had said, was the badge of his tribe, should conquer even his greed for money, that he should insist upon his cruel right, and that he should justify his firmness, with this passionate outburst:

"He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew: hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute."*

This last passionate, yet logical, outburst of Shylock brings us back to where we started from. It furnishes the answer to the different theories, that have been evolved as to the true *motif* of *The Merchant of Venice*. It convinces us that this drama shares the characteristic of Shakespeare's other plays, in having no *motif*. One never detects in his plays a conscious design to make propaganda for or against a certain cause, as, for instance Dickens did in his novels *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Pickwick Papers*, *Bleak House*, and others. The Jew and the Christian in this play concern him little as such, had he intended to advocate the cause of the one or the other, he would not have made it a draw as to who is the greater villian of the two. He deals with man. He looks below the surface. He is the psychological philosopher. He dissects human nature. He knows the virtues and the vices of which man is capable. He knows the laws of psychical cause and effect, knows what evil passions a certain line of evil deeds and influences will arouse, and he treats man accordingly.

The true *motif*.

* Act III, Scene I.

Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel,

November 15th, 1891,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA:
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1891.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
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7. Russia and her Jews.
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9. After Death—What?
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Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

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12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
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16. VI. Spinoza—Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts
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7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
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15. Myths in the Old Testament.
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18. Heredity.
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23. War Against War.
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26. Ancient and Modern Saints
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

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7. The People of the Book.
8. Future Reward and Punishment.
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10. The Puritanic Sabbath.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM:

11. I. The Mosaic Age.
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EPOCHS IN JUDAISM CONTINUED:

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24. Abused Benefactors.
25. A Benefactor Honored, (Rev. Dr. I. M. Wise)
26. The Real Saving Trinity.
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28. Deed through Creed.

Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.,
Philadelphia, Nov. 15th, 1891.

We are having, at present, a distinguished guest in our midst. Sir Edwin Arnold, England's great orientalist, poet, and journalist, is delighting us with his presence, and with readings from his own charming writings. Vast audiences flock to see and hear him, and the greatest among us strive to do honor to the man, whose poetic genius spoke the creative words: "*Let there be Light,*" and lo! out of the darkness of the far-away lands of the Buddhists there arose the world-illumining, the world charming, "*Light of Asia.*"

The author of the "*Light of Asia*," our guest.

I know of no man more deserving of these honors than he. In this wonderful epic, which time will crown with the laurels of immortality, and which future generations will rank with the greatest productions of the closing decades of the nineteenth century, he has discovered a new spiritual continent to the world, has widened its intellectual horizon, has brought it many a league nearer to its goal: the *Brotherhood of Man.* With the magic of his enchanting verse he lured the masses into lines of thought and fields of investigation, where before only the isolated bookworm cared to burrow. His master-hand, that carried us back a thousand years before the advent of Mohamed, five hundred years before the birth of the Rabbi of Nazareth, back to the time of the ancient Prophets of Israel, and that depicted, with sympathetic heart, the life of the pure and tender and self-sacrificing Founder of Buddhism, that master-hand, that showed us, even in that remote past, a religious and a moral code, which compares favorably with any that have been taught before or since, that disclosed to our astonished eye the largest denomination on earth, modelling its morality and religion after the almost perfect life and wise teachings of the good Buddha, that master-hand, that made such revelations, could not but check that boastful spirit, which we are in the habit of assuming when speaking of our own religion, could not but lead us to recognize that ours have not been the only great and good prophets and religious leaders, and that we are not the only denomination guided by a pure morality and a noble religion, could not but make us feel that in many a sense the good Buddha might be our prophet, too, and his Buddhistic follower—our brother.

By his work he has widened the "Brotherhood of Man."

That this view is not shared by all, I had occasion to observe the other day, when I read, in one of our papers, the alleged comments made by one of our divines on our distinguished guest. After speaking many a hearty word of praise in favor of Sir Edwin Arnold's "*Light of the World,*" he briefly disposed of his "*Light of Asia,*" by saying that: 'the Christian

Charged by ignorance with having Christianized Buddha.

Church owed Sir Arnold a grudge for having *Christianized* Buddha, for having clothed a *Heathen* with the virtues and practices of *Christ*.'

I shall not dwell on the divine's ignorance of Buddhistic religion and literature, made manifest by this deliverance of his. I really sympathize with him for the rude shock which the English poet inflicted upon his sensitive nerves; and I am fearful of the consequences, should he accidentally chance across literature, such as Lillie's "Buddhism in Christendom," and learn how much of the elder Buddhism may have passed into the younger Christendom, or should he, to rest his over-studied brain, determine on a vacation tour to India, through which Sir Arnold has travelled repeatedly, and where he sojourned a number of years as Professor of Sanscrit, and there discover among the followers of Buddha, as the author of "The Light of Asia," and others, discovered, virtues and practices whose excellence will compare more than favorably with, if not put to shame, those he had observed in Christian lands.

What concerns me most in this deliverance of the Philadelphia divine is that long-besetting narrow-mindedness of the Church, that arrogant selfishness, that can see excellence only in her own creed, that will not, or cannot, recognize any good in any other creed, that, whenever such excellence forces itself upon her attention, she straightway stamps it as borrowed from her own, as a reflection of her own splendor. When the scholars brought to light Assyrian, Babylonian, Egyptian, Phoenician, Mexican, narratives and institutions, strikingly similar to those found in the Bible, the Church was not perplexed in the least. She branded them, at once, as plagiarisms from the Bible, little heeding, that some of them were hoary with age before the Bible was thought of, and that others were commonly believed and observed by the people, long before they came in contact with peoples having the Bible. Bishop Eusebius of old had little doubt that the pagan Greeks stole their alphabet from the Hebrews, and that Plato purloined his philosophy from Moses;* and the Spaniard Missionary Acosta, sruprised at the remarkable similarity between beliefs and ceremonies of his Church and those of the Mexicans, whom he desired to convert, accounted for it on the theory, that: Satan had deluded these people by spreading among them a blasphemous imitation of the true religion.†

Due to that narrow-mindedness that can see good only in its own creed.

From this besetting sin of the Church the Jew has suffered the most. From the days of her infancy the Daughter Church could never recognize any good in the Mother, though indebted to her for everything she boasted of as highest and best. The daughter never tired of publishing her mother's imaginary shame, little heeding, that: a mother's shame is a daughter's disgrace. For many, many centuries, the average Jew was in the eyes of the Christian a treacherous Judas Iscariot, a blood-thirsty Shylock, a thrieving Fagin. He was positively believed to be in league

From that narrowmindedness Jews have suffered most.

Praep. Evang. Vol. ix. pref. x, 5. xi, 6.

† Lord Kingsborough's "Antiquities of Mexico," vol. vi, 410.

with the powers of evil, and all associationship with him was discouraged, if not prohibited. The Spanish novelist Galdos, furnished us a few years ago with a striking illustration of such beliefs in his novel *Gloria*, in which, in the guise of fiction, he vividly pictures to us the still-lingering prejudice and hatred of the Spaniard against the Jew. He shows us how a Jew, cultured and wealthy, honored and loved, as long as his faith was unknown, was shunned and despised, when he announced himself a Jew. People that before had felt themselves honored with his company, would not walk on the same side of the street with him. Others fled in horror when they recognized him. Boys threw stones and foul invectives after him. The Public Inn closed its doors against him, and denied him a night's lodging. The beggar to whom he gave some money, dropped it, as if it were burning coal, when he recognized the Jew as donor.*

It is not in fiction, nor in Spain, alone that such prejudice exists against the Jew. We find it in reality, even here, in the free United States. Even here, it is a common prejudice that the Jew is not to be trusted, that he is tricky, often villainous, and always a sharp fellow, as an illustration, note in the *Century Dictionary*, the latest published, the definition it gives of the word *sheeny*: "*a sharp fellow; hence, a Jew.*"

Recent illustrations.

The possibility of a Jew being good does not seem to enter the mind of even those that ought to know better, as may be inferred from that incident, which occurred, a fortnight ago, in Baltimore, in connection with the dedication of the new wing of the Nursery and Child's Hospital, which Jewish money and labor has helped to build and to support, and in recognition of which, their Rabbi was invited to participate in the ceremonies, and also to listen to a Christian clergyman's declaration, that: 'Christianity was the only religion that took care of its sick and orphans; all the other religions were barbarian, and left their little ones to be downtrodden by the iron heels of their gods.' That clergyman may be a profound theologian, and very lavish in his charity, and yet he has not, apparently, mastered the *grammar* of the charity of the heart, of that charity, that judges as it would be judged.

When occasionally, despite prejudice and hatred, the excellence of a Jew forced itself upon the public notice, his adherence to Judaism was either questioned, or he was claimed as a Christian, or was regarded almost good enough to have been one. To this day, the thought that the noble Jesus was born and lived and died a Jew, is distasteful to the bulk of his followers, and every conceivable argument is resorted to to prove his desertion from Judaism. Philo, the great Jewish philosopher, who, as one of the sources of Paul's mysticism, was held in high regard by the early Fathers of the Church, was, though he lived at a time when the Christian Church had not yet risen, when the Gospels were not yet written, converted to Christianity by Photius, the Patriarch of Constantinople, 800 years after his death, when the fact, that the supposed great authority of

Good Jews claimed as Christians; illustrated in History.

* Vol. II, chap. ix.

Christian doctrine should have adhered to the Jewish faith, became troublesome to the theologians of the ninth century. Rabbi Gamaliel, of whom the New Testament has some kind words to say, and whom it mentions as one of the teachers of Paul,* was also made to undergo conversion, some 400 years after his death, to give a Christian basis for his excellence of character.† When the fame of Moses Mendelssohn as a scholar and as an exemplary man resounded throughout Europe, his warm adherence to Judaism became a source of great annoyance to some pious Christian souls, and the scholarly, but over-zealous, clergyman Lavater came all the way from Switzerland to discuss with him. And dedicating to him his translation of a French work on *The Christian Evidences*, challenged him publicly: either to disprove its arguments or to embrace Christianity. To which the all-creeds respecting Jewish philospher replied:

"It is by virtue that I wish to shame the opprobrious opinion commonly entertained of a Jew, and not by controversial writings. Pursuant to the principles of my religion I am not to seek to convert anyone.... Our Rabbis are so remote from desiring to make proselytes, that they enjoin us to strongly disuade him who comes to be converted.... We are to hold up to him a faithful picture of the misery and disgrace in which our nation is now living, in order to guard him from a rash act which he might later repent.... Suppose there were amongst my neighbors a Confucius or a Solon, I could consistently with my religious principles, love and admire the great man, but the thought of converting a Confucius or a Solon would never enter my mind. What should I convert him for?... 'Do I think there is a chance of his being saved?' I certainly believe that he who leads mankind on to virtue in this world cannot be damned in the next.... I am so fortunate as to count among my friends many a worthy man who is not of my faith. We love each other sincerely, despite our holding different religious opinions.... Never has my heart whispered: "Alas, for this excellent man's soul!"‡

'Tis the same in Literature. Almost without an exception, the playwright, who introduces a noble Jewish character, takes occasion to make some one express surprise at the Jew's virtues. Thus, for instance, when in Cumberland's play "The Jew" the real character of *Sheva* becomes known, when it is shown that the despised and maligned Jew's whole life is one act of self-forgetfulness for the benefit of others, that he has all along been secretly conferring favors, for which he was repaid with insult and assault, and when his adversary is astonished that a Jew should have acted thus, the author makes the Jew reply:

Illustrated in Fiction.

"I am a Jew—what then? Is that a reason none of my tribe should have a sense of pity? You have no great deal of pity yourself; but I do know many noble British merchants that abound in pity, therefore I do not abuse your tribe."§

When the Jew, in Lessing's play "The Jews," persistently refuses every reward offered him for rescuing a Christian Baron from the hand of a murderer, excepting this:

"As reward I ask nothing else but that in the future you may judge our people more leniently, and less generally."

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* *Acts*, v. 34-40; xxii. 3.

† Dr. M. Friedländer's: Neue Aufschlüsse über Lessing's "Nathan."

‡ Moses Mendelssohn's: *Gesammelte Schriften*, Vol. III.

§ Act III, Scene II.

Lessing makes the Baron reply:

"How honorable were the Jews, if all resembled you."

To which he makes the Jew give answer:

"And how lovable were the Christians, if all possessed your traits."*

And when in his other play, "Nathan, the Wise," the Friar, overcome by the excellence of the Jew's character, exclaims:

"Nathan, you are a Christian! Yes, by God
You are a Christian!—never was a better."

He makes the Jew reply:

"Heaven bless us! What makes me to you a Christian,
Makes you to me a Jew."

Thus we see, that the Philadelphia and Baltimore divines are not the first to evince that narrow-mindedness, that can see good only in its own creed, that cannot think others capable of equal virtues, and also that 'ere this men have risen to teach and preach, that: though theologies may be many, religion is one, that there is truth in all creeds, that noble men and women are nursed, and good is done, by all. And by none was this truth more ably championed than by Germany's distinguished critic and dramatist Gotthold Ephraim Lessing (1729–1781). Few men were better fitted for that task. Few possessed that humanity, that tolerance, that sympathy for the oppressed, that freedom from prejudice, that hatred of injustice, that contempt of ignorance and bigotry, that craving after truth, that Lessing possessed. Few knew the world better than he. His was not a cloister-life; nor had he his beliefs and opinions shaped for him by catachism or "confession of creed." He lived in and with the world, and experience taught him to form his own opinion of it, especially of that portion of it, which society was in the habit of looking down on, of despising or of oppressing. From the oppressive and intolerant spirit of his ecclesiastical home he went out into the world. In Leipzig he mingled with actors, in Breslau with soldiers, in Berlin with Jews, in Hamburg with radicals, and what he saw and felt shattered much of what he had heard, convinced him of the baselessness of much of the prejudice and hatred entertained against them.

Combated by Lessing.

The first of these despised and oppressed, whose cause he felt himself called upon to espouse, were the Jews. He saw the wrongs and insults, and degradations to which they were subjected. He saw their human rights denied.† From personal contact with them he learned how undeserved their sad lot, how unjust the deep-rooted prejudice against them. His truly Christian heart felt for them, and he resolved to do whatever he could to sweeten their bitter fate by making the world think better of them. And true to his resolution, ere yet he had passed his twentieth year, there appeared his play "*The Jews*" (1749), in which he dealt prejudice and intolerance his first

Produces the play "*The Jews*."

* Act I, Scene XXII.

† See Sunday Lecture, Series II, No. 16 "The Mendelssohnian Age."

and long remembered blow, in which, by making a noble Jew render a perilous service to a Christian, he shows what some Jews are, and what all might be, were they treated and respected as other civilized and law-abiding human beings are, were Christians not to deem it almost a religious duty to persecute them.*

Declares war against intolerant clergy.

Tracing the main source of these and other prejudices and wrongs and evils to an ignorant and intolerant clergy, he declared war against them. A bitter fight ensued. He fought manly and long. The intimate friendship that sprung up between him and the Jewish Socrates of Berlin, and with yet other liberal minds, spurred him to ever newer and bolder attacks. But he fought single-handed against a powerful clergy that had money and influence and the government on their side. He was silenced by force. His polemical writings were suppressed.

Produces the dramatic poem *Nathan, the Wise.*

There was one avenue, however, which his enemies had forgotten to close against him,—the drama and the stage. To it he turned, and from it he hurled a thunderbolt into their camp, which dealt them such a staggering blow, that to this day the Church has not recovered from it. He sent into the world his dramatic poem, *Nathan, the Wise* (1779). In vain they sought to silence it, to prohibit its sale and exhibition. In vain they denounced him as an enemy of God and of Christianity, and estranged some of his friends from him. In vain they exposed him to poverty and misery and to an untimely death (1781) *Nathan, the Wise* proved insuppressible. The truths it taught they could not crush. Prohibition but hastened its spread. The people were all the more eager to read and hear and see it, and though they ridiculed it, and though they denied the possibility of such a Jew as *Nathan*, and though they laughed at its appeal for tolerance, and spurned its central thought that 'tis godly deed alone that establishes the godly creed, that a rightly-lived Mohamedanism, or a rightly-lived Judaism, is as good as a rightly-lived Christianity, it nevertheless accomplished the work its author designed for it. The Jew in civilized European lands enjoys equal rights and religious liberty and some recognition of his merits, and that he does is largely due to this drama. It ranks to-day among the most distinguished classics in the whole world's literature. In breath of spirit and in boldness of execution it is still unequaled, as much of a marvel and an inspiration to-day as it was a century ago.

What did this drama *Nathan, the Wise* contain so terrible, so unchristian and so ungodly, to bring upon it interdiction, and upon its author persecution unto death? Wherein lies its charm that makes it to-day one of the world's most highly-cherished literary gems? That we may answer these questions properly, let us first hastily review its plot:

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* Act I, Scene III.

The scene of action is in Jerusalem; the time is during the Third Crusade (1189–1192). *Nathan*, a Jewish merchant, famed for wisdom and wealth, for excellence of character and love and charity towards all—regardless of race or creed, returns from a long voyage, and is informed by *Daja*, the kind-hearted, yet somewhat fanatical, Christian governess of his motherless daughter *Recha*, that: during his absence his house had taken fire, and that, but for the providential intervention of a young *Templar*, his daughter would surely have been consumed by the flames. Recha, a beautiful maiden, confirms Daja's report, tells of her great sorrow that she has not as yet been able to thank the savior of her life, who refuses to come nigh to her house, even to permit her to shed at his feet the grateful tear; tells, in her innocent way, of her illusion, in which she is encouraged by her ecstatic governess, that the Christian Knight Templar's sudden appearance and disappearance, his noble conduct during the fire, and strange conduct after, his solitary walks under the palms, and about the Holy Sepulchre, his very presence in Jerusalem, in the Mohamedan enemy's stronghold, due to his having been brought captive to Jerusalem, destined, together with others, for execution, but the only one of all spared by the Sultan *Saladin*, on account of his striking likeness to the Sultan's dead brother, argues nothing clearer than that he is no mortal, but a supernatural being, her guardian angel, whom she must reverence and worship. Nathan, the Wise, reasons with both on the unreasonableness of accounting for natural events by supernatural ways, and promises them that they will yet thank their human deliverer.

Synopsis of its plot. *Recha*, Nathan's daughter, saved by *Templar*

In the meantime, while the Templar is walking under the palms, not far from Nathan's house, a *Friar* approaches him, conveying a message from the *Patriarch* of Jerusalem—who, thanks to the tolerant spirit of the noble Mohamedan Sultan, is permitted to live and minister in the Holy City—to the effect, that: since he has been miraculously spared, it is clear that he has been singled out by Providence to do a great work for the Church, whose reward will be the Crown of Heaven. And this shall be his work: being the only skilled soldier in Jerusalem, he should acquaint himself with the city's plans and fortifications, and convey that intelligence to the Christian army not far distant. Besides, he gives him directions how he might conveniently, with the aid of two monks, assassinate the Sultan; he need have no scruples, for*

The Patriarch tempts the Templar to villany.

> . . . ."What is villainy in human eyes
> May in the sight of God, the Patriarch thinks,
> Not be—"†

The Templar, though by his order bound to obedience, indignantly refuse to act the spy and assassin to his benefactor.

He is next approached by Daja with a kind invitation to visit the returned father of the daughter he had saved. She praises Nathan's

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*I avail myself of William Russel's translation. † Act I, Scene VI.

wisdom and wealth and goodness. He declines. He will have nothing to do with Jews, even with the best of them. Nathan is a Jew, and "a Jew is a Jew."

We are next introduced to the noble *Saladin* and to his Sister *Sittah*. We find them at the chess-table, conversing on the differences between Christian *profession* and *practice*, as seen from the Mohamedan point of view. The Sultan's treasurer *Al-Hafi* enters, informs him of his empty treasury, largely due to Saladin's present warfare, and to his lavish expenditures for the good of others. The Sultan bids him to go and borrow, but not of those he had enriched, lest it be thought he asks it back, but of the covetous, who will gladly loan, knowing that with the Sultan they are sure of their principal and interest. The rich Jew Nathan is thought of as the proper person to be approached. They have heard of his far-famed wisdom and goodness, and of his love and charity that knows no race, no creed, and yet they wonder, whether even he is altogether free from the 'tinge of his tribe.' Still, whether free from it or not, whether still a Jew, or no longer a Jew, what cared they, as long as he has money, and they can share it.

Mohamedan comment on Christian profession and practice.

The Jew's money wanted.

In the meantime Nathan has found occasion to meet the Templar. The Christian treats the Jew gruffly at first, regards it no special credit to him to have saved a Jewess, and casts some unkind aspersions upon the Jews. But, his humane heart is better than his prejudiced mind. He is gradually overcome by Nathan's patience, gracious manner, superior reasoning, and completely won over, when Nathan appeals to him in words such as these:

The Templar becomes friend of Nathan, and meets his daughter.

> "We must, we will be friends. Despise my nation—
> We did not choose a nation for ourselves.
> Are we our nations? What's a nation then?
> Were Jews and Christians such, e'er they were men?
> And have I found in thee one more, to whom
> It is enough to be a man?"*

While Nathan obeys the Sultan's summons, the Templar visits his house; meets Recha; is entranced by her charms; love for the Jewish maiden fills his heart; he knows the danger attending a Christian's love for a Jewish maiden, and he hurries from her presence.

While this scene is enacted in his house, Nathan has a no less exciting scene in the audience-room of the Sultan's palace. He has come prepared to give his beloved Sultan all the money needed, and gladly, too, for such, he deems, is the duty of the loyal subject. But, it is not money that is asked of him—but Truth. He is to tell the Sultan which of the three religions, Judaism, Christianity and Mohamedanism, is the best. The Sultan thinks it impossible that a man as wise as Nathan, even though is was stamped by birth a Jew, would have remained a Jew, unless convinced of Judaism's

Nathan asked to tell which the best religion.

* Act II, Scene V.

superiority, and, therefore, he must know of him his grounds of preference. Nathan fears a snare. If he shows the superiority of Judaism or of Christianity, he gives offense; if he prove the superiority of Mohamedanism what reason for his not embracing it? But even in this dilemma his wisdom fails him not. The proper answer comes to him. He gives it to the Sultan in the form of this story:

He answers with the story of "The Three Rings."

Nathan.—In days of yore, there dwelt in east a man
Who from a valued hand received a ring
Of endless worth: the stone of it an opal,
That shot an ever-changing tint: moreover,
It had the hidden virtue him to render
Of God and man beloved, who in this view,
And this persuasion, wore it. Was it strange
The eastern man ne'er drew it off his finger,
And studiously provided to secure it
For ever to his house. Thus—He bequeathed it;
First, to the *most beloved* of his sons,
Ordained that he again should leave the ring
To the *most dear* among his children—and
That without heeding birth, the *favourite* son,
In virtue of the ring alone, should always
Remain the lord o' th' house—
— — — — — — — — — — — — —
From son to son,
At length this ring descended to a father,
Who had three sons, alike obedient to him;
Whom therefore he could not but love alike.
At times seemed this, now that, at times the third,
(Accordingly as each apart received
The overflowings of his heart) most worthy
To heir the ring, which with good-natured weakness
He privately to each in turn had promised.
This went on for a while. But death approached,
And the good father grew embarrassed. So
To disappoint two sons, who trust his promise,
He could not bear. What's to be done. He sends
In secret to a jeweller, of whom,
Upon the model of the real ring,
He might bespeak two others, and commanded
To spare nor cost nor pains to make them like,
Quite like the true one. This the artist managed.
The rings were brought, and e'ven the father's eye
Could not distinguish which had been the model.
Quite overjoyed he summons all his sons,
Takes leave of each apart, on each bestows
His blessing and his ring, and dies—
— — — — — — — — — — — — —
Scarce is the father dead, each with his ring
Appears, and claims to be the lord o' th' house.
Comes question, strife, complaint—all to no end;
For the true ring could no more be distinguished
Than now can—the true faith.
— — — — — — — — — — — — —

Saladin.—The rings—don't trifle with me; I must think
That the religions which I named can be
Distinguished, e'en to raiment, drink and food.

Nathan.—And only not as to their grounds of proof.
Are not all built alike on history,
Traditional, or written. History
Must be received on trust—is it not so?
In whom now are we likeliest to put trust?
In our own people surely, in those men
Whose blood we are, in them, who from our childhood
Have given us proofs of love, who ne'r deceived us,
Unless 'twere wholesomer to be deceived.
How can I less believe in my forefathers
Than thou in thine. How can I ask of thee
To own that thy forefathers falsified
In order to yield mine the praise of truth
The like of Christians.

Saladin.—By the living God,
The man is in the right, I must be silent.

Nathan.—Now let us to our rings return once more.
As said, the sons complained. Each to the judge
Swore from his father's hand immediately
To have received the ring, as was the case;
After he had long obtained the father's promise,
One day to have the ring, as also was.
The father, each asserted, could to him
Not have been false, rather than so suspect
Of such a father, willing as he might be
With charity to judge his brethren, he
Of treacherous forgery was bold t' accuse them.

Saladin.—Well, and the judge, I'm eager now to hear
What thou wilt make him say. Go on, go on.

Nathan.—The judge said, If ye summon not the father
Before my seat, I cannot give a sentence.
Am I to guess enigmas? Or expect ye
That the true ring should here unseal its lips?
But hold—you tell me that the real ring
Enjoys the hidden power to make the wearer
Of God and man beloved; let that decide.
Which of you do two brothers love the best?
Do these love-exciting rings
Act inward only, not without? Does each
Love but himself? Ye're all deceived deceivers,
None of your rings is true. The real ring
Perhaps is gone. To hide or to supply
Its loss, your father ordered three for one.

Saladin.—O charming, charming!

Nathan.—And (the judge continued)
If you will take advice in lieu of sentence,
This is my counsel to you, to take up
The matter where it stands. If each of you
Has had a ring presented by his father,
Let each believe his own the real ring.
'Tis possible the father chose no longer
To tolerate the one ring's tyranny;
And certainly, as he much loved you all,
And loved you all alike, it could not please him
By favouring one to be of two the oppressor.
Let each feel honoured by this free affection.
Unwarped of prejudice; let each endeavour
To vie with both his brothers in displaying
The virtue of his ring; assist its might
With gentleness, benevolence, forbearance,
With inward resignation to the godhead,
And if the virtues of the ring continue
To show themselves among your children's children,
After a thousand thousand years, appear
Before this judgment-seat—a greater one
Than I shall sit upon it, and decide.
So spake the modest judge.*

Saladin, overcome by Nathan's wisdom, embraces him and craves his love. Unasked, Nathan renders his treasures at the disposal of his monarch, knowing that he was in need of them, and also in gratitude for the life he spared the Templar, for through that spared life his own daughter was saved.

Upon his return from the Sultan he meets the agitated Templar. An unconquerable love for Recha fills his heart. He entreats her father for her hand. The father cannot give his consent until he knows more of his origin, his name having awakened memories which make caution exceedingly necessary.

The Templar in love with Recha, and told that she is a Christian, and not Nathan's daughter.

The Templar is much displeased at Nathan's hesitancy. While in this humor, he is approached by Daja, and by her told—though it hurts her to inform against the man who has

* Act III, Scene VII.

always been good to her, but her sense of religious duty is stronger than her sense of gratitude—that Nathan is not Recha's father, that she is not even a Jewess, that she was born and baptized a Christian, and that Nathan has kept her ignorant of her birth and faith.

The Templar, believing that under such circumstances Recha cannot be refused him, runs to the Patriarch, and without mentioning names, asks what his decision would be should a case, such as Daja told, happen. The Patriarch shudders at the very thought of it, hopes that no such heinous crime has been committed within his jurisdiction, but, if it be true, the daughter must be delivered up, and the Jew must be burnt. 'But supposing,' reasons the Templar, 'he loved her dearly, and reared her honorably to a lovable and God-fearing maiden,' the Patriarch is inexorable, the Jew must die by fire.

The Patriarch's decision that the Jew must be burnt.

Templar.—What if the child, but for this fostering Jew,
Must have expired in misery?

Patriarch.—That's nothing,
The Jew has still deserved the faggot—for
'Twere better it here died in misery
Than for eternal woe to live. Besides,
Why should the Jew forestall the hand of God?
God, if he wills to save, can save without him.

Templar.—And spite of him to save eternally.

Patriarch.—That's nothing! Still the Jew is to be burnt.

Templar.—That hurts me—more particularly as
'Tis said he has not so much taught the maid
His faith, as brought her up with the mere knowledge
Of what our reason teaches about God.

Patriarch.—That's nothing! Still the Jew is to be burnt—
And for this very reason would deserve
To be thrice burnt. How, let a child grow up
Without a faith? Not even teach a child
The greatest of its duties, to believe?
'Tis heinous! *

While the Templar hurries to Saladin, where with much of his former prejudice he bitterly complains against the Jew, whom the Mohamedan nobly defends, the *Friar*, who had overheard the conversation between the Templar and the Patriarch, and who is, indeed, a true Christian, quite the counterpart of the fanatical Patriarch, by whom he is sent to ferret out the criminal, knows that it concerns Nathan, for he remembers how eighteen years ago, he, then a knight's squire, had brought to him, upon the knight's request, a girl-infant, whose mother had died shortly before, and whose father was summoned to war, where he afterwards fell. He runs to Nathan and informs him of his pending danger. It had been wiser, he thinks, had he had the child

How Nathan came in possession of the child.

Brought up at second hand by some good Christian
In her own faith. But your friend's orphan child
You would not then have loved. Children need love,
Were it the mute affection of a brute,
More at that age than Christianity.
There's always time enough for that—and if
The maid have but grown up before your eyes

* Act IV, Scene II.

With a sound frame and pious—she remains
Still in her Maker's eye the same. For is not
Christianity all built on Judaism?
Oh, it has often vexed me, cost me tears,
That Christians will forget so often that
Our Saviour was a Jew.*

Thereupon Nathan tells him this tale of suffering, that had never passed his lips before, whose grief he had treasured deep within his heart:

"'Twas at Darun you met me with the child;
But you will not have known that a few days
Before, the Christians murdered every Jew in Gath,
Woman and child; that among these, my wife
With seven hopeful sons were found, who all
Beneath my brother's roof which they had fled to,
Were burnt alive.
— — — — — — — — — — — — —
And when you came,
Three nights had I in dust and ashes lain
Before my God and wept—aye, and at times
Arraigned my Maker, raged, and cursed myself
And the whole world, and to Christianity
Swore unrelenting hate.
— — — — — — — — — — — — —
But by degrees returning reason came,
She spake with gentle voice—and yet God is,
And this was His decree—now exercise
What thou hast long imagined, and what surely
Is not more difficult to exercise
Than to imagine—if thou will it once.
I rose and called out God, I will—I will.
So Thou but aid my purpose—And behold
You was just then dismounted, and presented
To me the child wrapt in your mantle. What
You said, or I, occurs not to me now—
Thus much I recollect—I took the child,
I bore it to my couch, I kissed it, flung
Myself upon my knees and sobbed—my God,
Now have I one out of the seven again!

Friar.—Nathan, you are a Christian! Yes, by God
You are a Christian—never was a better.

Nathan.—Heaven bless us! What makes me to you a Christian
Makes you to me a Jew. But let us cease
To melt each other—time is nigh to act.
And though a sevenfold love had bound me soon
To this strange only girl, though the mere thought,
That I shall lose in her my seven sons
A second time, distracts me—yet I will,
If providence require her at my hands,
Obey."†

In the presence of the Sultan, whither all have been summoned, the mystery is solved. The Templar and Recha are proven: brother and sister, and both: the children of Saladin's dead brother. Mohamedan, Christian, and Jew, embrace, and instead of one dear child, Nathan now has two.

The mystery solved

We are now better able to judge what there was so terrible, so unchristian, and so ungodly in this drama as to bring upon it interdiction, and upon its author persecution unto death. Considering the degraded condition of the Jew, and the arrogance of the Church, at the time this play was written, it is difficult to see how it or its author could have looked for a different reception. To bring upon the stage a Christian, a Mohamedan, and a Jew, and to make both Mohamedan and Jew more tolerant and more noble than the Christian, such daring, and that, too, by a Christian,

A daring stroke of genius that could not escape persecution.

* Act IV, Scene VII. † Act IV, Scene VII.

could not go unpunished. It was a daring stroke of genius, a hundred years, and more, before its time. Even, to-day, here, in our free United States, or, there, across the Atlantic, in liberal France, such a work would provoke the condemnation of the Church, and the indignation of the masses. The Church is too conscious of her superiority over all other creeds, and of her power, to tolerate public criticism of her faults, and praise of the virtues of others. And yet, what cared a genius like Lessing's for interdiction or for persecution. Why should he not suffer a little for those who had been made to suffer nearly 1800 years long? He expected no better treatment. He knew Truth was on his side, and with Truth he could afford to be daring. They conld crush him, and they did—proving by their action the very intolerance he charged them with—but not in the slightest could they harm the truth, which he proclaimed throughout the world.

It was not with fanciful but with *historical* characters that he dealt. His *Nathan* lived in the flesh. The intelligent of Berlin knew that the noble-hearted and profound Jew of Jerusalem was but a pen-picture of his loving friend, and of their much esteemed philosopher, the good and tolerant Jew Mendelssohn. The lesson of the Jew's frightful sufferings during the crusades, of the far better treatment accorded to the Jew by Mohamedan than by Christian, of the Church's belief that: the end justifies the means, and of its shameful practice upon the Jew, History had taught him. The degradations heaped upon the Jews by followers of the 'Religion of Peace and Good Will to All Men' he saw with his own eyes. He saw the right of citizenship, membership in the Academy, denied even to Mendelssohn, who made Berlin and Germany famous with his name. He saw him and his children publicly insulted.*

Nathan an historical character.

But, he also saw with what heroic endurance, with what forgiving spirit, the Jews bore all the indignities heaped upon them. The Jews to him were the embodiment of the beautiful precept of returning good for evil. Sorrows they knew, and pains they felt, in great abundance,—but never revenge. Suffering made them martyrs, ripened characters of the type of the forgiving Jesus, of the gentle Spinoza, of the sweet-tempered and tolerant Mendelssohn. Country-less for 1800 years, powerless and friendless, thankful for any shelter, happy if at all tolerated, the scientific law of *degeneration* from non-use atrophied whatever spirit of opposition, rebellion, revenge, they once possessed, engendered within the tribe a spirit of humble submission, of meek endurance, of grateful recognition of even the smallest crumb of favor, made them capable of producing a *Nathan*, but never a *Shylock*, of really blessing those that hated them, of doing good to those that wronged them. To the Christian,

* "I sometimes take a walk in the evening with my wife and children. 'Papa,' asks one of my little ones innocently, 'What is it those boys call after us? Why do they pelt us with stones? What harm have we done to them?' And another of my children continues: "Yes, dear Papa, they always run after us in the street, and shout: "Jew! Jew!" Is it a shame to be a Jew? What is that to them?" I cast down my eyes, and, with sighs, to myself I say: 'Alas, poor humanity? To what strange pass things have come!" Moses Mendelssohn's *Gesammelte Schriften*, V. 567.

who condescended to honor them with his friendship, they were staunch. The thought of proselytizing was far from their mind. They respected the religion of birth. They felt convinced that Christianity or any other "ism," *rightly lived*, cannot be wrong in the sight of God. This very tale of *The Three Rings*, full of beauty and thought and tolerance, is not of Lessing's invention, nor of Bocaccio from whom he borrowed it. It grew on Jewish, and on historic soil.* So even here *Nathan* treads on historic ground. Only a Jew, averse to proselytizing, respecting other creeds, as shown in Mendelssohn's reply to Lavater, could be capable of raising a Christian-born maiden, like *Recha*, from her earliest infancy, in the Religion of Reason, without taking her out of Christianity, by forcing Judaism upon her. Only a Patriarch of the Church, of the time of the Crusades, who believed that all but Christian souls are damned, that the baptized alone are saved, that every means, even though it seem villainous in the eyes of men, is justifiable, to bring a lost soul into the Church, could have been capable of burning a Jew at the stake, for saving an infant from death, and for rearing it, honorably, and God-fearing, in the Religion of Reason.

Nathan, the Wise, a prophecy of the Religion of Reason.

We are also able to judge better now why this play is to this day one of the world's most highly cherished literary gems. To the loving heart, and tolerant mind it is an inspiration. It is a mirror in which the different denominations may see their virtues and their faults reflected, may recognize that *that* creed alone may think itself the truest, that feels the deepest, acts the noblest, thinks the best. It is a prophecy of what is to be. *Recha*, the child of a Mohamedan father and a Christian mother, raised by a Jew in the Religion of Reason, growing up into a character so pure as to be loved by Jew and Christian and Mohamedan, stands for the type of the true religious character of the future. It is the composite product of all that is best in all religions. That product is the *Religion of Reason*. Its Gospel: *One God and One Humanity*. Among its noblest Apostles: *Saladin, the Mohamedan, Mendelssohn, the Jew, Lessing, the Christian.*

* Ibn Verga: SHEVET JEHUDAH, Cap. XXXII.

Darkness before the Dawn.

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel,

November 22d, 1891,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

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1891.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7.
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SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza—Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

SERIES II. 1888—1889.

1. Whence, Whither and Why?
2. The Voice of the People.
3. Uncharitable Charity.
4. Wife and Mother.
5. Husband and Father.
6. Origin and Descent.
7. The People of the Book.
8. Future Reward and Punishment.
9. The Ideal Commonwealth.
10. The Puritanic Sabbath.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM:

11. I. The Mosaic Age.
12. II. The Prophetic Age.
13. III. The Messianic Age.
14. IV. The Rabbinical Age.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM CONTINUED:

15. V. The Kabbalistic Age.
16. VI. The Mendelssohnian Age.
17. VII. The Present Age.
18. Ashes to Ashes, or Earth to Earth.
19. Sanitary Science.
20. Does Prohibition Prohibit?
21. Intermarriage.
22. Convert your own—Let Jews alone.
23. The 25th Anniversary of the Corner-stone-Laying of Temple Keneseth Israel.
24. Abused Benefactors.
25. A Benefactor Honored. (Rev. Dr. I. M. Wise)
26. The Real Saving Trinity.
27. The Removal of the Leaven.
28. Deed through Creed.

Darkness before the Dawn.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.,
Philadelphia, Nov. 22d, 1891.

ויהי ערב ויהי בקר

"It was evening—and then there was morning." (Gen. 1. 5.)

בערב ילין בכי ולבקר רנה

"Weeping endureth for a night, but with the morning cometh joy." (Psalm xxx. 6.)

Adam and Eve sinned, so tells a pretty Talmudic legend, on the very day on which they were created, and on the same day they were driven from the Garden of Eden. As they wandered over the unknown earth, the sadness of their hearts grew sadder still, when they observed the luminous sun sinking beneath the western horizon, and the sky, and all about them, growing dark and darker. And when, at last, deep darkness settled upon them, and they knew not whither to turn, nor what it meant, terror seized upon their guilt-stricken souls. "Alas! alas!," sobbed they aloud, "because of our transgression, the world is turning into chaos again, and light is passing into darkness, and life into death."

A night beyond the Gates of Paradise.

Upon the earth the much-afflicted couple sat through the night, weeping and wailing, fearing every moment as their last. Wearily and painfully the long dark night dragged on, until suddenly their amazed eyes beheld faint beams of light shooting across the eastern sky. From the earth they arose; their weeping turned into speechless wonderment. Brighter and brighter it grew. The golden and crimson light of the dawn spread o'er the orient like a celestial glory, and when their eyes again beheld the luminous orb of day, they wept tears of gladness, and shouted aloud for joy, and praised and thanked God, that what they had feared as chaos and death was but a Law of Nature.*

Only a legend this,—and an old one, and foreign, too, but in it is pictured a trait very real, still quite common, even among us here. That imaginary night of fear and terror of our first parents has had, and yet has, actual existence in countless despairing souls. Hours there are, at times, days and weeks, sometimes even months and years, when to us, too, it seems as if the sun had passed away, and forever, when we seem to be groping in utter darkness, when all hope has fled, all ambition vanished, all faith in friendship, in justice, in God Himself, gone, when no sound of joy, no ray of happiness brightens the countenance or cheers the heart, when our only companions are despair, pain, misery, the never-subsiding fear of utter ruin and of speedy death.

Such nights of despair quite frequent among us.

*Talmud Babl. *Avoda Sara*, 8, a.

Some there are, who have toiled hard and struggled long for a success, which, when almost within reach, turned into failure, and mocked their wasted time and means and energy. Exhausted and disheartened they sit and bemoan their fate. Within their souls 'tis night—a night that promises no morning unto them.

Like fugitives and outcasts, others grope about in the dark, maligned and spurned, persecuted and oppressed, cursed by those they've blessed, injured by those they've benefited. Their sun of happiness seems set forever, their weeping eyes, they are assured, will never again behold the light of morn.

There are those, whose life is spent in the treadmill of grinding toil. Their every penny earned costs them hundreds of labor's sweat-drops. And yet, though they slave and stint, their raiment and lodging and food are scarcely better than the beggar's. A pauper's future, charity's pittance to their families, stares them in the face, when they think of the time when age or sickness, will unfit them for toil. In their souls 'tis dark. Not a cheering star anywhere in their sky to kindle even the faintest glint of hope.

Still others there are, who are fastened down on painful sick-bed, helpless, hopeless, comfortless. Long they've hoped, and fervently they've prayed, for a relief that refuses to come. For them, and for their dear ones, who long and patiently and self-sacrificingly watched and nursed at their bed-sides, and hoped and prayed with them and for them, the sun seems set;—soon it shall be night,—deep night,—the night that has no morning.

And yet others there are, that walk about with dark mourner's weeds about their heads, and with still darker weeds about their hearts, about the little of it that seems still left, that lies not yet buried with their dear ones in the grave. For them it seems perpetual night. No ray of light penetrates their crape to herald the dawn of a brighter and happier day. With husband or wife, with parent or child, with near or dear, in the grave, with bright dreams vanished, with fond hopes shattered, with sweet expectancies frustrated, life, they feel convinced, can have naught else in store for them but despair and misery and starless and joyless night, until death.

What may its influence have been on Adam and Eve?

Once more let us return to our first parents, and to their sad plight beyond the angel-guarded Paradisian gates. With clever skill the ancient poet-Rabbi pictured in this legend the state of mind, the despair, the fear, that the end was nigh, of those who, first of all human beings, and for the first time in their lives, witnessed a sunset, and saw themselves encompassed with the darkness of night; and with equal skill he portrayed their joy over the returning light, and their wisdom in concluding, that: the night overtook them not as punishment, but that light and darkness succeed each other in accordance with the established Law of Nature. But one more phase we would much have liked to have seen the author of this legend touch upon, and that is: the influence which this one night of

darkness and terror excercised upon the later life of the exiled pair. On this point we are left to conjecture. From the absence in myth and legend of anything derogatory to their character after their expulsion from Eden, it would seem, as if the ancient writers meant to convey, that: they only sinned when in the light, when in ease and in prosperity, that darkness and adversity cured them of their evil inclinations, that with the dawn of the returning day there also dawned for them a noble and a useful life.

Still, this very lesson, which here is left to us for conjecture, we find recorded some thirty chapters further on in the Book of Genesis,* in connection with the life of Jacob, the Patriarch. There we have the recorded illustration of a life–selfish, sinful, worthless–during the earlier part of its career, and noble and venerable during the latter part, and between the two one single night's fear and despair, one night's struggle with a guilt-stricken conscience, one night's combat with, and victory over, the baser elements of his nature. Try as we will, we can not see anything commendable in the earlier life of Jacob. We cannot but condemn his selfish and grasping nature,—his deceiving a blind old father, his wronging twice an unoffending brother, his shrewdly tricking his uncle. But our admiration for him begins, and steadily grows, from the night of agony he passed at the banks of the river Jabbok. That single night of fear for his possessions, and for his and his family's lives, that single night of humiliation in supplication before God, (something we know him not to have done throughout all the days of his prosperity, not since he left as lad his father's house, and found himself in a somewhat similar plight) that single night's wrestling with a mighty adversary, his guilty conscience, that brought him face to face with God, with right, with duty, (פניאל), and left him, when the morning dawned, victor on the field, the man blessed by the very adversary with which he wrestled, the (ישראל) "Prince of God," the titulary head of the House of Israel.

Its beneficial influence on Jacob.

Ah, little does the world dream what it owes to such nights of agonies as this. Little does it know that many of its brightest and happiest hours have arisen from just such terrors and despairs as have been here described, that, but for such preceding darkness, never could it have enjoyed the dawn of many of those blessings that now render life bright and beautiful. Ah, little does the benefited world know how many of its greatest benefactors have been moulded on the forge of agonies, during just such nights as this. Such nights have turned sinners into saints, cowards into heroes, dreamers into thinkers, idlers into doers, have, by violently and painfully interrupting lives, that drifted along aimlessly and uselessly, imparted a power and a purpose to careers, which, without such beneficial intervention, would have ended in noisome stagnation.

Suffering the forge of blessings.

I saw this lesson taught this summer in the Yellowstone National Park, in Nature's own language, and with a beauty and an eloquence

*Genesis xxxii.

which I shall ne'er forget. Seven thousand feet high, in the heart of the Wyoming-range of the Rocky Mountains, I saw the Upper Yellowstone stream, of unpretentious size, coursing idly along, serving no purpose whatsoever, neither watering cultivated fields, nor driving the wheel of mill, nor supplying water to village or town. Suddenly as onward it glided, I noticed a ripple, and then another, and another still. Soon it was all life and excitement. I heard it moan; I heard it groan. Its days of quiet and idleness were over. A mighty current swept it into the rapids. Faster and faster it was lashed forward and downward. Louder and louder grew its moans and groans. No heed was taken of them. Forward it was swept to the edge of a dizzying cliff,—aye, and down into its awful abyss, 140 feet below.

Illustrated by the Yellowstone Falls.

Oh, how it roared and foamed and seethed and hissed, in that dark chasm below! Oh, how it reared and billowed and splashed its raging foam against the ragged rocks, refusing to go forward! But all to no purpose. On, on—down, down, it was lashed, now to one side against the fiercely-cutting rocks, now against the opposite side. In vain its painful outcries, in vain its cries for mercy. Forward, downward still, it was scourged, to the awful ledge, and over it—down, a second time, into a dismal chasm 360 feet below.

For a moment it was stunned. Recovering, and seeing what lay before it, it made an heroic attempt to leap back whence it had been cruelly dashed. Failing in this, it sought to climb up the perpenticular mountain-sides that closed it in, 1200 feet high. But the mighty current seized it again, and hurled it forward with break-neck speed into the awful gorge, for miles and miles, through the deep and steep, narrow and gloomy, compressing and pinching, cutting and tearing, Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. Touched with pity, unable to look upon its pain and misery any longer, I turned away.

But what change, when I beheld it again, and followed its course, in the State of Montana! Into a mighty stream it had grown, full of life and activity, dispensing blessings all along its course. Along its banks, towns and settlements flourished whose fields and flocks it watered, and whose industries it fostered. On it flowed into the land of the Dakota's, and joining with the Missouri flowed down as a mighty blessing-dispensing river into the Mississippi, and onward towards the ocean. And while riding alongside it, its sweetly-murmuring wavelets washing against its banks seemed to say to me: Thanks, many thanks, for thy pity, but my greatest thanks I owe to yonder hand that smote so hard. That I am now a broad and mighty river, and a blessing to ranch and prairie, to pasture and field all along my banks, that now there is life and action and the desire of doing good within me, I have to thank none other than yonder rapids and falls, gorge and canyon. They turned the idle, useless, stagnant, mountain streamlet into a muchly-prized artery of blessing. They imparted to me the spirit and the power to spread and grow and press forward and onward. It was a painful ordeal, but it brought an

ample reward. Yonder it was night,—here, and there, and everywhere beyond, it is light.

It seems to be, indeed, the established Law of Nature, as the legend makes our first parents to observe, that Darkness must precede the Dawn. They saw it written athwart the skies. I saw it written in inanimate nature's language, upon the face of the earth, during last summer's ramble through the Far West. We see its sway throughout the vegetal kingdom. Every rooting seed preaches the lesson of Darkness before the Dawn. Before it can bask in sunshine's smile, and bathe its face in morning's pearly dew, and toy with the gentle zephyr and blush under the sunray's burning kisses, it must submit to burial within the dark earth, to being split and torn, to suffer decay, to endure winter's pinching cold, or early spring's chilling blasts.

Darkness before the Dawn an established Law.

And as in vegetal so in human life. As with plant so with man. As society now is organized, as man now is constituted, it seems to be an established law that: without preceding darkness there can be no dawn, without preceding sorrow no succeeding joy, without preceding hardships and heartaches, trials and failures, no succeeding victory, nor excellence nor success. So prone is man to live for himself alone, so inclined to trample upon the weak and helpless, to sacrifice honor and principle, if thereby he can but gratify his lusts and appetites, that there would be no getting along with him at all, were it not for the occasional checking and sobering lash inflicted by the hand of poverty or failure, of sickness or bereavement.

Man has need of the lash of Affliction.

Free the mighty Pharaoh's from the fear of avenging plague, let the imperial Caesars never shake and groan under fever's torture, let the Napoleons never meet with Waterloos, let the autocratic Czars never be pursued by famine and pestilence and the assassin's hand, let the Franz Josephs never have occasion to pour their hot tears upon the coffins of their sons and heirs apparent to their thrones, let the Princes of Wales openly trample upon the laws of decency, without an insulted people daring to express its indignation,—and government will soon come to an end, and civilized society will cease. Might will constitute right, and brute force will stand for might. Let the cruel never feel the throb of suffering, and the unjust never know the pang of remorse, and the unscrupulous never be haunted by visions of their guilt, and the avaricious never experience the pain of loss, and the uncharitable never feel the chill of cold nor the pang of hunger, and the voluptuous never know the torture of disease, and the pleasure-seeker never quiver under the torment of bereavement,—and who could live in peace, or enjoy life, or further its ends? Luxuriant opulence and starvation, tyranny and slavery, would exist side by side with never a bridge of charity of sympathy of humanity to connect the two. Crime would stalk proudly under the noon-sun with not a power on earth to stop or to molest them. Virtue, mocked and insulted, would slink out of sight, and vice taking its place would soon turn child against parent, husband

Without it society could not hold together.

against wife, brother against brother, man against man, and amidst frightful carnages, extending from land to land, from continent to continent, the human family would find its end.

Such is the protecting power of suffering upon society. Its chastening and correcting influence on the individual is no less powerful. Go among the charity-workers, and note the preponderance among them of those, that either outwardly, or within their hearts, wear the mourners' weeds, of those who before their affliction could be found only among the gay and selfish pleasure-seekers, and learn the lesson of the benefit of suffering. Count the Hospitals and Homes and Asylums, and Schools and Churches, that have been built and endowed and are supported, in memory of some dear departed, by those to whom it mattered little before their affliction whether the suffering were cared for, or the helpless and homeless sheltered, or the ignorant taught, or the straying corrected. Note, how the once hard-hearted, the insolent, the selfish, the unsympathetic, are mellowed by sufferings, how the misery and pain and need of others awaken responsive chords in hearts, that before neither orphan's cries nor widow's tears could move. Note these things, and you will perceive the efficacy of suffering as a character-builder. You will see reason in its applying the lance, to let a goodness through, which before was invisible, even as the physician lances the babe's gums to make way for the shooting teeth. You will detect justice in its nipping prosperity with affliction's frost-bites, to procure a bountiful yield, from that which before would not yield anything, just as the merest puff of wind will shake from the tree a shower of ripened chestnuts, when the frost has opened the burrs, while before neither sunshine nor warmth could coax from it a single one. You will see reason in its bringing darkness to reveal an inward glory, never suspected before, just as the old illuminated Cathedral windows display a richness and a splendor in the dark, never dreamed of in the light.

Its chastening influence upon the individual.

And seeing this, and understanding its meaning and its service, you will cease crying out against the darkness, that may beset you or yours. You will bide in patience through the night, till gradually your sky will grow brighter and brighter, and you will stand in the halo of the dawn of a newer and truer and more blessed life than before. To yourselves and to yours you will say: Patience, though darkness now, anon it shall be light! as you would have spoken to our first parents, had you chanced across them during the dark and troubled night. Or as you would have spoken to the muchly-troubled Jacob at Jabbok's side: Courage, brother, wrestle with thy adversary through the night, soon it shall be dawn, and thou a conqueror! Or as you would speak to the Yellowstone, groaning and foaming in the seething chasm, in the dark gorge: Be brave, though fierce the rocks, and steep the falls, and cramped and gloomy thy path, beyond are the broad and sunlit plains! Or as you would speak to the seed lamenting its sad fate within the darkness of the earth: Endure the

Though dark now the path, patience, anon it will be bright.

darkness yet a little while, soon thou wilt shoot forth into the bright sunlight, all the more beautiful for thy sufferance! Or as you would speak to the granite block, groaning under the quarrier's drill and powder-blasts, under the workman's hammer and the sculptor's chisel: Patience, though all is pain and mystery now, by-and-by, thou wilt rise high above all others, a beauteous monument, the admiration and the attraction of the world!

Impatience of early strugglers.

Those, too, who are impatient under their long-deferred success, disheartened at their failures, dissatisfied with their humble state, when conscious of better desert, restive under their restraints and oppositions, need to understand that for their own as well as for all mankind's good, it is best that there shall be Darkness before the Dawn. The sunlit heights of eminence tempt the ambitious, and make the dark and lowly plains beneath insufferable to them. Youthful men in the professions, scarce out of their teens, fain would be at the head, while still deservedly at the foot, would be leaders, ere yet they have learned to follow. 'Tis well that they have not their way, for, if they did, much of the world's best working-force would be lost. Unprepared by necessary experience, immature in judgment, unhardened by the school of bitter trial and hardship, they would soon break down under the strains and burdens and responsibilities, which they dreamed not of when wistfully gazing at the alluring heights.

Early failure better than early success.

Far better for them if for years they labor patiently in their humble stations beneath. Far better for them if they are content to begin at the lowest round of the ladder of fame, and climb step by step to its top-most rung. Far better for them if, now and then, when fairly up the ladder, they are thrust back again to climb anew with quicker and with surer step. Better a dozen failures below than a single one at the top. The dozen will be condoned, can be repaired, but never the one on the top. The dozen failures below, by making the struggler more circumspect and cautious, will even prevent the one on top. Honorably falling while climbing is no shame, climbing anew, though fallen, is everlasting glory, and in it lies the prophecy of ultimate success.

The shortest path not always the best.

It is not the straight and unbroken path that is always the easiest and the best. Moses required forty years to make a journey, which he might have made in as many days. But they were not years wasted. In them, and in the succeeding years of trials and tribulations, was laid the foundation of that strength of character, of that unconquerableness of purpose, that has enabled Israel, alone out of all the nations of antiquity, to survive to this day, and in the face of hardships endured by no other people, dead or alive.

Far better to wrestle with difficulties early in life than late. Youth has at its command strength and hope to cope with them, and to wrest from them their antagonizing strength, as the Norse heroes of old believed that the strength and valor of every defeated adversary passed into them.

It is then when difficulties turn fibres of flesh into steel, and will into iron, and purpose into immovable rock, and give to constitutions the strength of the sturdy and unbending oak. It is because of such early difficulties that most of the greatest men of the world have risen from the lowest station, from the haunts of poverty, from the hovels of misery, from behind the plow or loom, where bread and light and books were scarce, and times and means for study scarcer still. Without these difficulties never would they have become what they did. A dead calm would have left them where it found them. 'Better a head-wind than no wind' say the seamen, and so say all brave souls. "We rather like head-winds," said an ocean captain to me one day, when a fierce gale was blowing against our vessel, "it blows through our funnels down into the furnace, and generates a steam-power that propels us all the quicker forward, despite the gale." Such forward-propelling-power early difficulties generate in the brain-furnaces of brave strugglers.

Benefits of epidemics and catastrophies.

There is yet another darkness that is much decried, but which, in reality, is of all our benefactors one of the greatest. I refer to those occasional visitations of plague, famine, earthquake, that in their coming grieve and perplex us sorely, and shake our faith in God. I shall not theorize on the reason of their existence, nor on whom the responsibility rests. The fact remains they exist, and have existed, and well it is that they have. It is due to such visitations as these that we rank to-day so high above the brute, and shall one day approach the god-like. Without these, and similar visitations, the human mind, never lashed into activity, would have remained stagnant, and its stagnation would have precluded every possibility of progress. It is to them that we owe much of our science, many of our inventions, and yet shall owe much more. The affliction they brought spurred the mind on to conquer them. And the mind has learned to conquer many of them, and to achieve many other blessings besides. We have reduced the dangers of ocean-voyage, of mining, the chance of famine, of drought and of yellow-fever, to a minimum. We have learned to make preventive provisions against pestilence and tornado. We have learned to silence pain with anæsthetics. We are at the verge of conquering some of the most fatal diseases. With the aid of steam we have diminished much of the slavish drudgery and hardship of toil, and have greatly increased the comforts of life. We have learned to understand something of the eternal and immutable Laws of Nature, and how to regulate life in accordance with their requirements. And, as in the past, so in the future, suffering continuing and spurring on our minds still more, we shall go on discovering law after law, and blessing after blessing, until the darkness, so long hovering over the human race, will gradually begin to disappear to make room for a glorious and blessed dawn.

Happy they who have been scourged.

Such is the ministration of darkness. Happy they, who have felt its scourge within their hearts and souls. Happy they, who walk in darkness, and hear no other sound than the echo of their own weeping and wailing. They yet shall stand in the

golden light of the dawn, and be cheered with the joyous notes of the birds of morn.

And happy they, who, though spared, voluntarily take upon themselves hardships for the good of suffering humanity, who, of their own accord, pass from the light into the darkness to share a brother's, a sister's sad affliction. Better a voluntary sorrow than none at all. Better an occasional fast than never to feel the pang of hunger. Better to step occasionally, of our own free will, from our light into darkness than to be lashed into it by affliction. Danger lurks in constant joy, in unbroken quiet, in unruffled peace. It leads to absorption in self only, to moral stagnation. I have read of two painters engaged, high on a loosely constructed scaffolding, upon frescoing the walls of a magnificent cathedral. One of them, wholly absorbed in his work, stepped, to note the effect of his work from a distance, back to the very edge of the scaffolding. His companion observing his great danger, knowing that another step would dash him to the floor below, knowing that even a word or sign of warning would be too late, instantly flung his own wet brush against his friend's picture, and bespattered it with a mass of unsightly blotches. His companion flew forward in rage,—and saved his life. Thus many a one, wholly absorbed in the pleasures and pictures of life, runs the danger of moral ruin, and far better it is, that he himself, or his friends, voluntarily mar some of the pleasures in which he is absorbed, than that he should be wholly swallowed up in selfishness. It is better that we voluntarily deal with our own lavish blessings as the vintner does with the vine, that shoots so strong as to bear nothing but leaves. He cuts and trims, and makes it oft to bleed, until, instead of leaves alone, it ripens an abundance of luscious fruit besides.

Better voluntary sorrow than none at all.

And ye, who feel that you have experienced little else save cutting and trimming and bleeding, that your path has wound but from trouble to pain, from sickbed to grave, that beyond crape and weeping-willow your glance never reaches, that darkness, deep darkness encompasses you round about, and that for you there never shall be dawn again, despair not yet. Hope on. 'It is night now, it will yet be morn.' Believe with the poet:

Despair not even though the Dawn be long in coming.

"Though stars in skies may disappear, and angry tempests gather,
The happy hour may soon be here that brings us pleasant weather;
The weary night of care and grief may have a joyful morrow:
The dawning day may bring relief—and bid farewell to sorrow."*

The longest lane has its turning, and the darkest night its morn. The night is ever darkest when the dawn is nearest, and suffering ever severest before its going hence

"Evils, that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil."

Ye have heroically endured so long, bear bravely what yet remains, and half of it is conquered. Follow the example of brave George Nidiver,

* Burn's: "*Welcome home to Nithsdale*" slightly altered.

who, when surprised by two grizzly bears, one advancing towards him, the other against his Indian boy, and with but one charge in his gun for both, felled the one that pursued the boy, and, then, folding his arms, so courageously he fixed his gaze upon the advancing beast, that it could not bear the stare, but stopped short, turned, and cowardly slunk away. Thus courageously face ye your trials, and your heroism will beat them into a cowardly retreat.

Endure whatever darkness yet remains, anon the morn will break. If not here, then let us trust, there, where the light everlasting reigns.

Press on, there is Light Beyond.

I remember climbing wearily, one day, the Alpine heights of Switzerland, enveloped, when in the cloud-region, by the chilling mists. Beneath and above me it was damp and gloomy. There was danger of fatal fall. Exhausted, too, I began to chide myself for having attempted so hazardous a pastime. But soon recovering myself, I said: Press on, Press on, there is Light and Beauty beyond the Clouds! And so there was. And when from top-most peak I gazed upon the floods of light and beauties, that spread o'er the panorama beneath, I was thankful for my exhaustion, for my discouragement and for the clouds, for they made the light all the more beautiful, and my joy all the more complete. And so I say to all of you, who are heavy laden, to whose darkness here there shall seemingly be never more a dawn: Press on, press on, through the cloud! Look up, and look beyond, through the darkness, There is Light and Beauty Beyond, a Light that may be all the more blessed for the Darkness here below!

Therefore, lose ye not hope not courage nor faith, but, be the road yet so painful, and the night yet so dark, Look up! Look beyond! and heartily joining in to-day's concluding hymn, sing with us:

"Father, to Thee we look in all our sorrow,
Thou art the fountain whence our healing flows;
Dark though the night, joy commeth with the morrow;
Safely they rest who on Thy love repose," etc.*

* F. L. Hosmer.

On the Threshold.

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

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1891.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion.
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SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza—Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

SERIES II. 1888—1889.

1. Whence, Whither and Why?
2. The Voice of the People.
3. Uncharitable Charity.
4. Wife and Mother.
5. Husband and Father.
6. Origin and Descent.
7. The People of the Book.
8. Future Reward and Punishment.
9. The Ideal Commonwealth.
10. The Puritanic Sabbath.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM:

11. I. The Mosaic Age.
12. II. The Prophetic Age.
13. III. The Messianic Age.
14. IV. The Rabbinical Age.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM CONTINUED:

15. V. The Kabbalistic Age.
16. VI. The Mendelssohnian Age.
17. VII. The Present Age.
18. Ashes to Ashes, or Earth to Earth.
19. Sanitary Science.
20. Does Prohibition Prohibit?
21. Intermarriage.
22. Convert your own—Let Jews alone.
23. The 25th Anniversary of the Cornerstone-Laying of Temple Keneseth Israel.
24. Abused Benefactors.
25. A Benefactor Honored. (Rev. Dr. I. M. Wise)
26. The Real Saving Trinity.
27. The Removal of the Leaven.
28. Deed through Creed.

On the Threshold.*

I.

As we sow—So we reap.

A NEW YEAR EVE ADDRESS.

Rabbi Jos. Krauskopf, D.D.

The aged pilgrim has tottered to his rest. The agony of death is over. The old year is dead. Peace, eternal peace, to his ashes.—Since the old proverb bids us to speak only in praise of the dead, let us do its bidding. The year has been a שנה טובה "good year." It has prospered our land, it has kept war and pestilence from our gates, to our homes it has brought —; our labors it has crowned with —; our hearts it has filled with —, I must leave it to each to complete these unfinished sentences for himself. Aye, and in silence, for, were we to finish them aloud, what a medley of joy and sorrow, what a mixture of smiles and tears, we would get to see and hear!

Of the dead only praise.

Though the proverb asks praise for the dead, experience does not always make obedience possible. With memories of bereavements and pains, of failures and disappointments, still fresh, with tears still choking the voice, with hearts still aching, with wounds still bleeding, it is not an easy thing to sing the praises of blessings not received, and of pleasures not enjoyed.

Not always possible of a dead year.

We are standing, this evening, at the end of another year, with feelings akin to those that now animate the European and the American farmer, when reflecting on their harvest-yield. Both have toiled faithfully, have watched carefully, have looked forward to the end hopefully, but when harvesting came, a rich yield rewarded the toil of the American, while scarcely a pittance was doled out to the European. So we, too, have been busy toilers all the year. We planned and schemed, we watched and struggled, we looked hopefully to the year's close. At the year's close now we stand, some of us with happy feelings; others feeling sad. To some of us the yield of blessings has been large; sorrows and failures constitute the yield of others.

To some it brought success, to others failure.

But, while there is a similarity between the farmer's and our harvest yields, there is quite a difference in the causes that led to them. The farmers' success or failure were conditioned by the elements. The success of the one was not wholly due to his merit, nor was the failure of the other due to his neglect.

* These two sermons "*On the Threshold*" were delivered by Dr. Krauskopf on last Rosh Hashanah (New Year), Oct. 2 and 3, 1891, and are published this week in place of the regular Sunday Lecture, which was omitted last Sunday, on account of the Doctor's absence from the city.

Can we say the same of our own success and failures? Can we this evening look back over the past year, and say that the success it brought us was not, in a large measure, due to our merit, and its failures, to a considerable degree to our neglect?

Success or failure largely attributable to ourselves.

To shift responsibilities is an old weakness. Adam sinned, and shifted the guilt on Eve. Man found nothing so convenient as the "Vicarious Atonement" doctrine. What is so easy and so safe as to bury our sins in the coffin of the dead year, and then pose as innocents and martyrs? What more comforting to the dreamer and idler and improvident than their dictum, that: all is a matter of chance and luck? Yes, luck there is in this world, if you go out to find it with industry, economy, patience, circumspection, culture, self-control, in your hand. Be assured the years, whether going or coming, have never brought so much to man as man has brought to them. If the owl chooses to keep her eyes closed in the broad daylight, what boots it that the dainty canary parades up and down in front of her.

The greatest streak of luck that can ever happen to man is his recognition that there is no luck. Seeking the cause of failure in himself he will stumble across success. If the year's balance-sheet indicates failure, make not failure double, by finding the cause of it outside yourself. Though accessories there have been, permit them not to condone your own shortcomings. Rather unjust to yourself than encourage responsibility-shifting. In severity to yourself lies your salvation. Self-excuse is prosperity's tomb. Have you failed, wail not over untoward circumstances or unpropitious fortune, but grasp the helm with a firmer hand, set the sails to the winds, keep the goal clear in sight, and then for it with all your might. If, despite care and courage, your bark is dashed against the rocks, then go down like a hero, with the proud consciousness that no blame rests on you.

There is no luck.

Life is an ocean, not a brooklet—on which one may stretch himself in his boat, and drift along aimlessly. It is because so few have definite goals before them, that so many fail. It is because so many aim at impossibilities, that so few succeed. It is because there is too much wishing for success, with so little unremitted striving after it, that so many end with wishing. It is because there is too much eagerness for speedy triumph, that so many end in defeat. The unsuccessful often forget the intermediary steps that lie between the base and pinnacle of glory; they storm the tempting heights at once, and sink exhausted at the base. They that toil with the right means, at the right time, in the right spirit, for a reasonable and possible success, generally attain it,—if not in one form then in another, even if in no other form than in the satisfaction of having nobly striven—and nobly failed. Few men have ever earnestly striven after a competence, after health, home-happiness, love of relatives, respect and confidence of fellow-men, and not attained it. Few men that have so lived have had occasion to part from the old year with regret, and to greet the new with fears. If tears there were at all, they sprung from the memory

Failure due to false aims.

of some recent bereavement. They were tears of sorrow, tears of affection, not tears of a conscience-stricken mind. Though not free from pain, still, free they were from consciousness of personal responsibility.

Thus to live means living. Thus to strive means succeeding. Thus to stand on the threshold of a new year means gratitude to the old, means honor to the new. Thus let us live; thus let us strive; looking forward to the new year's end without fear, reaching it without regret—with the help of God.

As we'll sow, so we'll reap.

On the Threshold.

II.

A NEW YEAR'S SERMON.

Rabbi Jos. Krauskopf, D. D.

Solemn, deeply solemn, are the feelings that permeate our hearts this morning. A mournful spirit pervades our service. Many of our prayers and hymns to-day are wails and lamentations.

The Jewish New Year's service sorrowful.

There is, however nothing strange in this. It is what one might reasonably expect, in a House of Worship, on a New Year's day. Who, that has a feeling heart, can part from the old year, can ponder over the changes—good and bad—which it has wrought, can reflect on the many neglected opportunities, or wasted hours, and not feel sad? Who, that is thoughtful, can face a new year, and not be fearful of what it might have in store for him? And, even though the year just closed, have brought nothing but blessing, who, that cherishes a grateful memory, can behold its passing away, and not have a feeling of uneasiness come over him? What assurance has he, that the blessings of the old year will pass into the new? And, even if they do, will not the new year bring him one life's span nearer to the grave, in which earthly blessings, and be they yet so great, furnish no enjoyment?

Yet, something strange there is in our mode of celebrating the close of one, and the beginning of another, year, and that lies in its contrast with that of other peoples. The death of the old year and the birth of the new is with others generally a joyous occasion. For not a few it is a season of revel and riot. Free reign is given to sensuous pleasures. Instead of the House of Worship, the Halls of Bachus are frequented. Instead of serious contemplation, there is boisterous merry-making. There seems to be a studied effort to outdo themselves in noisily welcoming the new, without a further thought or care for the old. There seems to be a desire to quaff forgetfulness of past neglects and of past sorrows, or of future dangers and of future duties, from the Lethean cup of conviviality.

Other New Year celebrations joyful.

This contrast is not of modern date. It existed even to a more marked degree in past times. While other nations indulged in riotous excesses on their New Year, the Jew, though surrounded by them, spent it in prayer and fasting. While troops of others marched the streets grotesquely masked and costumed, singing frivolous songs, and playing merry tunes, the Jew sat in his synagogue, attired in his funeral shroud, and quailing under the alarm-awakening sounds of the (*Shofar*) ram's horn.

Why so strange a contrast? Psychology has not yet discovered a difference between the psychical natures of Jew and Non-Jew; nor has the physiologist detected a difference in their physical natures; nor has the chemist's analysis disclosed a difference in their blood-corpuscles. I have no desire to trace the cause of this contrast to a fanciful innate superiority of Jew over Non-Jew. The appetites and passions of the one are those of the other. To the pleasures to which the one is addicted, the other is not indifferent. The difference in the virtues and in the vices between the Jew and the Non-Jew is not so great, as to give rise to such a wide contrast in their respective mode of New Year observance.

It is evident, that if the true cause we would find, we must seek elsewhere, and find it, I think, we shall in the political history of the Jew.

Reasons for sadness of Jewish New Year's Service.

The earliest mention of the first day of the "seventh" month, as the "New Year," occurs in the literature written during, or shortly after, the Babylonian captivity. The first and only Biblical mention of the solemn nature of its observance we find in Leviticus (xxiii. 24) and in Numbers (xxix. 1) which books, there is good reason to believe, were written either during or not long after the Babylonian captivity. The transfer of the Mosaic observance of the New Year, from the first month of the lunar year, from the spring month, to the seventh month, to the autumn of the year, when the Babylonian celebrated theirs, in all probability, first occurred in Babylon, and its serious aspect first reechoed there the martyrology of the Jews, which Babylon inaugurated.

From the time of his first exile, not a year dawned in the History of the Jew but that it brought him to its end with memories too sorrowful for a cheerful parting; and the entering year cast across the threshold, and upon him, shadows too dark and too threatening for him to enter upon it with a light heart. The ram's horn (which for the want of a calendar in the early days, announced every new moon with solemn sounds) proclaimed the new moon, that ushered in the new year, with sounds still more solemn, and made it truly a יום תרועה "a Day of blowing of Trumpets," and its soul-stirring notes, awakening sad and tearful memories, made its third name יום הזכרון "Day of Memorial" a most appropriate one.

Ah, the Jew scarcely needed this call for "remembrance" on his New Year's day. The momentous change of seasons found his heart too full with sad recollections, and his mind too fearful of coming events, still more sad, to permit him to imitate the more fortunate peoples' rejoicing on their New Year's day.

What blessing had the closing year brought to him? Both his glorious Temples still lay in ashes. Jerusalem, his beloved city, still groaned, widowed and orphaned, under the enemy's hand. Still was he an exile from the land, which once was Holy Ground; on which God Himself, so he believed, spoke to his prophets and bards and law-givers, to whom now even his enemy does homage; where magnificent palaces once reared their proud heads; where once soft, sweet Hebrew lullabies soothed him into sleep in his cradle-bed, or where the wondrous stories of the mighty deeds of his illustrious ancestors chased his fretful hours away; where once rich harvest-yielding fields, and fruit-laden orchards, and vine-clad hills, and cattle-studded meadows, and fragrance-shedding gardens, resounded with the joyful songs of the beautiful daughters of Zion; where the people sat under their vines and fig-trees, praising God for the abundance, which His blessings and their handiwork had yielded.

What blessings had the closing year brought to him? Judea's harp still hung broken on the weeping willows, and Judea's song still was hushed. Judea's sons and daughters still roamed the world over as fugitives and outcasts, persecuted, tortured, despised, by the nations of the earth, hounded from land to land, driven from people to people, their synagogues polluted, their homes pillaged, their families outraged, their rights denied, their sufferings mocked, their entreaties scorned.

What hopes of a brighter future held the New Year out to him? He found little hope in the more and more cruel laws enacted against him. Little to hope found he in the insults he encountered on his way to, and while in, his synagogue. Little to hope found he when he passed the Inquisition-Chambers, or the place where the *autos da fe* were celebrated. Small indeed were his chances to escape any of those terrible calamities, enumerated in that tearful New Year prayer, the "*Unesanne Tokeph*" which, as the story goes, had a martyr for its author, and was first uttered by the sufferer, on the New Year day, while undergoing martyrdom for his steadfastness to his faith.

Such were the remembrances, and such the fears that animated the Jew on New Year's day, from Babylonian times down, down almost to our own day. Hence, his impossibility to greet the new with welcome smiles, and part from the old without a thought or care for what it brought. Hence, his mourning and fasting, his sounds of alarm and his funeral shrouds on the New Year's day.

In late years, however, a change for the better had manifested itself. For quite a number of Jewish congregations the New Year began to wear a brighter face. The service lost some of its gloom, and the ram's horn's sounds of alarm as well as the fasting and the attiring in the garb of the dead, ceased. Many of us began to detect blessings in the passing years, and hope in the coming. In that spirit we ourselves celebrated Rosh Hashanah for a number of years, and with the same joyous and hopeful feelings might we have celebrated the New Year to-day, had it not been for that calamitous Russian persecution of the Jews, that has suddenly intruded itself, that

A brighter observance had begun of late.

has crushed the fond hope, we began to cherish, that: the sufferings of the Jews were over, that, to-day, fills the hearts and minds of millions of Jews with woes and alarms similar to those our fathers felt under Babylonian and Syrian and Roman and Mediaeval tyranny.

Brightness banished again by recent persecution.

O, what wail of woe arises to-day in the unfortunate land of the Czar from hundreds of synagogues, from a million of men, a million of women, three millions of children, on this "Day of Remembrance," on this "Day of sounding the Alarm," when they cast their eyes backward! O, what frightful pictures arise before them, when they recall the cruel ukases issued against them, and the still more cruel manner in which they are enforced; when they think of their broken homes, of their forcibly separated families, of the districts barred against them, of the occupations and schools closed to them, of the pillage of their hard-earned savings, of their hunger and pain, of the extortions and floggings, of the insults and outrages, of the heinous accusations and of the inhuman punishments, of the dungeon prisons and of the Siberian mines! O, what horrible spectres rise before them, when they peer into the opening year, and see themselves driven from homes, which they dearly loved, from a country for which they fought and bled, and which their industry and taxes helped to support, lashed across the borders robbed of their all, or driven to involuntary emigration by enforced starvation, standing on the cross-ways without knowing whither to turn, for not a single nation extends to them a hand of welcome, or, commiserating their misfortune, endeavors to find for them room, and shelter, and means for self-support.

Gentile indifference to Jewish suffering.

There is not a Jewish heart anywhere to-day, but bleeds. I came very near saying that there is not a human being, that, knowing of these atrocities, does not feel for the Jew, is not indignant at these Russian outrages, is not moved to pity, and to render whatever aid he can. Until a short time ago, I did think that such a helpful sympathy would be shown the Jew, should he again be persecuted. I did think that 1800 years of preaching the beautiful lesson of "Love thy neighbor as thyself," "Do to others as you would have others do to you," I did think that 1800 years of enthusiastic admiration for that illustrious Jew, who, as the dogma reads, cheerfully laid down his life to save all mankind, I did think that 1800 years of indebtedness to Jewish lawgivers and inspired writers and speakers, would yield godly fruit, should a time arrive for loving their Jewish neighbor as themselves, for doing unto the Jew as they would have the Jew do unto them. But I grievously erred. I looked for broad humanitarianism, but found instead narrow, freezing, sectarianism. Nations and peoples, communities and individuals, turn their backs upon a vast mass of suffering, helpless, and defenseless humanity, and five millions of persecuted Jews are left to the care of a handful of their co-religionists—and to their bitter fate.

When some centuries ago Mohamedans molested pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre, all Europe arose in long and bloody crusades, but when

Greek-Catholics maltreat millions of innocent, helpless, defenseless Jews, there is not a power in Europe to come to their rescue.

When some years ago Turks persecuted Christians, Russia appeared as champion, declared war against the persecutor, and pious Christians applauded; now Russia persecutes the Jews, and there is not a nation on earth to champion the Jewish cause.

When some years ago Asiatic tribes persecuted European Christian settlers in the Orient, England immediately sent an army for the defense of the persecuted; now Russia persecutes the Jews, and not all the other European powers combined can raise an army in defense of outraged humanity. When, however, Russia sails a ship or two through the Dardanelles, England instantly strikes a war-like attitude. She is all watchfulness when her own possessions are threatened; when millions of human beings are cruelly expelled from their home and fatherland, the English Government looks on, without a word of protest.

When New Orleans citizens, in a fit of rage, assault a band of Italian murderers and criminals, Italy promptly recalls her Minister from the United States; Russia assaults in cold blood millions of peace-loving and law-abiding Jews, and the Italian minister is permitted to remain, and to maintain amicable relationships between the two Governments.

When the manager of the Grand Opera House of Paris puts "Lohengrin" on the stage, all France is excited, and the entire police-force and military of Paris must be held in readiness to keep the mob in check;—Russia enacts a heart-rending tragedy, and France, that was the first to grant full religious liberty and equal rights to the Jews, goes mad in her friendship for the cruel actor.

When English fishermen pursue their seal-catching too close to the American shore, our Government enters into a voluminous diplomatic controversy with England; when, however, Russia lashes millions of human creatures to her borders, and beyond them, our Government regards the defense of outraged humanity beyond its jurisdiction, and holds its peace.

But a fortnight ago we were told that our Government reached an understanding with the Governments of England, France and Germany, by the terms of which, in the event of the failure of the Chinese Government to protect citizens of these four nations, that duty is to be undertaken by these Governments, acting jointly;—we have yet to read of an understanding reached by the civilized governments to protect jointly those millions of homeless people, who now piteously entreat their intercession or aid.

With miles upon miles of fruitful land, still untilled, in our possession; with the richest mines in the world, still unopened, with a score of states and territories of vast areas still so sparsely settled, that a million of thrifty, industrious, peaceful immigrants divided among them would scarcely be felt; with crops so plentiful as to be capable of not only supplying us in great abundance but also to feed a great part of Europe

besides, so hard-hearted are we, so false are we to the sacred charge entrusted to us by our Pilgrim-Fathers: to make it, in memory of their own sufferings and persecutions, the haven for the persecuted of all peoples and of all faiths, so false are we to the Statue of Liberty, erected at the entrance of New York harbor, so narrow is our interpretation of the law, which was intended solely for the purpose of keeping Europe from dumping her pauper and criminal classes into our land, that we deny the right of landing to such of these much-stricken exiles, who have not the means of becoming immediately self-sustaining, that we ship them back again to the land from which they have just been lashed, dooming them to starvation, or to suicide, or to a miserable death in dungeon or in Siberian mine.

With millions of dollars at the command of Bible and Missionary Societies for the conversion of benighted heathens, there is not in all of them, despite their religious zeal, humanity enough to spend some of that much-wasted money on feeding and clothing and finding means of self-support for these unfortunate exiles. It was but the other day that we were told by the press that the "Sabbath Association" had resolved to spend $100 per month on the prosecution of Sunday-shaving barbers. How many hungry mouths of these suffering exiles might not be fed, or their sick healed, or their homeless sheltered, for these $100 per month, even though a few barbers did continue shaving on the Sabbath-Day.

You ask the question so many have asked before: "Why this indifference towards the Jew by the civilized Governments of the earth?"

Why this indifference?

Surely, it is a long recognized principle in International Law, that when one Government maltreats a portion of her citizens, the more humane governments have a right to protest; and when one Government undertakes to forcibly load millions of her population on other Governments, they have a right, when unable to provide for them, in self-protection, and in justice to the expelled, to insist upon her keeping and protecting her own. Why are these well-known principles lost sight of when it concerns the Jew? Is it because other nations fear the power of Russia. Hardly that. England alone feels confident that she can match the military strength of Russia, and the German Emperor is of nothing surer than that the "Dreibund" can wipe Russia off the face of Europe. Could they not all, without going into cruel war, recall their Ministers, and return her Representatives, refusing to be represented, breaking off all commercial relationships, isolate her, banish her from the associationship of humane powers, and never feel, with the granaries of India and America at their back, the want of her company?

Why, then, this indifference? Shall we believe that their religion, that bids such a course, is a farce, or that the much-vaunted civilization of the 19th century is a parody, or that all our talk about "the ties of humanity," about the "Common brotherhood of man" is shameless hypocrisy?

Nay, we shall not believe this; we would be guilty of a moral wrong if we did. It is due to misunderstanding. The nations of the earth—barring noble exceptions by individuals,—manifest little pity towards the persecuted Jew, because the Jew is still largely misjudged. There is an undercurrent of feeling that the Jews are a bad set, and that a Government is not to be blamed for not wanting them or for trying to get rid of them.

Due to misunderstanding.

Unjust and baseless as that feeling is, and condemn it as we must, still, when we reflect on its origin, we cannot but pity those that entertain it. It has its root in 1800 years of aversion against the Jew. A hatred that had centuries to grow and spread and a credulous soil to propogate itself, with bigoted and fanatical ecclesiastics as propogators, cannot be obliterated in a year or two. I pity it, because it is natural, even though irrational. A sense of justice, however, would have been worthier of them than the entertaining of such a baseless supposition. We Jews still bleed from the wounds a hostile Church inflicted on us during eighteen centuries, yet we have long since forgiven the offender. We have seen the vast amount of good she has accomplished, and we have drowned the evil she did in the ocean of good she has achieved.

This recognition of our true character has scarcely yet been attempted by the Non-Jewish world, as may be seen from their present attitude towards the Russian exile, in the lack of the financial and moral aid given the handful of Jews, who are trying to wrestle with this overwhelming problem, may be seen in the false charges raised against us, even by such distinguished scholars as Professor Goldwin Smith, may be seen in the race-prejudice at summer-resorts, may be seen in that disgraceful definition of the word "*sheeny*" given in the "Century Dictionary," just fresh from the press, "*a sharp fellow; hence, a Jew*"—the impudence: as if John Bardsley, the defaulting Deacon, and Kennedy, the embezzling Ex-President of the Young Men's Christian Association, and the U. S. colony of Christian Financier-Thieves in Canada, and the thousands that crowd our penitentiaries, all "sharp fellows," were all, all, Jews.—

Still, while I deplore this injustice, and condemn it, yet I cannot but pardon the offender. Is it not to some extent our fault? What have we done to eradicate these false opinions? Have we made known our good sides as the Christian has his? Do we wonder that he understands us not? We have spoken and written a language, which he could not understand. Our synagogues we practically barred against him. Social intercourse with him we impeded and discouraged. The treasures of our literature we kept sealed from him.

Due to some extent to our own fault.

Our present duty is clear. We must make the *Publication Society* disseminate knowledge concerning the Jews among the Gentiles. We must open to them our homes, our hearts, our minds. We must support the *Hebrew Union College* that it may train English-speaking ministers to represent and to defend our cause. We must open our synagogues for worship and instruction, on days when they are at leisure to attend, and use there the language they can understand, and make the service attractive, that they might come again and again, and depart thinking better of the Jew than when they came.

Our present duty.

This is our mission to-day. This is the work we must solemnly take upon ourselves on this New Year's Day, for faithful practice during the year and years to come. Then will ignorance of the Jew diminish, and injustice subside. Then will long-denied justice be meted out to him. Then will mourning, lamentation, alarm, cease to characterize the New Year celebration. So be it!

ILLUSION.

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel,

December 6th, 1891,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA:
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1891.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion.
8. Delusion.
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SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza—Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

SERIES II. 1888—1889.

1. Whence, Whither and Why?
2. The Voice of the People.
3. Uncharitable Charity.
4. Wife and Mother.
5. Husband and Father.
6. Origin and Descent.
7. The People of the Book.
8. Future Reward and Punishment.
9. The Ideal Commonwealth.
10. The Puritanic Sabbath.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM:

11. I. The Mosaic Age.
12. II. The Prophetic Age.
13. III. The Messianic Age.
14. IV. The Rabbinical Age.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM CONTINUED:

15. V. The Kabbalistic Age.
16. VI. The Mendelssohnian Age.
17. VII. The Present Age.
18. Ashes to Ashes, or Earth to Earth.
19. Sanitary Science.
20. Does Prohibition Prohibit?
21. Intermarriage.
22. Convert your own—Let Jews alone.
23. The 25th Anniversary of the Cornerstone-Laying of Temple Keneseth Israel.
24. Abused Benefactors.
25. A Benefactor Honored, (Rev Dr. I. M. Wise)
26. The Real Saving Trinity.
27. The Removal of the Leaven.
28. Deed through Creed.

ILLUSION.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.
Philadelphia, Dec. 6th, 1891.

"Dreams or illusions, call them what you will,
They lift us from the commonplace of life
To better things." Longfellow, *Michael Angelo.*

Your day's task done, your evening meal over, before taking up your evening's pastime or duty, you move your easy-chair close to the cheerful grate-fire, to indulge a little respite from the day's toil. Your eyes dreamily watch the playful flames or the glowing embers, till flame and embers fade out of sight, till time and place seem to exist no longer. Your mind is in fancy-land. Vision after vision pass in panoramic procession in front of you. Now 'tis some happy scene of your early childhood, and now 'tis the sad face of some beloved person dead; now 'tis a rosy cheek, a beauteous form, a voice, a touch, sweet and light as angel's, and now castle upon castle rise in gorgeous outline in the vacancy before you. You see your fondest dreams fulfilled, your most cherished ideals realized. You catch glimpses of beauties and excellencies, of truths and perfections, grander than any you saw before. You breathe the breath of new inspirations. You hear the summons to new and glorious fields of labor. You feel the fire of new enthusiasm,—when, lo! a rap, an exploding cinder, an opening door, banishes these visions back into the nothingness whence your reverie conjured them, and brings you back again into the present, into your world of reality. You smile, or you sigh, when you become conscious of the trick your imagination has played you, yet, whether smile or sigh, though dream or illusion, 'tis as Longfellow wrote, such occasional visions lift you "from the commonplace of life to better things," or as Oliver Wendell Holmes believed:

Day-Dreams in Fancy's realm.

"Dream on! Though Heaven may woo our open eyes,
Through their closed lids we look on fairer skies;
Truth is for other worlds, and hope for this;
The cheating future lends the present's bliss."

Day-dreaming and aircastle-building are in this intensely realistic age of ours much decried. Our so-called *practical men* are much given to poking fun at those, who refuse to pass their whole time in the slavish service of mammon, or to spend it entirely in the world of reality, or on the gratification of the baser appetites. Dreamers, visionaries, idealists, enthusiasts, and yet less complimentary names, are the titles, which are commonly conferred upon them by men, who little know how much of their rights and liberties, and of the world's progress and religion and art and learning, was first seen and admired in fancy's realm, during such hours of reverie as I have just described, and conveyed from it into the realm of reality by just such ridiculed dreamers and visionaries.

Dreamers and visionaries much decried.

Such day-dreams have given us our saintliest saints, our most heroic heroes, our most blessed benefactors. To them artist and scientist, historian and patriot, prophet and lawgiver, are indebted alike. Kepler and Gibbon, Washington and Edison, Plato and Moses, fetched the first drafts of their laws and theorems, of their plans and darings, of their facts and beliefs, from fancy's enchanted realm, even as Dickens and Booth, as Milton and Mozart, as Angelo and Wren, as Phidias and Homer, fetched from it their sweetest plots and scenes, lays and airs, forms and shapes. They have admitted men into regions, and opened to them visions, such as the practical mind dared not enter, and could not see, and frequent admission and vision so inspired them, till they illumined and ennobled reality with thoughts and ideals and beliefs, that were first conceived in fancy's realm.

The good that Day-Dreams have done.

They floated before the eyes of sculptor and painter faces and shapes so sublimely beautiful, till the inspired mind took courage, and seizing chisel or brush, reproduced the vision of their imagination in marble or on canvas, and gave to reality a Venus, an Apollo, at whose shrines the cultured world has worshipped ever since. They tuned within the hearing of composers those sublime harmonies and melodies, of which the now world-enrapturing symphonies and oratories are but the faintest imitation. They conjured up before the mind's eye ravishing glories and beauties, which the mere physical eye could never behold in the world of reality, and for reproducing them in poem or play or magnificent work of architecture, the world now names them mighty men of genius.

Their influence on Art nnd Literature.

Before the soldier they floated visions of mighty daring; on his breast they placed medals telling of his valorous deeds; his ears they filled with deafening sounds of a whole world's plaudits; his name he saw descended, laurel-crowned, to the most distant generation; he saw himself pictured and sculptured from earth's end to end; and so inspired became he, till he wrested that fame and glory from cannon's fiery mouth, from the very jaws of death itself. Before the eye of patriot and reformer they pictured states and conditions ideally perfect, states in which tyranny and sin are unknown, in which universal peace and good-will reign supreme, till they enthused them into action, sent them forth to realize in a world of reality some of that ideal perfection their ravished eyes beheld in fancy's realm.

On Warriors, Patriots and Reformers.

To the prophet's eye they opened visions of past and future; to his soul they disclosed mysteries and revealed truths, which had long baffled his understanding, his heart they kindled into the very ecstasy of inspiration, into his ears they thundered mighty missions, and back into the realm of reality they sent him with messages and truths, with prophecies and revelations, that startled the world, that gathered the millions around his banner, that sent light where before all was darkness, and truth where before all was error, and hope where all was despair, and peace and love and virtue, where before all was strife and hatred and vice.

On the Prophets.

To some of you it may seem heretical to hear me speak of the prophets' visions and inspirations as illusions. It may seem that, by placing the prophet's divine messages and revelations in the category of illusions, we rob the Bible of its greatest worth, and charge its holiest men with imposture. Neither of these conclusions follow necessarily as a consequence. It must be remembered that the Bible is a collection of old books, and that much of its data is the product of primitive times, when the phenomena of nature and the workings of the mind were still much misunderstood. The mind, that even now is, for the most part, a stupendous mystery to us, was in that early age wholly a sealed book.

Objection to classing prophetic visions with illusions.

Primitive man has no clear conception of the fundamental difference between external fact and internal fancy, between the animate and inanimate, between the objective and subjective world. He is incapable of abstract thought. His reasoning is by analogy. His thoughts are entities. His imaginations are revelations. Whatever has outline and shape, whether perceived without or within, has real existence. Whatever has motion, or emits sound, or gives pain or pleasure, has life. The moving planets, the roaring thunder, the flashing lightning, the rumbling earthquakes, the stifling simoons, the howling winds, the raging floods, the drifting clouds, the dissolving rainbows, the repeating echo, the accompanying shadow, to the primitive man these are all living powers. The thousand strange fancies that flit across his mind, waking or sleeping, that please or vex him, that show or tell him strange sights and things, that urge or warn him, all these, invisible though they be, are to the primitive man real existences. If they were not, how could he see or hear them, how could they rejoice or torture him? Curiosity and imagination, which, like in our early childhood, have unlimited sway in the primitive mind, supply the connecting links between the fanciful and the real. Seeing or feeling the effect, they find the cause. They people the world with gods and spirits, good and evil, visible and invisible, and make them manifest themselves to man in different forms and ways.

Objection answered by examination of mental state in primitive society.

It was the dream, which, most probably, laid the foundation to the various mythologies and beliefs in supernaturalisms, that have come down to us from primitive times. These sleep-visions were fraught with greater mysteries and meanings for our early ancestors than they are for us. We regard them simply as illusions. We agree with Dryden that

Modern Explanation of Dreams.

> "Dreams are but interludes, which fancy makes;
> When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes."

When sleep sets in mind and body are at rest. But neither of them wholly. Pulsation, respiration, and other functions, continue in the body, and they keep alive some of the fire in the mind's forge. The lonely apprentice, seeing master and journeymen sound asleep, obliged to keep awake to prevent the fire from going out, for the want of something better to do, keeps himself busy with welding together little scraps of different

materials that lie loose about the workshop, or with recasting old and almost forgotten designs in new and fantastic forms, or with venturing upon little experiments of his own with the work which he finds unfinished in forge or on anvil. The body asleep and inactive, the external senses closed, the mind unemployed, free from external interference, plays and skips about like school-children when their teacher is away, rummages and peeps everywhere, brings into sight a strange mixture of things, things of yesterday and things of long gone by, and playfully joins them together in fantastic forms. And as the slightest noise from without is apt to frighten such mischievous children, and to be exaggerated by them, so it is with these playful dream-fancies. The slightest external stimuli is apt to give rise, during the state of dreaming, to fantastic internal exaggeration.* Let a light be suddenly made to shine upon a dreamer, if it is soothing, and the dreamer is religiously inclined, a vision of celestial glory is apt to display itself suddenly in his dream; if a lover, he is apt to dream of the beaming countenance of his beloved;† if the contrary, he is very apt to dream of a conflagration, in which he experiences much personal discomfort. Let the dreamer suddenly extend his limbs, causing thereby a slight lowering of the body, and he is very apt to dream of a sudden fall into a horrible abyss. Let suddenly the ticking of his watch under his pillow, or the humming of an insect strike his ear, and he is apt to hear in his dream something like a cannonade or the ringing of firebells, or tumultuous noises.‡ Let pleasant fragrance be wafted towards him from the garden beneath, or from odors near by, and he is apt to enjoy in his dream the most delightful sensations. Let him have difficulty in breathing on account of dyspeptic or asthmatic troubles, let the atmosphere of the room be close, or let mouth and nostrils slip under the covers, and he is likely to experience some such choking sensations as strangulation or drowning. Let some ache suddenly arise or let him, while dreaming, touch some sore spot, and he is apt to experience most horrible tortures. Let him with cold hand touch some warm part of his body, or let the coverings slip from him, and he is apt to dream of contact with the dead, or of stabs and cuts, or of suffering frightful cold through exposure. Let his hand rest heavily on his heart, or let some limb be in a strained position, and his dream is very apt to change into what is commonly called nightmare, during which he imagines himself pursued or seized by some horrible evil, from which he is unable to escape despite his struggling and cries for help. Let the disturbing cause be removed, and he enjoys the sweet sensation of fortunate escape from imminent danger.§

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* See Strümpel, "*Die Natur und Entstehung der Träume.*"

† See Paul Radestock, "*Schlaf und Traum,*" p. 110.

‡ Alf. Maury, "*Le Sommeil et les Rêves,* p. 132, et seq.

§ J. Börner, "*Das Alpdrücken,*" pp. 8, 9, 27.

"An American physician, with a badly dressed wound on his head, dreamed of falling into the hands of Indians and being scalped by them. Waking in terror he found that the bandage was slipping off and needed immediate attention. A lady went to sleep in a room, where later on a live coal sprang from the grate and scorched a woolen

Thus we see, even from these few well-proven illustrations, that something is known by us of the nature of dreams, and of some of the natural causes of some of their strange fancies. To the ancients, however, that knowledge was not vouchsafed. Yet the want of it did by no means prevent their formulating their own theories of the nature of dreams. Having peopled heaven and earth and the netherworld with gods and spirits, good and evil, visible and invisible, the explanation of dreams afforded them little difficulty.

Ancient Explanation of Dream.

Sleep to them was the twin-sister of death. They believed that during both states the soul of man is absent from the body, in the one case permanently, in the other case temporarily.* While the soul, during its absence, enters upon other scenes, and encounters strange experiences, other spirits, good and evil, enter the deserted body. The body's remembrance, upon returning to wakeful state, of its experiences while visited by other spirits, and of its soul's experiences while visiting elsewhere, constituted the substance of the dream. And as they believed sleep to be the twin-sister of death, so they believed the dream to be the twin-sister of prophecy. Their dream-experience, they firmly believed, had a profound meaning. It was a message, a warning, a summons, an assurance, a prophecy, conveyed to them, while asleep, by some invisible spirit, or revealed to the soul while absent from the body, either in direct and unmistakable form, or in mysterious symbol, that required the aid of the dream-interpreter. Thus arose the supernatural importance attached by ancients to their dream-experiences and visions.

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garment. The sleeper dreamed that the house was burning down, and that she could not escape because all her clothing was burned up. A gentleman, who had been reading a volume of picturesque travel before retiring, dreamed that he was journeying across the Rocky Mountains when he was attacked by a band of marauding Mexicans, and, after a desperate combat, taken prisoner. The captain of the band believed him to be the possessor of a large hidden treasure, and to make him reveal the cache ordered the prisoner's shoes and stockings to be stripped off and his feet to be roasted in the camp fire. With a cry of agony the dreamer awoke, and found the hot brick foot-warmer had slipped from the flannel wrappings and was in contact with the soles of his feet."

"On one occasion, I awoke from a miserable dream, in which I felt sure I was grasping somebody's hand in bed, and I was racked by terrifying conjectures as to who it might be. When fully awake, I discovered that I had been lying on my right side, and clasping the wrist of my right arm (which had been rendered insensible by the pressure of the body) with the left hand." (Sully, "*Illusions*," Chap. vii, 141.)

I remember retiring one night, while at college, with a light shining in my face, almost immediately in front and above my head. I dreamed that I was about to be shot, that my hands were tied to posts to the right and left, and that for a long time a man aimed a glittering rifle at my forehead. When he finally discharged it, the explosion awakened me, only to find that my right hand had somehow slipped between the mattress and the side of the bedstead, where it experienced some pressure, and that my room-mate, before retiring, had outened the light, which seemed a murderous weapon aimed at me in my dream, and that, in getting into bed, he had bumped against something, which noise my dream exaggerated into a rifle shot.

* See E. B. Tylor, "*Primitive Culture*," Chap. xi; Herbert Spencer, "*Principles of Sociology*," Chap. x.

And much in the same way arose the supernatural importance, which they attached to their day-dreams. Of scientific knowledge there was but very little during the childhood of the human family. In imaginative power it far excelled us. Living in the closest communionship with nature, they saw more of its grandeur and wonders than we do, but knowing little of its forces and laws, the overawing mystery by which they saw themselves surrounded aroused their inquisitiveness to its utmost, and afforded unlimited scope for their imagination. They knew not the Law that made the planets move, the thunder roll, the lightning flash, the mist descend, the clouds fly before the wind, the rainbow span the sky, the tides ebb and flood, the seed sprout and ripen fruit. They saw the ravages of pestilence, flood, tornado, volcano, but knew nothing of their real cause. They saw their dear ones pine away, rave in delirious fever, suddenly drop dead before them, without knowing the true cause of their affliction. But the questions: Why? Who? How? they asked even more eagerly than we do, and if they had not science, they had imagination to answer. Behind every force they placed some god or spirit. In every blessing or curse they recognized an invisible friendly or hostile power. Their whole life seemed to them a speck of mortality floating in a sea of supernaturalism. Wherever they turned, whatever they undertook, they found themselves favored or thwarted by powers, which they could not see, but of whose presence, for good or evil, they had the clearest evidence.

Primitive man mystified by natural phenomena.

It was not externally alone that they felt the presence of such supernatural power. They felt its presence internally as well. We have already heard the explanation they gave of their sleep-dreams. A somewhat similar explanation they gave of their day-dreams, fancies, inspirations. As indicated above, primitive man had no conception of the brain as the seat of thought, or of thought as a subjective mode. The advent of physiology and psychology was yet many centuries distant. Those reasoning products, which we term ideas, or those sudden illuminations, which we call inspirations, or those fanciful conceits, which we name imaginations, meant to him direct supernatural revelations, special messages or calls. The profounder his thought, the louder the promptings of his conscience, the grander his ideal, the loftier his aspiration, the stronger his yearning to take upon himself some great mission, the more convinced was he, that: what he felt and heard within himself was the presence and the voice of some supernatural being.

Mystified by internal visions.

When the ancient philosopher pondered upon the creation of the universe, and evolved some such theory as we find in the opening chapter of the Bible, he gave it to the world as a truth divinely revealed to him, because he knew that he had not that knowledge before, and that, therefore, some Supernatural Power must have communicated it to him.

Thoughts and yearnings interpreted as Divine Revelations.

When Abraham felt himself drawn from his country and kindred to other parts and among other people, he interpreted this yearning as a direct Divine Command. When pleased with the land he entered, and

with its people, and when desirous of securing it for himself and for his descendants, that strong desire soon made him hear a Divine Promise that the land shall be his and his people's.

During his lonely shepherd life in the dismal wilderness, the imaginative power of Moses had unlimited sway. Brooding over the misery of his people in Egyptian slavery, feeling that, if any help is to come to them, it must come through him, who had been best fitted for it, dissatified with his idle shepherd-life, yet undecided, doubting his capacity and fitness, all these mental states, aided by gloomy and mysterious environment, made of his brain a trysting place of illusions. From all sides they stormed in upon him. Night and day they gave him no rest. Wherever he turned he read or heard a Divine Command to go, or an admonition to stay. Athwart every sunrise he read in glowing script the Divine behest: "Be leader of men, not of sheep." Athwart every sunset he read: "'Tis easier to lead sheep than men." Every glittering star in heaven's high vault called down to him: "He that would shine must rise;" and every meteor, shooting across the sky, called out to him, while madly rushing to its self-destruction: "Thus ends he, who, discontented with his humble lot, would rise to shine." Every moaning wind, every howling storm, every pattering hail, made him hear the cry of anguish of his people, the taskmasters' lash on the bare backs of his brethren, and up he sprang resolved to go; and every rustling leaf, every murmuring brook, every bleating sheep, spake out to him: "Stay, here is peace and ease, yonder there is strife and hardship and failure." His useless life seemed to him a barren thornbush. His illusions set his brain on fire. Within him the desire to emancipate his people burned and burned, and would not cease burning. Louder and louder he heard Divine Calls: "Come, thou art the man whom I have chosen to deliver my people!" The illusionary calls prevailed at last. He went, and he set his people free.

Influence of Illusion on life and deeds of Moses.

When the emancipation was completed, and the need of reforming the people, of giving them new laws, and new institutions, manifested itself, he separated himself from his people for reflection. Into the desolate, weird, mysterious, mountains he betook himself, and there, the all-pervading loneliness, the over-awing majesty on the mountain-tops, his profound reveries, his abstinence, the loftiness of his purpose, again unkenneled all his fancies. Illusion upon illusion arose before his eyes. He believed himself face to face with God. He imagined he heard His voice, even that he saw part of His form. The results of his own reflections, the thoughts of his own mind, the laws and institutions and designs of his own making, he believed to be direct Divine communications, direct revelations of God, and as such he delivered them unto his people.

In this outline of the mental state of the Emancipator and Lawgiver Moses, and of the curious blending of fancy with fact, of illusion with reason, we have also sketched the states of mind of most of the illustrious later prophets. These, too, were men, who, for the most part, lived apart from the people, often the life of hermits in desert-lands, men given to reverie

Influence of Illusion on vision and prophecies of seers and bards.

and brooding, and to rigorous ascetic practices. Unacquainted with the Laws of Nature, permeated with anthropomorphic God-conceptions, overawed by the mystery and gloom that encompassed them, natural phenomena, not understood, seemed to them miracles, and their own cogitations and illusions seemed to them Divine Revelations. Every flash of lightning meant to them a descent of a heavenly messenger. Every sun-covering, earth-darkening, roaring, thundercloud, every eclipse, meant to them an expression of Divine wrath. Every echo meant the mocking of some evil spirit, every shadow—an attendant angel, every unaccountable sound—supernatural presence, every pestiferous pool—an entrance to the netherworld, every mirage—a vision, every coincidence—a Divine intervention, every suffering—a Divine punishment. Richly endowed with high moral feelings, enthusiastic in their religious aspirations, grieving over the sins and vices of the people, over the tyranny of the rulers, over the oppression of the enemy, and brooding day and night upon a remedy,—thus occupied, thus isolated, thus endowed, thus mistaking natural phenomena, awakened in their minds strange illusions.

Dream upon dream haunted their sleep, in which phantasy crowned with realization the all-absorbing thoughts and yearnings of their waking hours. Visions upon visions unfolded themselves before them during their day-dreams, revealing the evils and calamities that must result, should the people continue in their evil ways. Pictures upon pictures, one more glorious than the other, unravelled themselves before their ecstatic view, showing the happy golden age that shall follow upon the people's mending their evil ways, and turning their whole heart to God. Summons upon summons, one louder than the other, their phantasy-tricked ears heard, wherever they turned, to go forth to tell the people of their imminent danger, to prophesy to them the blessing that would be theirs, if they will turn from evil to good, and from idolatry to God. What their minds and hearts longed to see, their illusions made their eyes to see and their ears to hear, and what their illusioned eye and ear saw and heard, they believed to be actual visions, audible communications, Divine Revelations.

And when forth they went among the people with such mighty mission Divinely, as they believed, entrusted, their whole heart and soul was in their cause. Their strange costume, their emaciated looks, their fiery eloquence, their fearless denunciations of those mighty potentates before whom the people trembled, their terrible predictions, their glorious promises, appalled, overawed, the people. Profoundly impressed by their strange personality and portentous utterances, the people held them in reality to be the Divine Messengers, which they believed themselves to be.

I have slightly touched above upon miracles, and have spoken of them as misunderstood natural phenomena. With the exception of the additional statement, that: some of the Biblical miracles are probably entire inventions, that they probably never had any other existence than as illusions in the mind of the poetic writer or his hero, there is scarcely any need for dwelling any

Influence of Illusions on miracles.

longer upon them. The age of miracle-belief is past. We know enough of the sway—eternal, universal, immutable, inexorable—of Natural Law in the universe, to believe in the possibility of its suspension or alteration or interference by an outside agency for the benefit of some particular man or people. Our God-conception is no longer that of a fickle and arbitrary and meddlesome *man-magnified*, who, on special occasions, deals with the fixed Laws of Nature as best suits an individual man or individual people, who in obedience to man's wish or prayer, alters the course of the universe, makes the sun to stand still, the law of gravity to become inoperative, the graves to open, the dead to return to life, plague and disease to come and go at his will, something to turn into nothing, and nothing to turn into something, and a thousand other equally impossible things. Science has robbed natural phenomena of much of their mystery. It has revealed to us many of the natural causes of supernatural seemings. Thunder and lightning, eclipse and comet, no longer alarm us. Echo and shadow, and other strange sounds and sights, no longer affright us. From forest and desert, from cave and from mountain, from land and sea, we have banished the spirits, good and evil, and have replaced them by laws and forces, whose workings we fairly understand.

But not so favored by science were our early ancestors. If they thought at all, they had to believe in miracle. It was the only rational explanation they could give of the many accidents and coincidents and interventions and unknown phenomena, that manifested themselves in their individual and national life. It was not unnatural for them to believe that the inundation of vast territories by a flood, the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah by volcanic action, the visitation of Egypt by destructive plagues, the destruction of the rebellious band of Korah, were Divine retributions for the sins of the people. If not as a miracle, how else could they explain their wonderful passage on foot through the Red Sea, not knowing that at the point of their crossing, a ford stretched across the narrow channel, and that Moses probably took advantage of low tide and favoring wind, for which the pursuing Egyptians were too late?* That a long summer's day should have appeared to a fighting and victorious army as if the sun had halted in his course for their benefit, and at the request of their all-conquering leader, is natural enough, when we take into consideration tho astronomic ignorance of those days. And that seers and bards and imaginative writers, given to reverie, to ecstatic vision, having no clear conception of the difference between fancy and reason, having firm faith in miracle, should indulge in exaggerations and revels of fancy, should see heaven opening, angels appearing, the dead

* "On this point the sea is only 757 double paces broad; and the Hebrew army could well journey this distance within six or seven hours, from the evening to the morning watch . . . After the testimony of Niebuhr (Descr. of Arabia, p. 412) the bed of the sea is in this part sandy, and, therefore, easily passable. . . . . The sea has, in fact, on this point been crossed by others also, although with great danger; so by Christopher Furer and Jacob Beyer, from Nürnberg in November 1565; by Niebuhr, on horseback, in September 1762, whilst Arabs accompanied him on foot; by Napoleon in the year 1798, also on horseback; and by several others." Dr. M. Kalisch: *Commentary on Old Testament*, Exodus xiv, 21-22.

arising and ascending, should permit their enthusiastic fancy to weave strange stories of miraculous happenings into the lives of their favorite heroes, is neither surprising nor at all unnatural.

The Bible as a stimulant of later illusions.

Nor is it surprising that, with a Bible before them that was sacredly held to have been Divinely written or Divinely inspired, full of dreams and visions, prophecies and miracles, which credulity accepted as absolute truths, people should have continued down to this day to attach Divine meanings to their sleeping- and waking-dreams, should have mistaken their fancies for facts, their yearnings for prophecies, their illusions for miracles or Divine Revelations. Considering the time in which they lived, it is not surprising that a character like *Peter, the Hermit*, ecstatic, visionary, bigoted, eloquent, brooding over the persecutions to which pilgrims to Jerusalem were subjected, should have yearned for the capture of the Holy Land from the Moslem's hand, should have had his dreams and reveries haunted by that yearning, till he imagined he saw Christ appear, bidding him to inaugurate the bloody Crusades, and promising aid and protection. Nor is it surprising that a pious ecstatic, powerfully imaginative sheppard-girl like *Jeanne d'Arc*, subject to strange moods and fancies during the seclusions of her pastoral life, brooding over the wrong done by the enemy to her country and king, till all sorts of illusion filled her brain, till she imagined herself commanded by the Holy Virgin herself to take up arms for her king and people, should upon the strength of such beliefs suddenly appear upon the battle-field, sword in hand, inspire the army and route the terror-stricken enemy. Nor is it surprising that even a scholar like *Luther*, harassed by all sorts of fears, with his life at stake, devout, sharing the people's belief in the omnipresence of the Devil, especially prone to think of him while translating the New Testament, on which he was just then engaged, and in which Satan plays no insignificant part, considering all this, it is not at all surprising that he should have imagined himself worried and tempted by the Devil, till his illusioned mind actually saw him, till to rid himself of him he had to shy his inkstand at him.

Comparative harmlessness of these illusions.

Strange though such beliefs were, they did, for the most part, but little harm. At times they were of positive good. The mind, though giving [illegible]on free play, kept strict guard not to let it over-ri[illegible]eason. In the examples which we have given, and in [illegible]hers like them, reason and illusion, fact and fancy, existed side by s[illegible]e, mutually checking and f[illegible]thering each other. But other exampl[illegible] th[illegible]e are, in whom the mind did [illegible]ot succeed so well, in whom fancy be[illegible]e fixed notions, in whom uncon[illegible]led imagination stormed and raged [illegible]t diseased the mind, turned illu[illegible]n into delusion, hallucination, mani[illegible] sanity, and on these mental sta[illegible]es we shall expatiate in our next t[illegible] lectures.

DELUSION.

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

December 13th, 1891,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA
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SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion.
8. Delusion.
9. Hallucination.
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SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza-Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

SERIES II. 1888—1889.

1. Whence, Whither and Why?
2. The Voice of the People.
3. Uncharitable Charity.
4. Wife and Mother.
5. Husband and Father.
6. Origin and Descent.
7. The People of the Book.
8. Future Reward and Punishment.
9. The Ideal Commonwealth.
10. The Puritanic Sabbath.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM:

11. I. The Mosaic Age.
12. II. The Prophetic Age.
13. III. The Messianic Age.
14. IV. The Rabbinical Age.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM CONTINUED:

15. V. The Kabbalistic Age.
16. VI. The Mendelssohnian Age.
17. VII. The Present Age.
18. Ashes to Ashes, or Earth to Earth.
19. Sanitary Science.
20. Does Prohibition Prohibit?
21. Intermarriage.
22. Convert your own—Let Jews alone.
23. The 25th Anniversary of the Cornerstone-Laying of Temple Keneseth Israel.
24. Abused Benefactors.
25. A Benefactor Honored. (Rev Dr. I. M. Wise)
26. The Real Saving Trinity.
27. The Removal of the Leaven.
28. Deed through Creed.

DELUSION.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.
Philadelphia, Dec. 13th, 1891.

Doctor: When was it she last walked?

Gentlewoman: Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor: A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.

Macbeth, Act V, Scene I.

Thus comments the physician on being told by the waiting-maid of the strange sleep-walking malady that has befallen Lady Macbeth. And when shortly after his astonished eyes behold the Lady appear, walking—yet fast asleep, eyes open—yet unconscious of the presence of witnesses, rubbing her hands as if to cleanse them of some foul pollution, hears her telling of strange and horrible deeds, that were never intended for his or any other mortal's ears, he remarks:

Fictitious Sleep-walking scenes on the stage.

"This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds."

I have selected this sleep-walking scene of Lady Macbeth, and the physician's comment thereon, for a twofold reason: *firstly*, because, with the aid of Shakespeare's powerful dramatic genius, it discloses to us one of the most fruitful sources of those strange somnambulistic scenes, of which we hear and read so much, and which now and then come under our personal observation, traces it to a mind diseased through consciousness of guilt long concealed, and *secondly* because the learned physician gives it as his experience that: the opposite is equally true, that perfectly innocent people may be subject to this strange malady, as, for instance, the fair and innocent *Amina* in Bellini's charming opera "*La Sonnambula.*"

From earliest times to this, few scenes have filled men with greater amazement than the sight of man or woman emerging, in the glare of the bright moonlight, clad in the garb of night, from door or window, walking about like one deprived of reason, yet apparently with fixed purpose, climbing or descending or crossing hazardous paths with perfect ease, with seeming total ignorance of the terrible danger involved. Or, if they confine their scene of action within the house, go to the desk and write, open a book and read, sit down at the piano and play, take up their unfinished needlework, address imaginary audiences, hold conversations with imaginary persons, return to bed, and on the following morning know nothing of their whereabouts and doings and sayings during the night, beyond a

Real scenes in real life.

more or less distinct remembrance of having had a dream of that kind. Or they accomplish in such somnambulistic states mental feats, such as solving difficult problems, writing out legal opinions or thoughtful speeches, finding lost and long-searched-for articles, which in their waking state they could not do, and which work is as much of a surprise to them in the morning as it was to the on-lookers during the night. To cite an illustration, one of a large number at hand, the celebrated Doctor Carpenter quotes the following of a distinguished Scottish lawyer:

"This eminent person had been consulted respecting a case of great importance and much difficulty; and he had been studying it with intense anxiety and attention. After several days had been occupied in this manner, he was observed by his wife to rise from his bed in the night, and go to a writing desk which stood in the bed room. He then sat down, and wrote a long paper which he carefully put by in his desk, and returned to bed. The following morning he told his wife that he had had a most interesting dream;—that he had dreamt of delivering a clear and luminous opinion respecting a case which had exceedingly perplexed him; and that he would give anything to recover the train of thought, which had passed before him in his dream. She then directed him to the writing desk, where he found the opinion clearly and fully written out; and this was afterwards found to be perfectly correct."*

Such sights and facts, however, though still amazing, are to us no longer the profound mysteries they were in times gone by. We neither endow such sleep-walkers with supernatural power, and canonize them after their death, nor do we regard them demoniacally possessed, and burn them as witches. Having caught a glimpse, in the preceding Lecture, of the true nature of dreams we are no longer so profoundly mystified by the doings and sayings of somnambulists. They are dream-actors. The average dreamer, though he imagines himself saying and doing and experiencing many things, gives none, or but little, external manifestation of his internal fancies. The somnambulist, however, either because he is of an excitable, nervous, temperament, or subject to hysteria, or his mind has been affected by disease, by melancholy brooding over injured innocence, by remorse over conscious guilt, or because his dream has suddenly recalled an exciting incident, a terrible accident, a former crisis, in his life, or because great and anxious concentration of the mind during the day upon some difficult work at hand has over-strained the brain, whatever be the cause, the somnambulist is under the necessity of acting his dream, of revealing by external manifestations the oddities and fancies and fears and dominant idea within. If the affection be a slight one, it manifests itself merely as *sleep-talking*, without any accompanying action, mostly noticeable in excitable children. In somewhat more pronounced cases there is *action without speech and sight*, of which, as illustration, we may cite the recorded incident of a cook, rising out of bed, carrying a pitcher to a distant well, filling it, returning to the kitchen, emptying its contents into a number of pots, without spilling a drop, returning to bed, and knowing nothing of the whole affair next morning; or of the sailor suddenly jumping from his bunk, throwing himself flat upon the floor, going through all the swimming motions, ducking his head now and then as if to escape some

No longer as mysterious as in times gone by.

* *Mental Physiology*, Chap. xv. § 487.

danger, returning to bed, and telling on the following morning of his dream that: the ship was sinking, that he jumped overboard, and was pursued by sharks while swimming for his life. In still more pronounced cases, the subject walks and talks, has eyes open and performs difficult, even hazardous, feats with ease, the best types of which are the familiar *Lady Macbeth* and *Amina* sleep-walking scenes.

Their wonderful physical or intellectual feats are quite explicable. Their senses are shut off from all external impressions. As much of their mind as is free to play is wholly concentrated upon the dominant idea of the moment. Freedom from all external sense-interference, and undisturbed concentration upon the one dominant idea, greatly intensify those faculties, which they require for their work on hand, just as the thinker finds that freedom from sense-impressions—darkness, closed eyes, quiet—greatly aids complete concentration, and greatly accelerates and exalts his thoughts. And as the thinker loses, during such thought-concentration, all consciousness of everything but the idea that engages him, so the somnambulist, and in a much higher degree. The whole mind of the Scottish lawyer was for days concentrated upon one set of thoughts. In his sleep, his overstrained mind continued busying itself with these thoughts, and enjoying immunity from all external sense-impressions—that are a great disturbing cause during the waking state—really enabled him to arrive at the correct conclusion. His anxiety not to let this conclusion slip was taken up by his dream. It led him from bed to desk. It made him to write it down, and, when done, led him back to bed again. The same is true of all those hazardous somnambulistic feats, of which those of the fictitious *Amina* stand as type. Her whole mind is completely possessed by one idea. Outside of this nothing exists. Through the shutting off of all other faculties, those few she needs are exceedingly intensified, just as the one gas-jet, or faucet, that is left burning, or running, acquires intenser power when all the others are shut off, or as the deaf and blind find their sense of touch greatly intensified through the shutting off of the sense of sight and hearing. She knows of but one object, and the way to and from it. She climbs the parapet; crosses the dangerous plank and the swiftly-turning water-wheel; descends the crumbling wall; her foot is steady; she knows no fear, for she sees neither the dizzying depth, nor the narrowness nor the danger of the path. Let her be suddenly aroused while in a dangerous position, and let her become conscious of her whereabouts, the concentrated faculties, that have steadied her foot, will scatter, fear and dizziness will follow, and perhaps result in fatal fall.

Wonderful somnambulistic feats explained.

This strange mental freak exists, under a different name, in yet another form. It manifests itself in broad day-light, and in a large number of people, who are wholly rational, and wholly awake. I myself have experienced it on many a Sunday morning on my way to this Temple. About half an hour after leaving my house I reached the Temple, with scarcely any knowledge of what transpired along the two miles walk between

Somnambulistic action in the waking state due to *Thought-absorption.*

the two points, of how I turned the number of corners, got out of the road of people, crossed gutters, cable-road and streetcar- and rail-road-tracks. I only know that I went over in my mind the whole of the morning's Lecture. You yourselves have had similar experiences. You have danced with your partners, wholly absorbed in one another; when the music stopped you had not the slightest knowledge of how you performed the intricate foot-movements, or how you made the many turns and dodges. You played whole pieces through, even from notes in front of you, you read whole pages of your book, you conversed, did your sewing or your knitting, without having the slightest knowledge of *what* you played or said or did, or even that you did any of these things at all. Who has not heartily laughed over the amusing stories of absent-mindedness, of which great scholars are mostly guilty, such as the one told of Newton, who, finding, one day, the remains of his dinner, which a friend of his had eaten, expressed surprise that he had forgotten that he had already dined; or the stories told of Dr. Robert Hamilton who "pulled off his hat to his own wife in the streets, and apologized for not having the pleasure of her acquaintance," who "would run against a cow in the road, turn round, beg her pardon, call her "madam," and hope she was not hurt. At other times he would run against posts, and chide them for not getting out of his way," or the one told of Professor Gauss who, when interrupted in his studies for the third time by the maid's almost breathless announcement that his wife was dying, "and that if he did not come *immediately* he would probably not find her alive," abstractedly replied: "Tell her to wait till I come?"*

Call we such freaks what we will, *automatic action*, *thought-absorption*, *absent-mindedness*, there is a close kinship between them and the somnambulistic state. In both states there is complete concentration of the mind on one dominant thought or set of ideas, with greater or lesser unconsciousness of what is said or done during that time. In the one case the unconsciousness is due to *sleep*, in the other case to *thought-absorption*.

There is yet a *third state* in which the mind is entirely absorbed in the contemplation of one dominant idea or object, or becomes completely unconscious of every normal state. It embraces the *ecstatic* and the *cataleptic* condition of the mind, and mainly befalls characters of emotional or fanatical or nervous temperaments. During that state the body sometimes assumes a rigid attitude, lasting from a few minutes to a few days, is insensible to pain, seems almost dead, such as George Eliot pictures for us in the character Silas Marner, in her novel of that name. At other times, it is violently agitated, the hands gesticulate wildly, accompanied by weird or exalted utterances, and perform feats, which before they were not known to do, and which they cannot do again after the spell is over. Returning to the normal state there is sometimes total unconsciousness of all that happened during the spell; at other times there are more or less distinct

Another form due to *Ecstacy or Catalepsy.*

* Carpenter, *op. cit.* §§ 445–6.

recollections of visions perceived, and of exaltations experienced, mainly religious. This state exhibits a more complicated mental freak than do the two other states which we touched upon before. Here neither sleep nor thought-absorption is the cause. It is a dreaming with open eyes, induced by a morbid state of mind independent of the will, or brought on voluntarily, by means of fasting, of straining the nerve-centers by fixing the eye for a long time upon a single spot, or the mind upon a single idea, or by excessive shaking or shouting or spinning around on one spot, as was frequently brought upon themselves in ancient times by the oriental religious enthusiasts, by the Grecian prophetesses or Roman sybils, or during the Middle-Ages by the Christian ascetics and Jewish Kabbalists, and as Yogis, dervishes, fakirs, medicine-men, and magicians, bring upon themselves even at the present time.

There is yet a fourth state, and that the strangest of them all. It is known as the *hypnotic* state. During its spell, the subject sinks into a semblance of sleep, that is brought on not by nature but by the command or "*suggestion*" of another person, enacts, like the somnambulist, strange scenes, but not in conformity to the dominant ideas which the dream-fancies conjure upon within, but which are "*suggested*" by a person from without; and, though he acts and speaks, and has his sense of touch, sight, hearing, smell, active, is entirely destitute of self-direction, has no consciousness of all that transpires during the hypnotic state.

Another form due to *Hypnotism*.

When a century ago Dr. Friedrich Anton Mesmer, and his subjects and patients, filled the world with the strange reports of his wonderful magnetic influence over people, told how, by merely making "passes," by waftings of the hand, in front of persons' eyes, or by gazing into their eyes, or by concentrating their attention upon a certain object, or by stroking afflicted parts of their bodies, he can effect marvelous cures, or throw them into delirious states, or put them to sleep, and in that state make them imagine all sorts of things, now that they are pursuing Indians, and now that they are pursued by them, now that they freeze and now that they swelter, makes old people romp and skip, and young people rock and sing imaginary babies to sleep, makes ignorant and slangy raga-muffins assume reverential airs, and deliver polished speeches, and learned scholars behave and speak like fools, when these reports reached the world, a large portion of it stood aghast, exalted Dr. Mesmer to the rank of "Prophet," the "Regenerator of the Human Race" while others ridiculed him, denounced him as a charlatan or devil, and his subjects and patients as knaves or fools or maniacs.

Rise of Hypnotism.

A century has since passed by and a mighty change has come over the opinions of men respecting *Mesmerism*. When the scientists began to investigate these claims and reports, began to strip away the overawing and mystifying paraphernalia with which Mesmer chose to surround himself during his operations—the oriental gorgeousness, intoxicating aromas, subduing stained-glass lights, bewildering mirrors, enrapturing invisible music,

Has changed from mesmerism into a science.

sensualizing statues and paintings, flowing robe, magic wand—they stumbled across something that was real and true, and that amazed the scientists as much as it had the populace. They named it *Hypnotism* or artificially induced somnambulism. They discovered that those abnormal mental states, which dream, or thought-absorption, or ecstasy, or disease, produce, can be called forth, and to a much greater degree, by certain persons of overawing presence, of strong will, of extraordinary fascinating and magnetic power. They found that such persons by keeping an unnatural strain on the attention of people, especially of persons of hysterical and nervous temperaments, by powerfully acting on their brain through the imagination, deprive them of self-consciousness, of volition and self-direction, concentrate upon one dominant thought or object all the brain faculties, which, having been freed from all other duties and attentions, become intensified to such an extent as to be able to bear the same relationship to the operator, or to his "*suggestion*," that the piece of iron bears to the magnet, or the negative pole of the battery to the positive, makes them unconsciously receptive of and obedient to, the audible or inaudible "*suggestions*" of the operator.

Hypnotism has had a Hundred Years War with a world of sceptics. It has conquered them all. It has fought its way inch by inch into the very heart of science. Ever since the wonderful experiments of Dr. Braid of Manchester, became known, and the learned physicians of the *Hospital of Salpetriere*, at Paris, after numerous and varied and thoroughly scientific investigations and experiments, confirmed his results, and supplemented them by startling disclosures of their own researches, which, in their turn, are, with each day more, confirmed and enlarged by the ablest physicians of the whole world, it has come to be regarded as one of the greatest discoveries of our century. Medical men prophesy for it a brilliant future. Surgeons believe that in some operations it will largely take the place of our present anæsthetics, and, being less dangerous, will lead to better results. Specialists on nervous troubles believe that it will, when further developed and better known, become a powerful factor in the cure of nervous diseases. Theologians of the Radical School hail it with delight, for it furnishes the solution of many Biblical and Post-Biblical mysteries, such as the origin of ecstatic visions, of beliefs in demoniacal possessions, of miraculous cures, of epidemics, of religious manias. Moral Philosophy and Criminal Law are beginning to give it serious thought. Questions in how far crime may be influenced by hypnotism, and to what extent the criminal is responsible, are beginning to attract the attention of eminent jurists and of governments.

Has become a favorite with physicians and theologians, and a cause of alarm for jurists.

That you may form your own opinion of the correctness of the claims made by physicians, theologians, jurists, legislators, enter with me a hypnotizer's office, watch his mode of procedure, and its result upon the hypnotized.

Illustrations of hypnotic influences.

A subject enters. He is asked to fix his attention upon some object held before and above his eyes. A sleep-like state over-

comes him. The body remains dormant, till roused to activity by some "*suggestion.*" The self-directing, self-conscious, man of a few moments before has become an *automaton-slave* of the hypnotizer. The hypnotizer raises this subject's hand above his head, and bends his fingers upon the palm, and he goes through the motions of climbing, swinging, pulling at a rope. He bends the fingers when the arm is hanging at the side, and the subject goes through the motion of lifting some object from the floor. He puts the arm in a position of striking a blow, and the subject immediately strikes at an imaginary opponent. He puts him on his knees and folds his hands, and a saintly expression spreads over his countenance. He raises his head heavenward, while in this position, "and his lips pour forth exulting glorifications, as he sees heaven opened and the majesty ot God raising him to His place." He depresses his head "and he is dust and ashes, an unworthy sinner with the pit of hell yawning at his feet."* He claps his hands near the subject's ear, he awakens, and upon being questioned shows that he knows nothing of all that had transpired.

Another subject enters, and is hypnotized. The operator hands him a glass of water but tells him that it is vinegar, and by the drawings of his face the subject shows that he believes that he has partaken of something sour. He makes him believe that he is smelling an onion, and tears roll from his eyes. He reaches him a cup of cold tea, but tells him to be careful not to burn himself, and the subject, tasting the tea, hastily withdraws his lips, as if they had been burnt. He places a handkerchief under his nose, tells him that it is charged with chloroform, and gradually the subject passes into a state of profound insensibility, in which he remains till the handkerchief is removed.† He tells him that he is in a garden, and he tries to pick imaginary flowers.‡ He makes him believe that he is in a Zoological Garden, makes an escaped lion appear, and the subject starts back with terror, and his trembling continues for some time, even after awakening.§

Another hypnotized subject exhibits intensely magnified sense-perceptions. He hears the tick of a concealed watch 35 feet distant, and walks to it without difficulty. He smells a rose 46 feet from him, and scents the owner of the glove in his hand from among a party of more than sixty persons. His sense of feeling is conscious of the slightest breath of air, of a single degree's rise or fall of the temperature of the room. He can feel objects without *actual contact* 18 inches distant. He can see the flames rising from the pole of a magnet.‖

The operator puts another subject's hands together and tells him "that he cannot separate them; and they remain as if firmly glued together, in spite of all his apparent efforts to draw them apart." He tells him that he cannot remember his own name, or the alphabet, "the subject exhibits a puzzled and somewhat vacant aspect, and confesses that

* Carpenter, *op. cit.* § 494. c, 495. Ribot: "*Diseases of the Will,*" Chap. vi.
† *Ibid* 457–8, 468. ‡ Dr. J. Luys, *Ecl. Mag.* LII, No. 3.
§ Dr. Heidenhain, "*Animal Magnetism,*" Part II, p. 66.
‖ Dr. Luys, *ibid.*; Dr. Braid, *Neurypnology*, p. 67; Carpenter, *op. cit.* § 498.

he cannot recall the desiderated idea." He makes the subject believe that he is somebody else, the family-physician, for instance, and straightway he talks and acts, with striking mimic power, like that individual.*

Another subject, who has been too feeble for lifting as much as 20 lb., he makes to raise with ease a 25 lb. weight with her little finger. Though she was never known to sing before he makes her rival the most celebrate *prima-donna*. He tells her to look at an imaginary butterfly, and immediately she exclaims: "Oh, what a beautiful butterfly," and proceeds to catch it, and to impale it with a pin on a piece of cardboard. He tells her that the music has started, has an imaginary gentleman ask her to dance, and instantly she whirls off with her arms about an imaginary partner.†

To another hypnotized subject he tells that when she'll awaken she will not see her companion who is with her. She awakens, starts for the door to leave, knocks against her friend, and is amazed not to have seen her. He hypnotizes her again, orders her on awakening to stab her friend—with the pasteboard knife he put into her hand. She awakens, rushes on her and strikes her in the region of the heart.‡

Another subject enters. She looks sallow and depressed. She tells him of morbid feelings, of rheumatic pains, of other aches and ailings. He puts her under the hypnotic influence, tells her that her troubles are over, and that her ailings are cured. Her face flushes. Her pulse quickens. She awakens in cheerful spirits, and free from pain.§

In these few illustrations, randomly picked from whole volume-fuls, you see enough to warrant all the claims of theologians and physicians, and all the fears of legislators, regarding hypnotism. When we have before us well-authenticated incidents of crime ordered by operators to be committed, of important documents to be written or signed, by their hypnotized subjects, and carried out by them unconsciously, sometimes days and weeks after; when we see persons thrown by operators into lethargic and cataleptic states, deprived of all self-consciousness, helpless and defenceless, exposed to all manners of attack and outrage by unprincipelled operators, or even by their own hands,‖ there is, indeed, reason enough for fear, and for legislative cognizance. When we have well-authenticated cases of painless operations having been performed, and of positive cures having been effected under the influence of hypnotism,¶ either by throwing the patient into a cataleptic state, or by powerfully concentrating his attention away from the part to be operated upon, or by throwing the nervous system into a state of excitement or depression, by causing a quicker or slower circulation of the blood, by increasing or decreasing muscular power and physical energy, thus causing a complete

Fears of jurists, and claims of physicians substantiated.

* Carpenter, *op. cit.* §§ 454, 462–3.

† *Ibid.* § 496–7; Experiments of Messrs. Binet and Féré, quoted by S. Laing, "*Problems of the Future*," Chap. vii, p. 171.

‡ S. Laing, *ibid.* p. 172–3.

§ Carpenter, *ibid.* 500 a. b.; Braid's, *op. cit.* p. 150, 151; Dr. Moll, "*Hypnotismus*," p. 202.

‖ Moll: *op. cit.* Chap. viii. ¶ *Ibid.*, Chap. vii.

change in the system, we are not surprised at the claims made, and the hopes entertained by medical men.

And when to these facts, furnished us by high medical authorities, we add those astonishing revelations made to us by such eminent investigators as Dr. Carpenter, for instance, in his chapter on the "*Influence of Mental States on the Organic Functions*,"* in which we are shown how the mind can influence organic functions, for good or evil, through pain or pleasure, through expectancy or disappointment, through satiety or hunger, through concentrated attention or abstraction, through faith or doubt, without the aid of direct hypnotism, we are not surprised that the critical theologian finds many a perplexing problem solved. He understands better now how it was possible for Holy Men to perform some of those miraculous cures, related in the Sacred Literatures of all Denominations, how they could make the blind to see, and the lame to walk, and the palsied to become vigorous, and the cataleptic sleeper—believed to be dead—to awaken from his trance, the mono-maniac to be freed from his delusion, the imaginary-spirit-possessed to be rid of his unwelcome lodger.

Hypnotism helps to explain theological difficulties.

When we look closer at the times, conditions of the people, modes of their beliefs, when such cures were effected, and at the position held by the person, who performed them, in the imagination and affection of the people, the problem becomes a still simpler one. Such miraculous cures are almost generally reported during times of great sufferings, or tyrannies, or fears, when people are laboring under extreme excitement, (as, for instance, during the time of the Roman procuratorship over Judea, or during the Religious Rigorism and Religious Persecutions and Wars of the Dark- and Middle-Ages); when people are permeated with the belief in evil spirits and powers, imagine themselves constantly harassed and tempted by them; when they are appalled by vividly realistic pictures of eternal Hell-torture, and intoxicated by the ravishing beauties and sweets of Heaven's joys. And as the patients are mainly from among the poor and underfed and undertaught and over-religious, it is not difficult to see how under the pressure of such a state of affairs, and under such beliefs aud expectancies, nervous disorders should arise, manifesting themselves in various forms—as hysteria, epilepsy, catalepsy, self-induced somnambulism, disease, and the strangest delusions should prevail. Nor is it difficult to see, knowing what we do of hypnotism, how a person endowed with strong will, with powerful animal magnetism, who is revered as a Holy Person, or believed to be a Prophet of God, a Messiah, or God Himself, should exercise a wonderful curative power over sufferers of this description, should by the merest look, touch, word, by authoritative command, by prayer or blessing, calm excited nerves, allay fears, instil new life and hope, stimulate paralyzed functions, stop pain, sober the ecstatic, awaken the cataleptic, dispel delusions.

Its influence on miraculous cures.

And informed by eminent authorities of the infectious nature of such mental diseases and nervous disorders, of their tendency to spread, by force of sympathetic action, from person to person, and from community to community, till whole districts and provinces are caught by the delusion, we discover in it the solution of that other problem, that has long perplexed the heologian, namely: the sudden rise, and rapid spread, of

Its influence on the rise and spread of religious epidemics.

* *Op. cit.*, Chap. xix.

strange manias, religious and otherwise, that occasionally afflict communities like an epidemic. We are all familiar with the sympathetic imitative influence of applause on large numbers, of yawning, coughing, laughing, shaking, and the like. The same is true of mental and nervous disorders. The insane will affect the sane if they are with them long. The sight of convulsions often gives rise to similar attacks in bystanders. At a Lancashire cotton-mill a girl put a mouse into the bosom of another girl. She immediately went into convulsions. Twenty-four others were seized with them, and some merely through hearsay, and for a few days the mill had to remain closed. A young miss in a Boarding School had a violent attack of hysteria during recitation, and within an hour after half the class suffered similar attacks. In a Methodist chapel at Redruth a man cried out amidst expressions of great pain: "What shall I do to be saved?" Within a short time after hundreds of others ejaculated the same shout, experiencing at the same time excruciating pains.* A nun in a French convent was suddenly seized with a delusion that she was a cat, and began to mew. The delusion spread among the others, till "at last all the nuns began to mew together every day at a certain time, and continued mewing for several hours together." A similar story is recorded of a German nun who, under the delusion that she was a mad dog, fell to biting her companions, and who spread the delusion from her convent to others, as far as Holland and even to Rome.†

With the knowledge of these facts, and with our own observations of the infectious imitative influences of "Revival- and Camp-Meeting"—and "Salvation Army"—*crazes*, we are no longer mystified by the accounts of those strange manias that ever and anon manifested themselves during the Middle Ages, such as the *Dancing Mania*, when men, women and children forsook farm, shop, home, and wandered by the thousands from town to town, everywhere adding to their number, dancing themselves into exhausting religious frenzies, till their delirious eyes beheld all sorts of visions.‡ Or as the *Children's Crusade Mania*, (1212) started by the shepherd-boy of Cloes, who believed himself commanded by God to conquer the Holy Land, and who spread the delusion among others, till 30,000 followed him—to death and to slavery. Or as the *Flagellant Mania* of the 13th and 14th centuries, which marched thousands of fanatics over half of Europe, from town to town, two abreast, their faces hidden, bare to the waist, singing psalms, constantly scourging themselves with knotted ropes stuck with sharp stones and iron-points and thorns, and burning synagogues and massacring Jews.

At the Gate of the Temple of Truth.

Thus we see how Dreams, Natural or Artificially-induced Somnambulism Miraculous Cures, Religious Frenzies, that once appalled and mystified the people, that were ascribed to direct Supernatural Influences, to the indwelling of God or of the Devil, are under the critical eye of the investigator disclosing themselves as a highly interesting branch of Mental Science. Thus are we led step by step from fanciful external supernaturalisms to our real inner self. Thus are we led to give our own mind and its faculties that due attention, which credulity and the love of the mysterious have so long denied them. Mighty revelations are before us. We are standing at last at the gate of a psychic Temple, in which man is destined, in the fulness of time, to have his mysteries solved, to stand face to face with Absolute Truth. Happy they who shall enter it! Happier they who shall worship there!

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* Quoted in Hecker's: "*The Dancing Mania of the Middle Ages*," Chap. iv.

† Zimmerman: "*Ueber die Einsamkeit*," Vol. II, Chap. vi.

‡ See Hecker, *op. cit.*

Hallucination.

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

December 20th, 1891,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA:
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1891.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion.
8. Delusion.
9. Hallucination.
10. Jesus in the Synagogue.
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SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward.
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza-Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

SERIES II. 1888—1889.

1. Whence, Whither and Why?
2. The Voice of the People.
3. Uncharitable Charity.
4. Wife and Mother.
5. Husband and Father.
6. Origin and Descent.
7. The People of the Book.
8. Future Reward and Punishment.
9. The Ideal Commonwealth.
10. The Puritanic Sabbath.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM:

11. I. The Mosaic Age.
12. II. The Prophetic Age.
13. III. The Messianic Age.
14. IV. The Rabbinical Age.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM CONTINUED:

15. V. The Kabbalistic Age.
16. VI. The Mendelssohnian Age.
17. VII. The Present Age.
18. Ashes to Ashes, or Earth to Earth.
19. Sanitary Science.
20. Does Prohibition Prohibit?
21. Intermarriage.
22. Convert your own—Let Jews alone.
23. The 25th Anniversary of the Cornerstone-Laying of Temple Keneseth Israel.
24. Abused Benefactors.
25. A Benefactor Honored. (Rev. Dr. I. M. Wise)
26. The Real Saving Trinity.
27. The Removal of the Leaven.
28. Deed through Creed.

HALLUCINATION.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

Philadelphia, Dec. 20th, 1891.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.—*Hamlet*, Act. I, Sc. V.

So Shakespeare believed, or so, at least, he made Hamlet declare, after his eventful converse with his father's ghost. Did Shakespeare really mean to convey that Hamlet saw a *ghost?* Yes. Do ghosts exist? We suspend our judgment for the present. Even though we ourselves have never seen a ghost, we shall keep clear of that common error of drawing negative conclusions from the unknown. Each day brings stronger confirmation of Shakespeare's belief that there are more things in heaven and earth than we have any knowledge of. The known is small; the unknown is infinite. The belief that only that exists, which comes under our cognizance, is the presumption of fools, and the bane of the wise. Before us is the testimony of every people that has ever existed confirming the belief in Spectral Visions. There is but one of two ways open to us. Either we implicitly believe in ghosts and spirits, basing that belief on the cumulative testimony of the whole world; or we prove the existence of *Spectres* impossible, or unproven, show that testimony to be the product of hallucination, or of deliberate imposture. Our critical sense prevents the former course, our accepting a belief simply on the authority of others. We have, therefore, no other recourse than to searching inquiry, whether that testimony represents true vision, or hallucination, or imposture.

Do Ghosts exist?

Entering upon our inquiry, we find ourselves confronted by a vast literature, and by an almost interminable array of eyewitnesses of spectral visions. As our time is short, we shall select just a few of the more familiar ones, covering different eras and peoples, and from Literatures to which we are in the habit of attaching great historic worth.

Going as far back as the Old Testament times, we have the familiar scene between the witch of Endor and King Saul. Saul was hard pressed by the Philistines. He had inquired of the Lord by the various oracles of his time as to the issue of the pending struggle, but could get no answer. He betook himself to a witch, by night, and asked her to bring up the prophet Samuel from his grave. The witch obeyed, conjured up the dead prophet, who, however, was only visible to her. To the King's question: "What sawest thou?" She replied:

Illustration of Old Test. belief in Spectral Vision.

"I saw gods ascending out of the earth. And he said unto her, What form *is* he of? And she said, An old man cometh up; and he *is* covered with a mantle. And Saul perceived that it *was* Samuel, and he stooped with *his* face to the ground, and bowed himself. And Samuel said to Saul, Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up? And Saul answered, I am sore distressed; for the Philistines make war against me, and God

is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets, nor by dreams: therefore I have called thee, that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do. Then said Samuel, Wherefore then dost thou ask of me, seeing the Lord is departed from thee, and is become thine enemy? And the Lord hath done to him as he spake by me: for the Lord hath rent the kingdom out of thine hand, and given it to thy neighbor, *even* to David: Because thou obeyedst not the voice of the Lord, nor executedst his fierce wrath upon Amalek, therefore hath the Lord done this thing unto thee this day. Moreover, the Lord will also deliver Israel with thee into the hand of the Philistines; and to-morrow *shalt* thou and thy sons *be* with me."*

Turning to the New Testament we have the following story of the Transfiguration of Christ:

Illustration from New Test.

"And after six days Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into an high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them; and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light. And, behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with him. Then answered Peter, and said unto Jesus, Lord, it is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias. While he yet spake, behold, a bright cloud overshadowed them: and behold a voice out of the cloud, which said, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him. And when the disciples heard *it*, they fell on their face, and were sore afraid. And Jesus came and touched them, and said, Arise, and be not afraid. And when they had lifted up their eyes, they saw no man, save Jesus only. And as they came down from the mountain, Jesus charged them, saying, Tell the vision to no man, until the Son of man be risen again from the dead. And his disciples asked him, saying, Why then say the scribes that Elias must first come? And Jesus answered and said unto them, Elias truly shall first come, and restore all things. But I say unto you, That Elias is come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed: likewise shall also the Son of man suffer of them."†

Further on, we have the Resurrection story, in which we are told, according to the Gospel of St. Matthew, how, at the dawn of the morning the two Marys found the Sepulchre, in which the crucified Christ had been laid, empty, how an angel informed them that he is risen, how Jesus appeared to them and gave them a message for the disciples, and how

"as they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet, and worshipped him. Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid: go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me. . . . . Then the eleven disciples went away into Galilee, into a mountain where Jesus had appointed them. And when they saw him, they worshipped him: but some doubted."‡

In Talmudic times.

Passing to the Talmudic times, we have the story of a noble-hearted husband, driven by a quarrelsome wife to spend the New Year's night at his father's grave in the cemetery. No other sound is heard save his own weeping and praying. Suddenly he hears a rustling, as if some one was rising from the grave. He hears a soft voice. It is the spirit of a woman buried near his father's grave. She invites a dead companion to accompany her in her flight to the heavenly spheres to learn the Decrees of Providence for the coming year. Her friend cannot accompany her, but bids her to go and to report to her whatever she may hear. After a while the spirit returns, and tells that she has heard, that: whosoever will sow after the latter rain will reap a rich harvest. The afflicted husband avails himself of this knowledge, garners in a rich harvest, while that of all the others fails.§

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* I Sam. xxviii.
† St. Matthew xvii, 1–12.
‡ St. Matthew xxviii.
§ Babli, *Berachoth* 18, b.

Coming down to later times, we have the story of St. Macarius. While walking, one day, through the lonely desert, he struck a skull, which he chanced to pass, with his staff, when it began to speak, the spirit that once dwelled therein suddenly returning. It told him that long before the introduction of Christianity the skull was that of a Pagan Priest, and that for his paganism he had been doomed to hell.*

In more recent times.

Coming down later, still, we have the story of the agreement made between the Duchess of Mazarin and Madame de Beauclair to the effect, that the one that should die first, would return, if possible, to report to the survivor the happenings in the other world, if such a world there was. The Duchess died. Years passed, and as her friend heard nothing from her she lost all faith in an after-life. But at last the dead friend appeared. Sitting alone one evening, the departed duchess suddenly rose before her, and approaching near her said: "Beauclair, between the hours of twelve and one this night, you will be with me," and vanished. Between the hours of twelve and one that night Lady Beauclair was dead.

Passing over to Pagan Literature, we have the story of the ghost of Caesar appearing to Brutus. Sitting in his tent, alone, one night, on the eve of a great battle between his party and the avengers of the murdered Caesar, a monstrous spectre suddenly rose before him. Brutus boldly asked it: "What art thou, a man or a god? and why art thou come hither?" The spectre answered: "I am thy evil genius; thou shalt see me at Philippi." Much troubled, Brutus related the incident to Cassius, who fairly convinced him that what he had seen and heard was but the fancy of his mind. But in the midst of the battle of Philippi the spectre of Caesar, whom he had helped to assassinate, again appeared riding towards him at full speed, which so terrified him, that he ended his life by falling upon his own sword.†

In Pagan Literature.

Here we have a variety of Spectral Visions, covering different times and peoples, contained in Literature, much of which we value as trustworthy, and recorded by writers esteemed for their veracity. And yet, reflecting on the times when, and on the circumstances under which, they are reported to have been seen, even the weight of all this support fails to establish the reality of spirit-manifestation.

Recurring to the Old Testament times, we have already seen in our Lecture on *Illusion* the proneness of people living in primitive times of mistaking natural phenomena for supernatural manifestation, and illusions of the mind for realities. We also know how greatly the Religion of Israel was influenced by the beliefs of Egypt, Syria, Phœnicia, Chaldea, Persia, and what prominent position the belief in Demonology held among them. We know that most of the Old Testament was committed to writing during and after the Babylonian Captivity, and that in that country, which has been called the "mother of diviners," and where the magicians held

The Old Testament does not prove Spectral Visions.

* Lecky: "*History of European Morals*," Chap. iv.

† Plutarch's Lives: *Marcus Brutus*.

the highest rank, they became thoroughly contaminated with beliefs in all sorts of supernatural powers and influences. We know the constant warfare that was waged by Jewish Lawgivers and Prophets against witches, diviners, necromancers, magicians, and others of their ilk, servants of idols, madmen and frauds, as they were called,* and how their iniquitous doings were prohibited under the penalty of death. And knowing Saul to have been of a morose temperament, subject to strange moods and frenzies,† and at that time in sore distress, deserted by many of his people, conscience-stricken, upon the eve of a great conflict, faint and in despair, we do not wonder that he became an easy victim in the cabinet of a cunning woman, in our English translation named "*a woman that hath a familiar spirit*," but in the Greek *Septuagint* translation more correctly named a "Ventriloquist.‡" With the aid of *ventriloquism*, and with other tricks of the *Black Art*, in which the ancient ghost-raisers and magicians seem to have been as well skilled as our modern professors Slade, Herman, and Kellar,⁋ she had no difficulty to describe the proper dress and appearance of the once well-known prophet, to imitate a funereal voice, and to tell him things which really contained nothing but what he knew, excepting that he and his sons would die on the morrow, which, however, did not happen on the following day.

Coming to the New Testament times, we encounter the same state of affairs we met before, with an additional infusion of Greek and Roman supernaturalisms. The role which the spiritual world, the gods and demons, ghosts and genii, manes and lares, played among these people is too well known to require any further expatiation. The same is true of their magic. It constituted a favorite study even among their most learned. Plato and Pythagoras travelled to foreign lands to acquire mastery in this art. The whole Pagan world was steeped in Demonology. It was among these that the new Nazarene faith made the largest number of converts. And as the Gospels were not written till a considerable time had elapsed after the happening of the events which they record, and as the authors of them were, when not of Pagan birth and training, strongly tinged with Paganism and Alexandrinian mysticism, we have no difficulty to account for the prominence given in the New Testament to Demonology, strikingly similar to that of the Greeks and Romans and Alexandrinians. Considering, too, that it covers a period of great political suffering and excitement, and religious fervor and expectancy, remembering that we learned in our last Lecture on the influence of mental states on the creation of delusions, a large number of New Testament mysteries and beliefs, such as the dead arising from their graves, and ascending to heaven, are made clear to us, and they remove us further than ever from a belief in the reality of Spectral Vision.

Neither does the New Testament.

* Exod. xxii, 18; Lev. xix, 26, 31; xx, 27; Deut. xviii, 10, 11; Isaiah xlvii, 11–13; xliv, 25; Jer. xiv, 14.

† I Sam. xv, 14–15; xviii, 10; xix, 9.

‡ בקשו לי אשת בעלת אוב = *ζητήσατέ μοι γυναῖκα ἐγγαστρίμυθον* = seek for me a woman-ventriloquist, I Sam. xxviii, 7.

⁋ See Joel: *Der Aberglaube*, Heft I, Note to page 37.

That Transfiguration story on the lonely mountain-top, if not one of those favorite Alexandrinian allegories, in which that age so much delighted, or, if not wholly a myth, invented to satisfy the requirement of the prophet Elijah's appearance before the coming of the Messiah, as was the belief of the Jews at that time,* then the disciples passing into a cloud, their eyes growing heavy with sleep,† their beholding a vision and hearing a voice during that state, their remaining in that state till touched by their Master and bid to rise, and told by him to maintain silence about what they saw and heard, points very strongly in the direction either of an ecstatic trance or an hypnotic delusion.

As to Christ's appearance after his death, and subsequent ascension, the glaring contradictions between the different Gospel-renditions of the same story,‡ the doubtings of some of the disciples themselves,⁂ to say nothing of other incongruities involved, this is certainly poor testimony for establishing in the mind of the critical student a belief in the reality of Spectral Visions. If the story was not invented by Pagan converts, or for the benefit of Pagan converts, to satisfy the Pagan beliefs in the resurrection and ascension of their sun-gods during the vernal equinox (Easter week), and if the belief that Jesus only fainted on the cross, but did not die; or that, if he died, he was secretly removed from his tomb during the night by his disciples, and taken to Galilee, if these beliefs be unfounded, then the only alternative we have is the belief that some of the more fervid of the disciples, mourning and brooding and pining over the loss of their leader, were haunted by hallucinations, in which they imagined they saw and heard their Master. In course of time the History of the Sect crystallized the once plastic fancy of their mind into a rigid fact, and later into a dogma.

Passing to Talmudic times, we find the Jewish people again dispersed as exiles among nations steeped in magic and witchcraft. And that they were greatly influenced by these beliefs is amply proven in the Talmud, where alongside the purest form of monotheism, the acutest reasoning, the most ennobling ethics, the absurdest beliefs in ghosts and magic grow rank.

Still less the Talmud.

* See Lecture "*The Messianic Age*," Series II, 1888–1889. † St. Luke ix, 32.

‡	Number of Women to whom Jesus appeared after death.	Number of Angels seen in or at Sepulchre by women.	Message sent to Disciples.	Later Happenings.
According to the Gospel of *St. Matthew*, Chap. xxviii.	Two.	One.	Ordered to proceed at once to Galilee.	No mention of Ascension.
According to the Gospel of *St. Mark*. Chap. xvi.	Three.	One.	Ordered to proceed at once to Galilee.	Jesus received up into heaven in Galilee.
According to the Gospel of *St. Luke*. Chap. xxiv.	None.	Two.	Ordered to remain in Jerusalem.	Jesus received up into heaven in Bethany.
According to the Gospel of *St. John*. Chaps. xx., xxi.	One.	Two.	No message at all.	No mention of Ascension.

⁂ St. Matthews xxviii, 17; St. John xx, 24–29.

Much the same state of affairs prevailed during the Patristic age of the Christian Church, and worse during the Dark-and Middle-Ages almost down to the threshold of our own century. Unceasing wars, frequent epidemics, frightful sufferings, tyrannous rulers, a still more tyrannous church, brought on that long and terrible night of ignorance and mysticism and credulity and fanaticism, in which Satan and his emissaries, and the Church with her exorcising priests, carried on a fearful struggle for supremacy, during which all critical inquiry was crushed, all progress ceased, all Europe turned into a charnel house. That was that horrible age, when Holy Persons saw themselves constantly surrounded by the Evil One or his menials, when amulets and relics proved themselves mighty talismans, when images of saints walked and talked, when not a convent or monastery or church could be found that had not a miracle of its own working to relate. That was that horrible age, when they burnt independent thinkers as heretics, and harmless old women, and beautiful young women, as witches, or as tempting devils, when the rack tortured out of the unfortunates the absurdest confession of intrigue and intercourse with Satan. That was the age, when Toledo, Seville and Salamanca kept up great schools of magic, whose initiated professed the power to alter the Laws of Nature, control disease, bring victory or defeat, condemn to, or release souls from, purgatory, and did a thriving business with their astrology and alchemy and magic. That was the age, that was most prolific in Spectral Vision, when not a town or hamlet or community, could be found, but some one had at some time or another encountered an apparition, or been warned or informed or directed by some ancestral spirit.

Or the Literature of the Dark-and Middle-Ages.

With such an age as sponsor, its testimony in favor of the reality of Spectral Vision, does more to prove the belief an imposture or hallucination, than to confirm it as a fact.

Having looked at the different ages during which Spectral Visions are reported to have occurred, let us once more traverse the field, and scrutinize somewhat closer the persons who are said to have encountered such visions, and the time and place where they were vouchsafed unto them. The time is almost invariably the dead of the night, the eve of some great event, or when some great catastrophe rages or is expected. The place is either the cemetery, or the sick-chamber, the church, the house or ruin where blood was shed or wrong was done, the battlefield, the gloomy forest, the dark cave, the dismal desert, the weird mountain, the lonely stream, the raging sea. Knowing how legend and superstition made such hours and places favorite ones for imaginary phantoms, and how prone the mind is during such hours, and in such places, to give free reign to fancy, knowing also the influence of fear or expectancy or guilt on the imagination, it is not at all strange that during such hours, and in such places as these, some persons should have imagined that they saw or heard or conversed with the disembodied spirits of the dead.

The time and place of reported Spectral Visions examined.

Looking closer at the persons, we find them (when not insane, or delirious from pain or intoxicants or approaching dissolution) generally to be persons subject to fits of *melancholy*, men and women of the Hamlet type, who nurse private wrongs, are full of suspicions, brood over them till their mind becomes tainted, till it conjures up imaginary spirits from another world to nurse or taunt their griefs, or to confirm their suspicions.

The persons who beheld such visions examined.

Or they are persons of the Saul or Brutus or Macbeth type, in deadly fear of approaching events, conscience-stricken, filled with remorse over past misdeeds, haunted day and night by terrible fears and memories, deprived of appetite and sleep, the mind becoming an easy prey to hallucination. In the moaning winds they hear their victims wail; in the rustling leaves they hear their footsteps. The cerebral camera reflects fancy's or memory's image on the fevered brain; this flashes it into the external world, and the subjective fancy becomes an objective reality, they see ghosts arising, hear their bitter denunciations, their terrible predictions,—and generally the unfortunates bring upon themselves the very end they feared and predicted for themselves.

Or they are hermits and ascetics, who inhabit lonely, dismal places, with little or nothing to do to break monotony, or to keep body and mind actively and diversely employed, beyond passing their days and nights with dreaming or contemplating on supernatural things, with rigorous penance and fervid worship. Starving and diseasing their mind and body, religiously convinced of the existence of demons, in constant fear of their enticing snares and temptations, and of the danger of their souls, ignorant of the true nature of phenomena, what state of mind could have been better fitted for hallucinations than theirs, and what reports of Spectral Visions (of which they have furnished whole libraries full) less entitled to credence than theirs?

Or they are fanatics, men profoundly convinced that their creed alone is true, that all others are the work of Satan, and that God is incensed at their being tolerated. Blinded by self-love, prejudice, antipathy, intolerance, passion, they take upon themselves the work of uprooting the false creed and of planting the true, in the belief that such a work is most pleasing in the sight of God. Carried away by religious enthusiasm, intoxicated by success, or driven to fury by obstacle or opposition, they become easy victims of all sorts of hallucinations;—they see spirits, hear celestial voices, urging them on not to falter, not to spare, to fight on till their creed prevails.

Or they are mystics, men given to prolonged contemplations and abstractions, imagining concealed and mysterious meanings in all things, and fond of searching after them, easily transported by their abstractions and imaginations to fantastic reveries, and ecstasies, until their fond hopes take shape, till they imagine celestial beings revealing mysteries and unfolding truths to them, as they did to Mohamed, or to the founder of the Latter-Day Saints; till the beloved dead return to them, as the disciples of Jesus imagined, till like Swedenborg they see God Himself, and

hear Him declare: "I am God, the Lord, the Creator and Redeemer of the world. I have chosen thee to unfold the spiritual sense of the Holy Scriptures. I will myself dictate to thee what thou shalt write."

Thus have we ransacked the ages, and questioned times and places and persons, for proofs in favor of a belief in preternatural visions, and have found, if not mania, delirium, imposture, nothing but hallucinations of melancholy or guilty or religion-crazed minds. If spectral visions there be, we have failed to discover a single proof of their manifestation. Whatever testimony was presented to us, proved itself, after but little examination, the product of credulous ages and of unsound or untaught minds.

The proof for Spectral Vision found unsound.

I can imagine a host of objectors rising indignantly, and pointing to modern *Spiritualism*, and to such distinguished believers in it, as Professors Wallace, Crookes, Zöllner, cry out: "Is not the present age scientific enough for you, and are the minds of these eminent scientists and scholars unsound or untaught?

The claim of Spiritualism.

Perhaps this new "*ism*," flourishing in this age of science, and believed in by men of unquestioned integrity and acknowledged scholarship, may give us the proof we so eager seek, and which, with all our searching, we have not yet found. What is its wonderful doctrine that has fascinated thousands on both sides of the Atlantic? It teaches that the soul of man lives on after death, that at times it manifests itself to man through the intervention of certain individuals called "*mediums*," from whom, when they pass into a trance state, it will permit itself to be interrogated, and to whom it will give answer, sometimes in audible speech, but mostly by means of table-tilting or rapping, or slate- or planchette-writing.

Is this the wonderful discovery, which, when the Fox family of the State of New York, announced it, in 1848, in the year when all Europe was agitated with violent revolutions, made us think that we too had inaugurated a revolution that was destined to create an upheaval in the religious world, the like of which had never been experienced before? Have we dismissed all the proofs that the past has offered for the belief in spirit-existence and spirit-manifestation, as being either the ravings of maniacs, or hallucinations, or impostures, only to find in this scientific age of ours a rehash of the practices of the witch of Endor, of the Grecian prophetess, of the Roman Sibyl of old? Have we been lured on by the fame of distinguished scholars and reputable people, only to find that, when we wend our way to some dark and dingy room, and pay our entrance-fee, and clasp hands with other spirit-seekers, and sing hackneyed songs, or listen to poor music, while the lights are low, the spirit of our sainted father, mother, child, will enter a cabinet, play havoc with its furniture, answer our questions in "raps," or talk to us in a wheezy voice, in bad English, or write to us with worse spelling, through the agency of an entranced *medium;* or the spirits of Socrates or Cicero of old will talk to us in our own English tongue, and, upon being questioned concerning things that

Its absurdity set forth.

happened in their day, display an appalling ignorance, are even under the necessity of confessing that they have forgotten their classic Greek and Latin tongues? Have all the explanations mental science has given us of "table-walking" and "table-talking," of mind- or muscle-reading, have all the exhibitions the Hermanns and Kellars have given us of walking and floating in the air, of mysterious appearances and disappearances, of optical illusions, repeating mirrors, of slate- and planchette-writing, and other examples of skilful legerdemain, have all such demonstrations and exhibitions been lost to us, that now we should believe that departed spirits will resort to mysterious, suspicious means, to impart sacred and secret communications to their dear ones, through the mouth of strange, common-place—if not worse—individuals? Have we profited nothing by the exposure of the really clever, mystifying, spiritualistic tricks of almost every prominent medium, and by the confessions of others? Have we forgotten the report of the Seybert commission of our city, composed of ten of our most prominent professors and scientists, whose chairman even "confessed to a leaning in favor of the substantial truth of Spiritualism" appointed by the University of Pennsylvania, in accordance with a demand of the late Mr. Seybert, an enthusiastic believer in Modern Spiritualism, in consideration of a large bequest, and which commission, after a long and searching investigation, after examining many of the most famous mediums, reported unanimously, that the whole thing was based on "gross, intentional fraud," that we should now mistake clever tricks of jugglers for spirit-presence, and ventriloquism or utterances under hypnotic trance for spirit-speech?

That Spiritualism should count its followers by the thousands is not surprising, considering the really marvelous skill of modern jugglers, and the general ignorance of mental phenomena. Besides, the mysterious has a peculiar charm. Few minds are free from morbid cravings for the supernatural. The bereaved heart longs to commune with the departed. The lover of the mysterious is easily mystified and easily duped. The mind of the bereaved is easily thrown by the "medium" with the aid of its own desire and expectancy, of excited imagination, strained attention, darkness and quiet, contact of hands, into a kind of hypnotic state, in which it is susceptible of all sorts of hallucinations, in which it makes the eye and ear to see and hear, what the pining heart yearns for. The mother, who remembers how, when her babe was taken from her, she was haunted day and night by its imaginary cries and calls, the wife, who recalls how after her husband's death she imagined, again and again, she saw him sitting in his accustomed seat, the husband, who recalls how, when watching by the side of his dead wife, he was again and again startled by the belief he heard her sigh, call his name, saw her move, open her eyes, raise her head, such mother, wife, husband, will readily recognize how easy and how pleasant it is for the bereaved heart to be made to believe, or to make itself believe, almost anything, during one of those "dark and peculiar" *séances*, and under the hypnotic influence of a clever "*medium*."

Its spirit-visions fraud or hallucinations.

It is here, where probably the only thing true in spiritualism enters. Not all "*mediums*" are frauds. There are some, who probably really divine their subject's wish, and really answer it without the aid of trick or disembodied spirits. We know how it is possible, under certain conditions, for one mind to divine another's thought. We also know that it is possible for two minds, when in perfect *rapport*, to magnetize or fascinate or partially hypnotize each other, thus, when the partially hypnotized mother, with a distinct conception of the face, voice, figure, of her child in her mind, "*suggests*" audibly or inaudibly, to the partially hypnotized "*medium*" the desire of seeing her child, his mind becomes possessed of the mother's vivid picture, which enables him to "*suggest*" her seeing and hearing what she wished to see and hear. This may also help to explain one of the reasons for the belief of a number of eminent scholars in spiritualism. In this phase of it they see what approaches to scientific truth. The bereaved heart, or the excited emotions, or credulity, from which even scholars are not always free, supply the rest, while clever legerdemain, that eludes their observation, or escapes their suspicion, mystifies them, and envelops the *séance* with a halo of supernaturalism.

What may probably be true in Spiritualism.

It is with real sadness that we turn away also from *Spiritualism* as unable to answer for us that question of all questions, whether the dead manifest themselves to the living. Even if it had held out to us but the faintest glint of light, gladly and thankfully would we have nestled under it. Better the faintest glint of light—we would have thought—than a sea of darkness. Better a mote of conviction than a universe of doubt. But to base our hope on what spiritualism offers were equal to saying with Tertullian: "*Credo quia impossible*" "I believe it because it is impossible," or with St. Theresa: "The more it seems impossible, the more I believe it."

Though we know not now, we yet shall know.

We have traversed the past and present, we have asked the prophets and bards of all nations and peoples for proof of spirit manifestations. Answer we have received from all; but Truth from none. The dead are still dead to us.

And yet, with Hamlet we still believe that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy." Because our question has not yet been answered, we shall not conclude that mortal man never shall answer it. The impossible of yesterday may be the possible of to-morrow. Earth's and heaven's darkest secret of the past and present may be the most luminous philosophy of the future. Our thirst for the truth will yet beget the Truth. We yet shall know. The dead yet shall surrender their long-kept secret. Till then let us hope. Till then let us search.

Jesus in the Synagogue.

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

December 27th, 1891,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA:
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SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
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10. Jesus in the Synagogue.
11. To-Day better than Yesterday.
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7. Russia and her Jews.
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9. After Death—What?
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16. VI. Spinoza-Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
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23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
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26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

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3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

SERIES II. 1888—1889.

1. Whence, Whither and Why?
2. The Voice of the People.
3. Uncharitable Charity.
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5. Husband and Father.
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7. The People of the Book.
8. Future Reward and Punishment.
9. The Ideal Commonwealth.
10. The Puritanic Sabbath.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM:

11. I. The Mosaic Age.
12. II. The Prophetic Age.
13. III. The Messianic Age.
14. IV. The Rabbinical Age.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM CONTINUED:

15. V. The Kabbalistic Age.
16. VI. The Mendelssohnian Age.
17. VII. The Present Age.
18. Ashes to Ashes, or Earth to Earth.
19. Sanitary Science.
20. Does Prohibition Prohibit?
21. Intermarriage.
22. Convert your own—Let Jews alone.
23. The 25th Anniversary of the Cornerstone-Laying of Temple Keneseth Israel.
24. Abused Benefactors.
25. A Benefactor Honored. (Rev. Dr. I. M. Wise)
26. The Real Saving Trinity.
27. The Removal of the Leaven.
28. Deed through Creed.

Jesus in the Synagogue.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.
Philadelphia, Dec. 27th, 1891.

It was that brilliant French woman, Madame de Staël, that told the world that Genius knows no sex. And her country it was, her beloved France, that but a few months ago, extended the territory of Genius further still, declared, and publicly illustrated, that Genius knows no country, no people, and no race. The whole world is its stage, and all the people are its audience. When it speaks the remotest North and South must listen; when it calls the furthest East and West must come. They may tarry long, but in the end they must submit to its universal sway. Long France refused the genius of Wagner public admission into her confines. Long she deemed it patriotic to visit upon the man of genius the real or the imaginary sin of the country to which he owed the accident of birth. Tumultuous was the mob that surrounded the Parisian Opera House at the first performance of *Lohengrin*. But Genius universal triumphed over Patriotism local. Wagner has conquered France. What perhaps all Germany with all her mighty armament could not have done, Genius accomplished single-handed.

All the world the stage of Genius.

In this late action of France I recognize another sign of the steady growth of the sentiment in favor of the unification of the human family, and of the influence which genius, learning, tolerance, the humanitarian spirit, exercise upon the hastening of that growth. When a country like France, proud, intensely patriotic, can in the presence of genius forget her long-enduring hatred, the painful humiliation, which the country, from which that genius sprang, brought upon her, what may we not expect from countries and peoples standing in more intimate relationship of friendship towards each other? Why shall we not look forward to the time, when countries and peoples, races and creeds, will clasp hands across artificial dividing lines, in brotherly love, when the great and noble men of each will constitute the citizens, the co-religionists, the lights, the benefactors of all?

The Brotherhood of man is growing.

There are other indications that this sentiment is growing. We meet it in the public marts and press, in school and laboratory, in interstate conventions and international congresses, where the products and discoveries and investigations and interests of different peoples are interchanged and consulted for the universal good. We meet it in church, there, where its seed was first planted, where, however, heaps of dogmatisms and separatisms, piled up by intolerant fanaticism, long prevented its growth, but where now, notably in the more advanced denominations, the stifling rubbish is gradually being removed, and the fairest flower in the garden of humanity,

Noticeable in mart, school and church.

the sentiment of One God and One Brotherhood is perceptibly shooting heavenward.

A time there was, and not many years back, when it was deemed rank heresy to regard other Creeds and Bibles worthy of study, or to recognize any good in them, or to cite passages from them for useful lessons, or to hold up some of their illustrious characters as examples for imitation, or to hold that all good men, whatever their creed, even if they profess none of the accepted creeds at all, are the children of God, are brethren and co-religionists. To-day, the rational pew has become quite familiar with such names as Zoroaster and Confucius, or with choice passages from the Vedas or the Stoic philosophers. In pulpits, where once naught but the Sacred Scriptures dared to be breathed, to-day, even to a Homer or a Shakespeare honored places are assigned alongside revered prophets and holy men. Quotations from Darwin or Spencer are becoming as frequent in sermons as Bible-texts. The noble thoughts and deeds of a Voltaire or an Ingersoll are now commended for reflection and imitation with those of the saintliest saints on the church-roster. Pulpit and pew have learned to recognize that virtue and truth are as *sectless* as genius is *sexless* and *countryless*. Every Bible that enjoins their love and practice is the true Bible, and wherever they are reverenced there is their home. Every pure mind is their sanctuary; every noble heart their altar. Every one that practices, proclaims and teaches them is their Apostle, and our Master, be he prophet or poet, philosopher or scientist, saint or sceptic, Heathen or Mohamedan, Christian or Jew.

That this broadening, humanitarian sentiment is not unknown nor unfelt in the synagogue needs not my mention. Even there, and especially in the more liberal ones, the long and dearly cherished idea of the *Alone Chosen People*, of the *Only Favorites of God*, is fast losing its hold. Closer attention is being paid to such teachings as Prophets like Micah stamped upon the pages of the Bible, that not the accident of birth among a certain tribe or race, but the practice of justice and mercy and humility constitutes the *Chosen of God*, or to such Talmudic teachings as that which declares that the righteous of all nations and creeds will share in the happiness of Future Life. There, too, poet and dramatist, sceptic and scientist, prophets and reformers, liturgies and Bibles, of other nations and religions meet with a hearty welcome in pulpit and pew, and their teachings, when noble, are reverentially listened to, taken to heart, and as far as possible faithfully followed.

Also in the synagogue.

There is, however, with the vast bulk of them, one conspicuous exception. There is one illustrious reformer, who meets with a scant welcome in synagogue, if he is at all admitted. His very name grates on the Jewish ear. Many of even the most liberal among them, who listen enraptured to beautiful teachings of Hindoo or Parsee or Arabic or Greek or Roman prophet or reformer or moralist, instinctively recoil from every mention of that reformer and moralist, who stands nearest to us of them all, whose

With one single exception.

teachings are almost identical with ours, who is of our flesh and blood, our kinsman, our brother, a Jew, like ourselves, our teacher like our Moses, our Isaiah, our Hillel. There are some even in this liberal congregation, who would rather have such subjects as this not touched upon. Others are probably already squirming in their seats, and to endure this discourse to its end will put their patience and good behaviour to a severe test. Others, not connected with us at all, have been in a state of excitement, if not indignation, ever since they read the announcement, that to-day's lecture-theme would be "*Jesus in the Synagogue*," and are sitting in impatient suspense, expecting any moment to hear of our wholesale baptism, of our obliterating the word ISRAEL from the honored name of our congregation, of our turning bodily from monotheistic Judaism over to our arch-enemy, to Trinitarian Man-worshipping Christianity.

Far from chiding or deriding this feeling, understanding its origin, I sincerely respect it. That such antipathy should exist is not surprising. The real surprise is, and at the same time a real credit to Israel, that this antagonism is not greater. That antipathy is not of to-day or yesterday. It has had eighteen hundred years time to root itself deep in the Jewish heart and mind. It was begotten by fanaticism and persecution, propagated in soil saturated with Israel's blood, nurtured and fostered through centuries of torture and execution, of pillage and outrage, of insult and ostracism. What other denomination has visited such unutterable sufferings upon the Jew as has the Christian? What other denomination has heaped such grievous injuries upon him? What Literature has so falsely accused him, has so grossly vilified him, has so held him up to public scorn and derision as has the Christian? In what other prophet's name has he been so hounded and lashed from country to country as he has been in the name of Jesus? Let the memory of the mangled and bleeding corpses, of burnt homes, of outraged families, all along the line of the Christian Crusaders, let the expulsion of the Jews from Spain, and their subsequent heart-rendering sufferings, let the bloody activity of the inquisition and the *auto-da-fe* among Jewish victims, let the seizure of helpless children from their parents for purposes of enforced conversion and transportation to distant colonial settlements, let the massacres in the Jew-quarters, let the modern Russian brutalities, and the deafness of other Christian countries to Jewish appeals for help, let the frequent attacks on Jewish character and belief in Christian pulpits and magazines, let the insults to which Christian Sunday-School pupils subject Jewish children in schools or on streets, or those which the parents of the ones visit upon the parents of others at summer resorts, let these historical chapters and scenes, explain the cause of the religious antipathy of Jew against Christian. Let these facts also tell why in times now happily past, a Jew would often go whole squares out of his way rather than pass a Christian Church or an image of Jesus, or, when he could not avoid it, would turn away, or would shut eyes and ears while passing; or why parents would carefully cross out or erase every

Reasons for Jewish antipathy against Jesus.

mention of Jesus or Christianity in the books they gave their children to read; or why even to-day the mentioning of Jesus in the synagogue should grate on most Jews' ears, while the mentioning of the prophets and reformers and moralits of other religious bodies evokes scarcely a comment.

While I, knowing the origin and persistency of this antipathy, respect it, I cannot share that excess of it, that visits the sins of Christianity upon the innocent head of Jesus, that classes with the enemies of the Jew that Nazarene Rabbi, who was born a Jew, and died a Jew, and who throughout his whole life was never anything else but a Jew.

Injustice of this antipathy.

I shall not reiterate this morning those facts of the life and deeds of the historic Jesus with which previous Lectures on kindred subjects have already made you quite familiar.* You know that Jesus has left us no written account of his own concerning his doings and teachings; that in the literature of his time nothing is contained of him; that all we know of him has come to us from writers who lived a considerable time after his death, whose statements are mainly hear-say traditions, and who, if not of Pagan birth, were strongly imbued with Pagan beliefs, and zealous propagandists besides.

Facts concerning the historical Jesus.

You know that the Messiah they expected was not an itinerant preacher and teacher but a warrior like David, who would save their country, and deliver the people from the cruel Roman.

You know that the crucifixion of Jesus was the penalty which the Romans visited upon him for his treasonable entrance into Jerusalem as "King of the Jews," and that the trial scene, (in the account of which not only the apostles contradict each other, but which also flagrantly contradicts the established, and rigorously followed, Jewish legal proceedings, and in which the tyrant Pilate is turned into a saint, and the Jews, the contemporaries of Hillel and Gamaliel, into a blood-thirsty mob), was written, if not by a Roman, then by a zealous missionary, who shared Rome's hatred of the Jews, and who, besides, found it politic in his missionary work among the Romans to clear them from all responsibility, by shifting the guilt entirely upon the Jews.

You have been made to see that Paul, and not Jesus, is responsible for the infusion of un-Jewish and unmonotheistic doctrines in the New Testament, such as Trinity, Original Sin, Vicarious Atonement, Salvation by Faith, that Jesus himself never proclaimed himself a God, or a Son of God in any other sense than that of the relationship of every mortal to his Maker, that he publicly declared the Jewish cardinal creeds the *Oneness of God*, and the *Love of Fellowmen* to be the highest creeds, that he observed the Jewish laws and ceremonials to the last, that his celebrated prayer is the shortened form of familiar Jewish prayers of his time, that he expressly declared that he had no intention to abrogate the

*See Lectures, Series I, "*The Feast and the Fast*," "*An Error of Eighteen Hundred Years Corrected*, "*Passover and Easter;*" Series II, "*The Messianic Age;*" Series III, "*Myths in the Old and New Testament;*" Series IV, "*Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian*," "*Paul—the Jew and the Gentile.*"

Law or the Prophets, that he expressed his belief that the Jewish Law will remain intact as long as heaven and earth shall endure, and that so far from separating himself from the Jews, or from starting a new creed was he, that he publicly declared his field of labor to be wholly among the Jews.

So, too, are you familiar with the fact that Jesus imbued his personal disciples with the same friendly feelings towards their Jewish brethren, for, after his death, with the exception of the belief that the expected Messiah had come, there was no difference between them and the other Jews. They worshipped together in the same Temple, brought thither their sacrifices, observed in common the Jewish Sabbath and Holidays, and faithfully complied with all the requirements of the Mosaic Law, Peter and Barnabas and James even publicly repudiating the anti-Jewish sentiments and doctrines of Paul.

You have been made acquainted with the Pagan sources and parallels of the miraculous and mythical stories connected with the birth and death of Jesus tacked on in later times to the life of Jesus, to make, by means of a *Give and Take Policy* the conversion of the Pagan all the easier, and of which the Christmas celebration of this week serves as a timely illustration. We know that the 25th of December was not observed at first as the birthday of Jesus, and for obvious reasons, it not being very likely that at that time of the winter, in the height of the rainy season in Judea, the shepherds could have been out all night with their flocks. It was in the occident that this date came to be agreed upon, and for reasons that are not difficult to trace. That week was among the occidental sun-worshippers the happiest of all the year. It was the Roman *Saturnalia*, and the Teuton and Scandinavian *Yul-Fest*, who celebrated it in honor of the *winter-solstice*, when the shortest day of the year had been reached and passed, when the days again began to lengthen, when a *New Sun* and with it a *New Year* was born unto the world. For days the greatest rejoicing prevailed among these Pagans, in honor of the *new-born Sun*. Presents were exchanged; the poor were remembered; slaves were given their liberty; the little ones were remembered with toys, trees were decorated, candles were lighted; banqueting and dancing and masquerading occupied the peoples' days and nights. It was the present Christmas celebration observed among sun-worshipping Pagans, long before there was any thought of Christ, and appropriated by Christianity, by simply changing the birth of the *Sun of Heaven* to that of the *Son of God*, even though at the expense of contradicting the time of birth indicated in the Gospels.

The origin of Christmas.

There is certainly in all that we have so far heard or seen concerning the historic Jesus nothing so un-Jewish, or anti-Jewish, or unmonotheistic, that his name should grate on the ears of his own brethren. He certainly bears no responsibility for whatever Pagan myth and heathen doctrine later disciples fastened on his name, that now the Jewish synagogue, in which he himself once worshipped, should be closed against him. There is certainly nothing in

Nothing un-Jewish in the real life of Jesus.

what he has taught or said so repugnant to the Jewish sense of right, to Biblical or Talmudic Ethics, that while one may with impunity quote Ingersoll or Huxley or Haeckel or Buddha or Seneca or Lucretius in the Jewish pulpit, he cannot, for the most part, quote even such excellent lessons as are contained in the Nazarene Rabbi's *Sermon on the Mount*, without incurring displeasure, or opposition, or interdiction.

Ignorance of real teachings of Jesus.

I cannot charge this antagonistic attitude of the Jew against Jesus altogether to innate antipathy. I fear not a little of it is due to ignorance of New Testament teachings. More Jews are probably acquainted with what is said of, or claimed for, Jesus than with what he said or claimed himself. The same is true even in the Christian Church. Many a Church founded in the name of Jesus, and floating under the banner of his teachings, would, were he to present himself now for membership under an assumed name, and give his Confession of Faith: the belief in the common Fatherhood of God, and in the common Brotherhood of man, and in Universal Peace and Good Will, only this and nothing more, peremptorily dismiss him as "an unbelieving Jew," so little heed is taken of the real teachings of Jesus, and so much is made of Paul's Philonic allegories, and Gnostic mysticism, and Pagan mythology. The number of Jews acquainted with the New Testament is few; fewer those, who have read it critically, who have compared its marvelous happenings and miraculous stories with the myth and legends of Pagan Sacred Writings; fewest those, who have compared the teachings of Jesus with those of their earlier and contemporaneous Prophets and Bards and Rabbis, and found them simply repetitions of their own Biblical and Rabbinical teachings.

The ethical teachings of Jesus distinctively Jewish.

I have in former discourses done something in the way of showing Pagan parallels to New Testament claims. This morning I shall select, from a large number at hand, just a few parallels between the sayings of Jesus and those of our other ancient Jewish savants, that you may convince yourselves, how, by barring out from our synagogues the ethical sayings of Jesus, we close our doors to the noblest maxims in our own Biblical and Rabbinical Literature.

SAYINGS OF JESUS.	SAYINGS OF THE PROPHETS AND RABBIS.
1. Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. St. Mat. v, 3.	1. Acceptable before the Lord are the humble in spirit. Talmud Babli *Sotah* 5, a. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit. Psalm Li, 17.
2. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. St. Mat. v, 4.	2. They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy. Psalm cxxvi, 5.
3. Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth. St. Mat. v, 5.	3. The meek shall inherit the earth. Psalm xxxvii, 11.
4. Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy. St. Mat. v. 7.	4. He that hath pity on the poor, lendeth unto the Lord. Psalm xix, 17. On the merciful to man God will show mercy. Talm. Babl. *Sabbath* 151, c.
5. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. St. Mat. v. 8.	5. With the pure Thou wilt shew Thyself pure. Ps. xviii, 26.
6. Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God. St. Mat. v. 9.	6. The peace-maker will reap heaven, and also enjoy his reward on earth. Talm. Babl. *Peah* i, 1.

7. Blessed are they which are persecuted and reviled for righteousness sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. St. Mat. v. 10.	7. Those who are persecuted and reviled, and do not persecute and revile in return, who suffer cheerfully all things for the love of God will have their reward. Talm. Babli, *Sabbath* 88 b, *Gitin* 36 b; *Yoma* 23 a.
8. Whosoever is angry with his brother without cause, or calls him insulting names, will be punished. St. Mat. v. 22.	8. Whosoever lifts his hand against his neighbor, even though he strike him not, is a sinner. Who calls his fellowman insulting names, endangers his life. Who publicly shames his neighbor will not inherit future life. Talm. Babl. *Sanhedrin*, 58 b; *Baba Metziah* 58 b; *Aboth* iii, 11.
9. Agree with thine adversary quickly whiles thou art in the way with him. St. Mat. v. 25.	9. Forgive thy neighbor the wrong he hath done thee, so shall thy sins also be forgiven. ....Remember thy end and let enmity cease. *Ben Sirach*, xxviii, 2-6.
10. Swear not at all .... but let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay. St. Mat. v. 34-37.	10. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain. Exod. xx, 7. Accustom not thyself to swearing, neither use thyself to the name of the Holy One etc. Ben Sirach, xxiii, 9-12. Let thy *yea* be just, and thy *nay* be likewise just. Talm. Babli, *Baba Metziah* 49 a.
11. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away. St. Mat. v. 42.	11. If thy brother be poor relieve him, even if a stranger or sojourner. Take no usury of him. Lev. xxv, 35-36. He that giveth unto the poor shall not lack; but he that hideth his eyes shall have many a curse. Prov. xxviii, 27. Let thy house be open to the needy, and let the poor be the inmates of thy house. More righteous is he who doubles the amount of alms asked of him. It is more praiseworthy to lend to the poor than to give alms. Talm. Babli, *Aboth* 1, 5, Sabbath 63 a.
12. Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you. St. Mat. v. 44.	12. If thine enemy be hungry give him bread to eat, and if he be thirsty give him water to drink. Prov. xxv, 21. Thou shalt not avenge nor bear grudge, but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Lev. xix, 18.

Here are a dozen precepts from the first chapter of the *Sermon on the Mount*, and two dozen corresponding ethical maxims from Jewish Sacred Writings. With these passages before us, (and what is true of these twelve passages is true of almost all the other ethical sayings of Jesus) which are identical in thought, frequently also in words, with those of Biblical and Talmudic writers, none of which new, all of them fluent on the tongues of every cultured Jew at that time, wholly free from Heathen mythology and from Gnostic theology and mysticism, how can we justly bar our doors to his ethical teachings, and extend a hearty welcome to identical teachings not only of other Jewish but also of Pagan even Agnostic savants? With this knowledge of the parity of their ethical teachings before us, with the assurance that he himself taught nothing un-Jewish, said nothing unmonotheistic, never separated himself nor his disciples from Judaism, is in no way responsible for having been made a subject for worship, or for the wrong done to Israel by his worshippers, what else does his banishment from his people, the exclusion of his teachings from Jewish homes, schools and synagogues, the Jewish aver-

His Jewish teachings entitle him to prominence in synagogue.

sion to his name, what else does it mean, if not visiting the guilt of deluded man-worshippers upon the innocent head of one like ourselves, and in purity of life and in excellence of teachings better than most of us?

His reform-measures identical with those of the Prophets and Rabbis.

It surely cannot be because of his opposition to, and scathing denunciation of, that barren ceremonialism and formalism, which, with many of his time had taken the place of pure religion, for, in truth, much fiercer were the denunciations of Prophets like Isaiah, who inveighed against similar hypocrisies and ceremonialisms in their times. Much louder was their cry that it is not the fast, not sacrifice, not constant prayer, that God wants, nothing but clean hands, a pure heart, blessed deeds. More eager, and more successful even, were Rabbi Hillel and his school, who flourished shortly before the advent of Jesus, in their opposition to the rigorous legalism, profitless verbalisms and quibbles, of the corrupted Pharisaism of their time.

By banishing him we deprive ourselves of a potent advocate.

With what justice, again I ask, do we banish him from our midst, whose very love for down-trodden Israel deluded him and his disciples into the belief that he was the expected Messiah, the "King of Israel," for which delusion he suffered, as did many an unfortunate enthusiast before him, from the Roman tyrant a traitor's death? With what justice do we banish him, whose pure life, and beautiful teaching, and kindly deeds, whose gentleness and sympathy with the lowly and weak, whose unsparing severity on the haughty and hypocritical, are beautiful illustrations of what noble character, what exemplary specimens of humanity, Jewish home life, Jewish schooling, Jewish Religion can unfold and ripen? Why banish him, who has won a vast portion of humanity for civilization, for peace and good will, not by means of foreign dogmas or intricate theological abstractions and mysticism, but almost exclusively through such sublimely beautiful precepts and parables and incidents, as the Sermon on the Mount, the parable of the good Samaritan, his tenderness towards the little ones, the freedom of his intercourse with the lowly, that are all Jewish, that sprang from, and were nurtured on, Jewish soil? Why banish such an illustrious scion of our race, one of our best proofs to a prejudiced world what the Jew really was, still is, and ever shall be?

By banishing him we but injure ourselves.

To all such questions answer we have none, save that of deep-rooted antipathy, engendered and nurtured by eighteen centuries of Christian cruelty and injustice towards the Jew. That antipathy, though pardonable, is much to be regretted. By banishing him, for no wrong of his own, we ourselves strengthened in those that worshipped him the belief, that we were in reality the wicked people for which they held us, that we were his executioners who gloried in the deed, that we delighted in nothing more than in reviling and in cursing him. By banishing from us the godly man we strenghtened our persecutors and his followers in the belief that he was the Man-God, that their cruel treatment of us was the visitation of God for our spurning

His only-begotten Son. By closing, even in these days of kindlier Christian treatment of Jew, our synagogues to Jesus and to his teachings, while we open them wide to those of illustrious Mohamedan, Heathen or Sceptic, we confirm the Trinitarian's belief that we are stricken with spiritual blindness.

It is not with spiritual blindness that we are stricken, but with a blindness to our own and our religion's best interest. There has been enough of antipathy, and too much of unjust visitation of others' guilt upon an innocent head. The recognition which proud, intensely patriotic France has shown to the genius of a hostile nation, surely, we ought to show to a genius, who is at the same time our own brother, of our own flesh and blood, and whose genius was all drawn from our soil.

This is the *Feast of Channukah*, commemorating the Maccabean cleansing and rededication of our ancient Temple after its desecration by the Syrian enemy. This is the *Feast of Lights*, commemorating the re-illumination of a Temple darkened by cruelty and idolatry. It ought to mean more for us than merely a commemoration of past achievements. It ought also to mark the commencement of achievements of our own, worthy to be commemorated in the future. There is little glory in feasting on illustrious deeds of others, with opportunities before us for equally illustrious deeds of our own. There are Temples to-day that need cleansing, and there is darkness to-day that needs illumination. There is antipathy and injustice and false patriotism in our synagogues that needs rooting out. There is prejudice and idolatry in churches opposed to us that need to have the light of reason thrown full upon them.

Modern Temples that need cleansing.

By reclaiming him, whom we have banished, who is our own, and one of the most distinguished of us, we will spare our descendants much of that prejudice and ignominy from which we, and our fathers before us, suffered so much, and will give them in the future even greater occasion for celebrating the "*Feast of Cleansing and Re-dedication*" than we have to-day. By throwing light upon the heathen-borrowed myths and legends, that have been fastened on the name of Jesus, we will give the descendants of those, who now credulously worship him, greater occasion for celebrating this present *Festival of the Winter Solstice*, not in the spirit of the ancient sun-worshippers as the *Birth of the Sun of Heaven*, nor in the spirit of modern man-worshippers, as the *Birth of the Son of God*, but as the *Feast of Light*, the feast commemorating the *Birth of the Light of Reason.*

By reclaiming him we will lessen prejudice and man-worship.

Then will Jew and Gentile honor Jesus alike, as friend and not as enemy, as man and not as God. Then will Jew and Gentile celebrate side by side the "*Feast of Re-dedication*" and the "*Feast of the Birth of Reason.*" Then will Jew and Gentile live as brethren, and be at peace.

To-Day better than Yesterday

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

January 3d, 1892,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

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SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion.
8. Delusion.
9. Hallucination.
10. Jesus in the Synagogue.
11. To-Day better than Yesterday.
12. Wanted—A Rational Religious School.
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SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward.
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza—Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

SERIES II. 1888—1889.

1. Whence, Whither and Why?
2. The Voice of the People.
3. Uncharitable Charity.
4. Wife and Mother.
5. Husband and Father.
6. Origin and Descent.
7. The People of the Book.
8. Future Reward and Punishment.
9. The Ideal Commonwealth.
10. The Puritanic Sabbath.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM:

11. I. The Mosaic Age.
12. II. The Prophetic Age.
13. III. The Messianic Age.
14. IV. The Rabbinical Age.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM CONTINUED:

15. V. The Kabbalistic Age.
16. VI. The Mendelssohnian Age.
17. VII. The Present Age.
18. Ashes to Ashes, or Earth to Earth.
19. Sanitary Science.
20. Does Prohibition Prohibit?
21. Intermarriage.
22. Convert your own—Let Jews alone.
23. The 25th Anniversary of the Cornerstone-Laying of Temple Keneseth Israel.
24. Abused Benefactors.
25. A Benefactor Honored. (Rev. Dr. I. M. Wise)
26. The Real Saving Trinity.
27. The Removal of the Leaven.
28. Deed through Creed.

To-Day better than Yesterday.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.
Philadelphia, Jan'y 3d, 1892.

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men."

BYRON—*Childe Harold*, Canto III, St. 21.

Reading Philadelphia instead of "Belgium's capital" in the just cited stanza of Byron's brilliant poem, we have a fairly accurate description of the scene enacted in our own city, during "midnight's holy hour" on Thursday last. In many a house and hall, brilliantly illumined, dazzling with the splendor of beauty and chivalry, the sound of revelry well-nigh drowned the troops of singers and players and shouters in the streets, even the sound of Old Independence Hall's loud bell, that rang out the old year, and rang in the new. Excepting perhaps the advent of the year 1876, I do not remember a New Year that was as joyfully ushered in as was the last; all the more remarkable, considering that it came in the midst of our Influenza epidemic, that has brought suffering and mourning into many a home, and that has greatly depressed our spirits.

Joyful greeting of the year 1892.

I know of no year, not even excepting 1876, that more deserved such joyful welcome than the present. Its advent commemorated the 400th anniversary of perhaps the most eventful year that ever dawned for human kind. That year, sacred to every American, and yet more sacred to every American Israelite, changed the geography of the earth, the history of nations, the thought of man. In that year the Mediæval Age ended, and the Modern Era began. In that year a New World was added to the Old. In that year Ferdinand and Isabella crushed the Moors, and expelled the Jews, the two peoples that had made Spain the most prosperous among the nations of the earth, the garden-spot of Europe, the busiest mart, and the most celebrated seat of learning, of all the world. And in the same year—strange irony of fate—Providence destined this same royal pair to aid Columbus in opening up a New Hemisphere, which, in course of time, was to become the peaceful haven of the persecuted of all nations, the cradle of Liberty and Equality, the home of Political Independence and Freedom of Conscience. Into the span of time extending between 1492 and 1892 more history, more progress, more blessing, has been crowded than throughout all the ages that preceded it. During that period the Reformation, Science, Rationalism, fought their great battles, and won

The sweet memories that nestle around it.

their yet greater triumphs. During that period the Inquisition was silenced and the Stakes were quenched, and tyranny and bigotry were driven from nearly all their strongholds. That period witnessed the emancipation of the slave, the serf, the woman, the non-conformist, the dawn of larger rights, greater comforts, broader culture, greater immunity from the ravages of epidemics and forces of nature, than were ever possessed before.

Still, with so much occasion for a joyful greeting of year 1892, and with many thousands patriotically availing themselves of the opportunity, there was quite a respectable number that passed that night in a far different manner. They were not seen among the joyful street-paraders, nor among the gay and happy in house or hall. In their churches they sat, and quite a number of them all night long, ushering in with the dawning year a week of prayer, wailing and lamenting over this degenerate age of ours, praying for a return of those good old times, which, alas! are no more, when people were good and pious, and when God was not so wrathful with the children of men, seeking thus to hold back a storm of Divine wrath and fury, which they are sure is lowering over us, and whose outbreak, they believe, their prayers alone may possibly prevent.

Some greeted it with tears and fears.

We might have been deeply touched at their tearful and prayerful concern for the welfare of those, who welcomed the new year amidst song and dance and merry sport and speech, were we not so sure that it owes its existence rather to a pessimistic spirit than to a depraved state of society. More thankful would we be to them, were we to discover among them as much effort toward off pending evils by means of noble and heroic deed as they now display in praying them away. It is safe to have implicit faith in the efficacy of prayer, when there is every appearance, that that which is prayed for is sure to happen. It is safe to pray for rain with clouds above ready to burst. It is safe to pray for the holding off from the American people pending calamities, when our sky is clear, and no such evils are to be feared. And even if such danger there were, I believe that more efficacious service would be rendered in its removal by those, who welcomed the new year with happy heart and hopeful spirit than by those, who spent all last Thursday night amidst whines and ominous predictions. I have faith in the efficacy of smiles. I believe in the religion of the happy heart. I count on the right side those, who have a habit of looking at the bright side. I have little faith in the praying idler, less in the inveterate faultfinder, and still less in him, who can see good only in the past, none in the present, none in the future, one of those hypochondriacs whom Homer already stigmatized in his *Iliad:*

The tears needless and the fears imaginary.

> "Prophet of evil! never hadst thou yet
> A cheerful word for me. To mark the signs
> Of coming mischief is thy great delight,
> Good dost thou ne'er foretel nor bring to pass."*

* Bk. I, Line 38. Bryant's Translation.

It were folly to say that the present is free from evil, and worse than folly to shut our eyes to it. But it is madness to claim that the past knew no such evils. There is not an evil to-day that existed not in a greatly intensified form in the centuries gone by, and there is not a blessing in modern life that is not superior to its like in the past. It is all twaddle, this constant talk about the degeneracy of our age, and about the excellencies of the good old times, when people were all saints, men all gallants, women all beautiful, lovers all true, friends all constant, society all happy, children singing merrily all day long, when roses were more fragrant, and lilies bloomed whiter, and skies were bluer, winters warmer, summers cooler, food more delicious, sickness rarer, life longer, schooling better and sought after with greater eagerness. It was but the other day I heard of a Southern lady replying to an English gentleman, who happened to remark on the beauty of a moonlit night, "ah, yes," said she, "it is beautiful, but you ought to have seen it before the war."

'Tis twaddle to say the present worse than the past.

I doubt not that the moon seemed more beautiful to her before the war. She was thirty years younger, and perhaps gazed at it then with a lover's eye. She fails, however, to reflect that to those, wrapt to-day in the very ecstasy of love, the moon is as beautiful as it was during her romantic days, or to the Romeos and Juliets of Shakespeare's time, or to the Palestinian shepherd-lovers in Solomon's garden. The old are too prone to forget that while they are growing old a new generation is springing up, who with their youthful eyes see, and with their youthful spirit enjoy, all they saw and enjoyed, when they were young. It is true, food did taste better to them one or two score years ago, but they were then young, and fast growing, and their appetites ravenous after hours of out-door sports. Little knew they of sickness then, but not because there was not as much of it, and more. They were then in their May-day of health, and hill and dale, and base-ball field and dancing-hall, saw more of them than the physician or sick-chamber. It is true men were more gallant and women more attentive to them, but that was before age wreathed the head with its silver crown, before wrinkles took the place of dimples, when glasses hid not yet the once-dazzling eye, and the weight of years did not bow down the once-enrapturing form. True, we heard less of crime and vice in those days, but telegraph and telephone were then not yet invented, and the Public Press did not dish up for us then at the breakfast table the occurrences in all the world of a few hours ago. True, too true, friendship then was sweeter and more constant, but they were the friends that loved them for their own sakes, the playmates of their childhood, the classmates of their school, the companions of their youth, who shared their every secret, who in growing up with them grew into their very being. They are scattered now; some are far away; others are in their graves. New friends have taken their place, but they are friends of a later day, friends of circumstance, or neighborhood, or self-interest, easily won, and easier lost, whose shake of hand the heart

The past joys of the aged are the present joys of the young.

feels not, or whose kiss of greeting reaches not beyond the lips. All this is true. But no less true is it that the lost happiness of the now aged is the bounteous blessing of the now young. All the rich measures of happiness that childhood and youth then enjoyed, childhood and youth now enjoys, and the wails with which the now aged fill the air, will be the wails, a generation or two hence, of the now young. Then they too will lament:

"My hair was black, but white my life:
The colors in exchange are cast!
The white upon my hair is rife,
The black upon my life has passed."*

Distance lends enchantment.

It is with time, as it is with scene or picture or character: "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view." The further away we get from it the more "the distance takes a lovelier hue," the nearer we come to it the more the illusory perfection passes away. Approach near the scene that from a distance enchanted you, and there may be hideous vermin, noisome odor, unkept walks, unweeded gardens, untrimmed arbors, wreck and ruin everywhere, to disillusion you. Step closer to the painting, which at a distance fascinated your eye, and its unsightly daubs, its glaring colors, its broken lines, its squinting eyes and crooked mouths, may make you wish you had kept at a distance, and not marred your pleasure. Sit nearer to the footlights, or gaze from behind the scenes upon those, whose art and skill and beauty so delighted you at a distance, and the artificial beauties and tricks, the pastes and tinsel, will very likely disgust you, and mar your enjoyment of their real art and skill. Seek an interview with him, whose fame resounds throughout the world, whose genius you have well-nigh worshipped, whom you have elevated as your idol, and his brusqueness and gruffness, his insolence and ill manners, are apt to shatter your idol into fragments, and prevent your enjoying his genius ever after. So it is with time. We are too near the present to appreciate its true worth, or to grasp its whole compass. We see its faults and failings best, and these prevent pessimistic minds from enjoying its real merits and blessings. The past age only has real charm for them. They see it loom up before them at a distance like some gigantic piece of architecture. Far away from it, they see only outline, nothing of detail, nothing of fault or failing, and they pass judgment upon the excellence of the whole from the pleasing distant perspective view.

Let us subject these muchly lauded ages of the past to a somewhat closer examination, and satisfy ourselves whether the past was really so much better than the present, whether by contrast with bygone ages the present is really so greatly depraved, and in such great peril, as actually to need the ushering in a New Year with a week of prayer. Let us assure ourselves whether we proceed according to the Law of Evolution or Degeneration, whether the Golden Age is before our behind us, whether we are fast sinking from the god-like to the brute state, or gradually rising from the brute to the god-like.

* Oriental, Transl. by W. R. Alger.

It is the religion of the past, that is constantly held up to us as the ideal, and to it we are incessantly referred for inspiration and imitation. Going as far back as Biblical time, we are in a quandary which of its epochs we shall place before us as our pattern.

The religion of Bibl. times compared with that of the present.

It surely cannot be the *Patriarchic Age*, for very little religion do we discover among its people. It is claimed that the people of that and subsequent epochs enjoyed direct and indirect communionship with God, accepting this claim and all the Bible stories, for the moment, as true, how much the more irreligious must the disobedience of the Adam and Eve appeared to us, or Cain's murder, or Abraham's and Isaac's and Sarah's prevarications, or Jacob's falsehoods and trickeries and greed, and his mother's connivance, or his sons' hatred and blood-thirstiness, and other happenings of that time, and among its most illustrious personages, too revolting to mention?

Much less can we make the people of the *Mosaic Age* our models, for surely their robbing the Egyptians while under an affliction of darkness, their constant rebellions against Moses, their exchanging the worship of God for that of a golden calf, their unholy lusts and appetites, were a very unsafe model to pattern after.

We need not pause to examine the religion of the people of the *Age of Joshua and the Judges*. They were too busy with massacring the innocents, with slaughtering one another, with idolatry and sensuality, each one doing what seemed best in his own eyes, to think of serving as religious models to future generations.

Is it the religious example of the people of the *Monarchic Age* we are to pattern after? Is it perhaps Samuel's deposing Saul for sparing the life of a conquered enemy, himself hewing him to pieces before the Lord? Is it perhaps Saul's jealousy and treachery, or David's cruelty and immorality, or Solomon's sensuality and idolatry, or the other shameless actions of illustrious persons of that age?

Or are we to pattern after the people of the *Prophetic Age*, those whom the prophets never tired of denouncing for their strifes and contentions, idolatry and hypocrisy, frivolities and immoralities, brutalities and bloodsheds?

Examine what Biblical epoch we please, making all due allowance for exceptional characters of high religious merit, there is not one age among them all, whose religion is superior or even equal to ours of the present day. Not one of us to-day would think human or animal sacrifices acceptable to God. Not one of us to-day would think it religious to offer unto God a hymn, in which He is supplicated to make the enemies of the writer fugitives and vagabonds and beggars. Not one of us to-day who would not denounce as sacrilegious the frequent Biblical representation of God as a cruel and revengeful tyrant, as aiding people in their lying and cheating, in their robbing and murdering.

It may be those good old days, when pure religion reigned in the hearts and minds of all men, do not go as far back as Biblical times. Perhaps we may find them in Post-Biblical times, possibly during the *Dark and Middle-Ages*.

Mediaeval religion compared with the present.

Nay, nay, it is impossible that we can be referred to these ages as models to pattern our religion after. But a little examination suffices to convince us that those ages, in which ignorance and credulity, rite and ceremony, mysticism and asceticism, creed without deed, intolerance and excommunication, inquisition and torture, stake and massacre, served as forms and expressions of religion, during which the clergy themselves publicly indulged in licentiousness, bribery, tyranny, murder, and for money granted indulgences, and pledged immunity from all penalty, here and hereafter, to the worst of criminals, such ages cannot possibly be set up as superior or even equal to ours.

That of the Puritanic Age compared with the present.

Perhaps we are not to go as far back as these ages for our religious ideal. Possibly the *Puritanic Age* of our own country, of a century or two ago, is meant to be the model we shall pattern after. It cannot be. No rational being could advocate their stern type of religion as the ideal devoutly to be wished to-day. No true American would to-day willingly submit to that Puritanic tyranny that made man the slave of religion, that took charge of the soul at the moment of birth and relinquished not its hold till after death, that made Biblical statutes and institutions, intended for different times and climes and peoples, its unerring Code of Laws, and under its jurisdiction granted no one the right of independent belief and action, made the support of the church, and attendance at worship, compulsory, under the penalty of heavy fines, held every relationship of life, such as "affairs of the heart," dress, food, expenditure, subject to its scrutiny, to its approval or refusal, tolerated no place for public game or amusement. Few, if any, would relish to-day that Puritanic mode of Sabbath observance, that turned the weekly Day of Rest into a day of distressing hardship, on which no other loud sound was to be heard save that of the preacher's, nor other walk taken save that between church and home, on which no horse or cart could pass to or from the city after sunset of Saturday, on which work of any kind was punished with public whipping and confinement in a public cage, on which speaking above a whisper, or laughing, or smiling, or even wearing a pleased expression, was held to be a grievous sin, and reported by the constables and tithingmen, who kept a sharp look-out for Sabbath-breakers. Few would relish to-day that fanaticism, which publicly burnt harmless women as accomplices of the devil, which punished believers in other faiths with imprisonment, banishment, and execution, which taught the faithful, that: one of their delights in the Hereafter "would be the satisfaction of witnessing the sufferings of the damned."

The ideal religion not to be found in the past.

Neither in Biblical or in Post-Biblical times, neither among the ancient or mediæval or more recent peoples, do we find that ideal state, we hear so much preached about, in which the people were all saints, all pure, all God-fearing and their fellowmen-loving, in which all loved peace and pursued it, and showed good-will towards all. The nearest approach to such an ideal state is our present age. Never in all the past has man worshipped God so rationally,

and loved his fellowman so truly; never has Superstition pervaded religion so little and Reason so much; never has creed been so thoroughly permeated with good deed, never has religion been such a delight, so free from oppressive burdens and from agonizing fears; never have churches been so numerous, and religious literature so abundant, and worshippers so well read, and clergymen so well taught; never has man been so tolerant towards holders of other creeds, or so eager for the truth, and the whole truth, as at the present day. Knowing, therefore, that, in point of true religion, our age is superior to every age that has preceded it, why the New Year should be ushered in with a week of wailing and lamentation over our degeneracy from a past state of perfection, which never had existence anywhere, is a problem beyond my power of solution, probably also beyond theirs.

It may be that it is not so much our want of religion that alarms these pious souls as our want of good morals. God knows, I am far from believing that our age is morally perfect, but when were the morals of people better, or even as good? At which ushering in of a new year had people more occasion for rejoicing over the vast forward strides in morality than we had during the midnight hour of Thursday last? When was mankind nearer to the time of Universal Peace and Good Will? Never was the earth's population as large; never were the nations as well equipped for war; never was transportation as easy and as safe, as at present, and yet the new year brought with it no such fears of cruel wars as it brought in times past, no such tearful memories of bloodshed and pillage, of ruin and outrage, and of famine and epidemic that followed their train. In what age had the ruler so little power, and the subject so much, as at the present? When could the citizen speak his mind so freely, or publish his thought to the world so fearlessly, as at the present time? When were peoples' necks less inclined to bow, and their knees to bend low, before the pomp of royalty? When was government so much concerned about the peace and culture, the industry and well-doing, of the people, as at the present time?

Never before were men as free as now.

And when fared the people better than at the present? Was it in the past, when might and not right ruled, when only the soldier's calling was regarded honorable, and only the priest's deemed profitable, when the hard labor of peasant and mechanic brought the laborer scarcely the scant morsel of bread as a return, when the people—their body and soul, their labor and all their possessions—were the property of their rulers, who could rob or sell or mortgage them and their labor, at their pleasure? Was it in the past, when king and lord, when baron and bishop lived amidst revel and riot, in palaces and castles, while the people eked out a miserable existence in the floor-less and window-less, and chimney-less, and almost furniture-less huts?

Never before was the present as happy.

To-day the peasant lifts his head as proudly as then the richest lord, and his service to humanity is more honored than was that of even the most valiant soldier in the past. To-day his sweetly-nesting cottage

among the vine-clad hills or fruit-laden orchards or fragrant garden-beds, his carpet on the floor, the piano in his parlor, the lace-curtains at the window, the pictures on the wall, the books on his table, the elegant team in which he drives his family, dressed in costly fabrics, to church, show a prosperity, a comfort, an elegance, such as even feudal lords in times gone by never enjoyed.

To-day, the laborer's labor and its reward are all his own. No potentate can rob him of the fruit of his own handiwork. His earnings are greater than ever they were in the past, while steam and mechanical appliances have greatly lessened the drudgery and hardship of his toil. Street-car and Rail-road conveniences take him to, and bring him back from, his distant field of labor for a small sum. Thousands of them own their own cosy little homes, and hundreds of thousands are in the enjoyment of home comforts, that were not even dreamed of in the days gone by, that not even the richest enjoyed a century or even half a century ago. The water climbs to, and descends from, his very room. The post-man brings his mail to, and takes it from, his door. The police patrols his square, and enables him to sink to sleep with little fear of thief or fire. Paved, and clean-swept, and brilliantly-illumined streets, lead to his very house. By the light of gas or electricity he peruses the latest evening paper, and informs himself of the doings of the world. Free Circulating Libraries, Reading-Rooms, Night Schools, Public Baths, Gymnasiums, in his immediate vicinity, give him opportunity to cultivate his mind, and to recreate his body, while to his children the most liberal means for a thorough education in every branch of modern learning is afforded, mostly free of all expense.

Or the laborer as richly rewarded.

And when were such elaborate provisions made for the unfortunate as at the present time? When did such palatial Hospitals and Homes and Asylums and Institutes raise their heads, and in such large numbers, and when were such princely endowments and bequests made for their support? When was such all-pervading interest manifested, and such personal service rendered, even by the wealthiest, in relieving the poor, in healing the sick, in sheltering the homeless, in caring for the aged and infirm, in making corrective and penal institutes as comfortable as under the circumstances is possible? Compare our modern provisions for the poor with former Poor Laws; our modern efforts of turning vagabonds into useful laborers with that in vogue even as late as the time of Queen Elizabeth,* of depriving them, by means of the Guild-system, of all chances of employment, and then hanging them, by the hundreds, for not being employed. Compare our modern treatment of the insane, and our modern prison-system with the inhuman treatment of former times. Contrast our Eastern Penitentiary, for instance, with the underground prison near Simsbury, in the State of Connecticut, of less than a century ago, in an old mining-pit, where a shaft and a ladder served as

Never such ample provisions for the unfortunate.

* Creighton: *The Age of Elizabeth*, Bk. vii, Chap. i.

passage-way, and dark caverns in the sides of the hill, from whose tops and sides water constantly dripped, served as cells, whose sole furniture was a heap of straw, in which the prisoner lay with feet fastened to a bar of iron, and with necks chained to beams above, which reeked with filth, diseased the strong, maddened the sane, and turned saints into devils; or with the dungeons for prisoners and insane in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, less than a century ago, that were lower than man's height, window-less and chimney-less, the little light and air that entered them forced to squeeze themselves through small holes and narrow cracks, and where but a short stay sufficed to make a corpse of him that entered it.*

Possibly it is the morality of our social life, or rather the want of it, that gives these pious alarmists so much concern since the advent of this present year. The morality of our social life leaves much to wish for, it is true, but where and when has society occupied a more elevated plane of morality than we occupy at present in the United States.

Never our social life as pure.

Surely not in Palestine, during Biblical times, when many of its most illustrious personages were the slaves of unbridled sensuality, and were faithfully aped by people in the lower walks of life.

Nor among the Greeks and Romans, in the days of their belief in amatory and intriguing gods and goddesses, or when they celebrated their Bacchanalian rites and orgies, or Eleusinian and Floralian feasts, or when they delighted in Epicureanism and Gladiatorial shows.

Nor in mediæval times, among the feudal lords and their retinues, who lived by open pillage and bloodshed, and who, when not engaged in piracy, passed their days and nights amidst the vilest profligacies and debaucheries. Nor in the later times, of Tudor wife-divorces and -executions, and Stuart husband murders, of court revels and riots, intrigues and scandals, duels and assassinations; or in the yet later times, when drunkenness and ribaldry, ruinous extravagancies and gambling, were the common practices of even the upper classes, often not even excluding the clergy itself.

Nor among the upper classes in our own country a century or so ago, when drunkenness and coarseness was the common vice, when men did a thriving business with human beings as merchandise, when the right of owning slaves, and of turning them into beasts of burden, was sanctioned even by the church, when such eminent statesmen as Hamilton and Burr deemed it honorable to face each other in fatal duel, when men like Washington and Jefferson were subjected to attacks, which in slander and malice exceed anything attempted or known to-day.

Not one of all these ages was morally the superior of ours. In not one of them prevailed such high degree of social purity, of public decency, of respectful regard for woman, as at the present time. In our own city, a century ago, not even man was safe on the public streets after dark, now woman may walk, unattended, with considerable safety.

* Described in Carnegie's "*Triumphant Democracy*," Chap. viii.

Where princes and statesmen not many years ago could trample with impunity the laws of morality under foot, the Dilkes' and Parnels' and Wales' of our day, have found that all their brilliancy and former popularity could not save them from defeat and contempt, when the public passed judgment upon them for thinking that the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule have no place in politics.

To-Day better than Yesterday.

Look at our age from whatever standpoint we may, compare it with what former age we please, we fail to discover a reason anywhere to justify the ushering in of the present year with a week of wailing and lamentation over the degeneracy of our time. Far more rationally acted they, who parted from the old year with thanksgiving on their lips, and greeted the new with welcome smiles. Away with tears! Away with fears! We are not degenerating. We are fast striding forwards, onwards, upwards. We are the heirs of all the good of all the past, and are adding to it much good of our own. We are shedding the brute, and are donning the garb of the god-like. The Golden Age is before, and not behind us. "What's past is the prologue" of the glorious scene the future shall enact. Each year adds its portion, each day its mite. To-Day is better than Yesterday.

To-morrow will be better than to-day.

And To-Morrow will be better than To-Day. The year 1892 is the fruition of the year 1492. 'Ere the third thousand centuries shall have dawned many of the worriments and perplexities, of the pains and asperities, of to-day will have passed away, and many of our present hopes and aspirations will have become realities. We must not falter, if at times, our ascent be not perceptible, if persecutions such as those of the Russian, and some phases of the modern Labor problem, seem to indicate decline. One never discovers a gradual upward grade while looking down upon the rails. Often the climber along some lofty mountain-side disappears, on his circuitous path, to the on-looker below. His winding upward road makes now and then short descents. It is only to make the subsequent ascent easier and surer. Soon the path leads upward again. Soon the climber is in full sight again. Circuitous though our road be, though now and then our upward path may wind down a piece, we are climbing; we are ascending. Science is helping us much, philanthropy more, education most. The goal is almost in sight.

"There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The pen shall supersede the sword:
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord
In the good time coming.
Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger:
The proper impulse has been given,—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,—
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger:
'Twill be strong enough one day,—
Wait a little longer."

CHARLES MACKEY.

Wanted—A Rational Religious School.

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

January 10th, 1892,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRESS OF S. W. GOODMAN, No. 116 NORTH THIRD STREET
1892.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion.
8. Delusion.
9. Hallucination.
10. Jesus in the Synagogue.
11. To-Day better than Yesterday.
12. Wanted—A Rational Religious School.
13. Civilization's Debt to Woman.
14.
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SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward.
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza-Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

SERIES II. 1888—1889.

1. Whence, Whither and Why?
2. The Voice of the People.
3. Uncharitable Charity.
4. Wife and Mother.
5. Husband and Father.
6. Origin and Descent.
7. The People of the Book.
8. Future Reward and Punishment.
9. The Ideal Commonwealth.
10. The Puritanic Sabbath.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM:

11. I. The Mosaic Age.
12. II. The Prophetic Age.
13. III. The Messianic Age.
14. IV. The Rabbinical Age.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM CONTINUED:

15. V. The Kabbalistic Age.
16. VI. The Mendelssohnian Age.
17. VII. The Present Age.
18. Ashes to Ashes, or Earth to Earth.
19. Sanitary Science.
20. Does Prohibition Prohibit?
21. Intermarriage.
22. Convert your own—Let Jews alone.
23. The 25th Anniversary of the Cornerstone-Laying of Temple Keneseth Israel.
24. Abused Benefactors.
25. A Benefactor Honored, (Rev. Dr. I. M. Wise)
26. The Real Saving Trinity.
27. The Removal of the Leaven.
28. Deed through Creed.

Wanted—A Rational Religious School.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, Jan'y 10th, 1892.

Carlyle was a literary star of our age, and one of wondrous brilliancy and magnitude. His writings compare favorably with the best that English, or any other, Literature has produced. Unconsciousness of the worth of his work cannot be charged to him. His is not a posthumous fame. He lived to see himself honored at home and abroad, to see the brilliant galaxy of literary men of his age encircle him as their central sun. And yet, he it was, who told the students of the University of Edinburg, in his Inaugural Address as Rector, that there were ten pages in Goethe's "*Wilhelm Meister's Travels*," which, ever since he had read and translated them, 'have dwelt in his mind as perhaps the most remarkable bit of writing executed in these late centuries, which he would rather have written, or have been able to write, than have written all the books that have appeared since he came into the world.'*

Carlyle's praise of Goethe's "*Wilhelm Meister's Travels.*"

This is an astounding utterance for a man, whose writings rank among the ablest in an age, remarkable for many really wonderful literary productions. As translator of "*Wilhelm Meister*," he must have known whereof he spoke. It could not have been an ebullition of youthful infatuation, for he stood in the very zenith of his fame and life, when he uttered these words. Nor could it have been one of those thoughtless exaggerations or compliments, of which even the most learned are occasionally guilty, for it was spoken by one, not much given to praising, far away from Germany, when Goethe was no more, on a serious occasion, before a learned body, and with a serious end in view. As that "remarkable bit of writing" is contained within but ten short pages, it may be worth our while, to aquaint ourselves with what there is taught.

It is indeed "a remarkable bit of writing." It deals with the character-building of youth, and gives Goethe's ideas as to the best methods to be pursued for laying a religious and moral foundation in the unfolding heart and mind. It is a scheme of mute education,—based on deeds, not words, on practice not profession, on symbols suggestive of comprehensible and practical ideas, not on a mass of memorized creeds, dogmas, abstruse definitions of incomprehensible abstractions.

That praise based on the educational system there unfolded.

To three of the world's wisest men the young pupils of an educational institute are sacredly entrusted for the most responsible of all tasks, that of training soul and heart, mind and hand, for honorable and useful

* Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, *Inaugural Address.*

careers. Their method is not that machine-training, that adopts the same iron-bound rule for all pupils alike. They have an eye on the pupil's aptitude. Wilhelm leaves his son there to pursue one of the learned courses; upon his return he finds him a horseman. They never spoil a good groom, or farmer, or mechanic, by permitting him to become a failure as a scholar or as a professionalist. They encourage individuality and independence, by avoiding uniforms and the like. They develop a cheerful spirit by opening and interspersing every exercise and occupation with acquired and impromptu songs, whose melodies harmonize with the kind of work upon which the pupils are engaged.

But above all their attention to aptitude, independence, to proficiency in the trades, arts, and sciences, is the care they bestow upon the man himself, upon fitting him for the mission which he must fill as a social being, upon making him a joyful believer in God, a grateful recipient of His good as well as of His evil, a helpful brother to his fellowman. This branch of their training they base wholly on *Reverence*, which, they observe, "no child brings into the world with him; and yet it is on this one thing that all depends for making man in every point a man." They develop it by making the pupils perform as salutations, and in their various exercises, three kinds of mute gestures. The youngest lay their arms crosswise over their breasts, and look cheerfully up to the sky; those of middle size fold their hands on their backs, and look smiling on the ground; the eldest, with a frank and spirited air, with arms down, turn their heads to the right, and form a solid line with their class-mates. Their explanation of these mute gestures is as follows:

Education based on Reverence.

"We inculcate a threefold reverence, which, when commingled and formed into one whole attains its highest force and effect. The first is reverence for what is above us. That posture, the arms crossed over the breast, the look turned joyfully towards heaven: that is what we have enjoined on young children; requiring from them thereby a testimony that there is a God above, who images and reveals himself in parents, teachers, superiors. Then comes the second: reverence for what is under us. Those hands folded over the back, and, as it were, tied together, that down-turned smiling look, announce that we are to regard the earth with attention and cheerfulness: from the bounty of the earth we are nourished; the earth affords unutterable joys; but disproportionate sorrows she also brings us. Should one of our children do himself external hurt; then let him well consider it; for such dangers will attend him all his days. But from this posture we delay not to free our pupil, the instance we become convinced that the instruction connected with it has produced sufficient influence on him. Then, on the contrary, we bid him gather courage, and turning to his comrades, range himself along with them. Now, at last, he stands forth, frank and bold; not selfishly isolated; only in combination with his equals does he front the world."*

Besides the mute gesture of reverence, they call History into the service of character-building. This is not taught by the dry text-book system, or the yet drier process of memorizing strings of names and dates, but likewise by the mute process, by means of vivid historical paintings, hung along the walls of galleries, which, with the aid of the eye, stamp themselves indelibly on the brain, and instruct and awe the mind, and warm and mould the heart. As the pattern-figure, to which the History

* Goethe's "*Wilhelm Meister Wanderjahre*," Bk. II, Chap. i; Carlyle's Translation.

of others only serve as a frame, they set up the Bible, the History of the Israelitish Nation, because (although not unmindful of the heathen elements and bad characters found among them) of their unequalled cohesion, steadfastness, valor, endurance, because "it is the most perseverant nation in the world: it is, it was, and will be; to glorify the name of Jehovah through all ages," because at the Ethnic judgment-seat, at the judgment-seat of the God of Nations, that people is the best that has endured the most, lasted longest, continued to this day.*

In these days of little or no place for religious training on the curriculum of studies of the higher seats of learning, this enthusiasm of Carlyle over a system of education, that has character and usefulness for its sole end, and uses Reverence and the Bible as the most potent means to that end, is indeed strange. Stranger still is the place where, and the people to whom, this ideal was held up for adoption and imitation. Its rostrum was not the pulpit; its auditors not pupils of Sunday School or Kindergarten. It is the utterance of, and the endorsement by, two of the world's greatest minds. It was written by the one for students, and quoted by the other to students of one of the most learned Universities of all the world, and in Scotland, too, where reverence and use of the Bible as a moral teacher had already found a warm place in the hearts of the people.

It is not, however, for its strangeness that I have introduced it here, but because it has a timely lesson to impart to us Americans, who proverbially lack in reverence, who have no Bible, or a false use of the Bible, connected with our secular education, and who employ systems and teachers for character-building that are almost the opposite of those advocated by Goethe, and enthusiastically endorsed by Carlyle.

Need of the character-building system of education among ourselves.

I have no fault to find with the removal of the Bible from our Secular Schools. In a country of a non-sectarian form of government like ours, and where people are in the habit of regarding the Bible as of divine authorship, and of giving all its words literal meanings, and of making it the basis of their peculiar denominational differences, the critical use of the Bible in secular schools, could not but give rise to serious difficulties, if not threaten the peace and perpetuity of the Nation.

Besides, the Branches of Learning are now so very numerous that the secular schools have all they can do to cope with them; and since Division of Labor is as efficient in the realm of mind as in the field of physical toil, it is well that Secular Schools confine themselves to unfolding the mind, and Sectarian Schools to unfolding the heart and developing the character.

But, having undertaken the character-building work, we have the right to demand of our Sectarian Schools that they do this work faithfully and efficiently. We have a right to protest against those rote-and parrot-systems, those dry and repellant text-book and catechism methods of inculcating religion and morality, that tend more towards training

* *Idem*, Chap. ii.

irreverence than reverence, irreligion than religion, that drive youth from the church rather than draw it towards it. We have a right to protest against leaving this most vital branch of all training, without which all other training avails nothing, on which the happiness of the individual, the progress of society, the welfare of the nations, is based, to the mechanical routine and fancies and experiments and blunders of teachers unqualified, untrained, unfit.

Goethe, as we have seen, requires for the work of character-building three of the wisest men discoverable in the world. Prof. Bain declares in his learned work on "*Education as a Science*" that 'the difficulties of moral teaching exceed in every way the difficulties of intellectual teaching, that there is a natural repugnance in human nature against moral teaching, that pupils would much rather be instructed in knowledge than be lectured on virtue,' and, therefore, the greatest skill and knowledge of human nature is required for turning such repugnance into liking, and only the naturally endowed and thoroughly qualified teacher can hope to succeed as a moulder of a truly good character.*

Teaching of morality the hardest of all.

Our Religious Schools, however, operate on a different plan altogether. Instead of regarding it the most difficult, nearly all of them show by their action that they think it the easiest of all teaching. Instead of requiring the wisest men discoverable in the world, they act on the principle that almost any one will do, who can read and write, and who has the time and willingness to take charge of a Sabbath School class, especially without pay. To girls scarcely out of their teens, almost children themselves, with little knowledge of human nature, with less experience, often with little character, often totally ignorant of the first rudiments of the science of education, of drawing out of heart and soul that which is noblest in them, often resorting to Sabbath School teaching: to oblige the preacher or superintendent, or as a means of entrance into society, or as a convenient source from which to draw their pin-money, or to indulge a morbidly religious or emotional nature, to such teachers we very often entrust the character-building of our boys and girls, of our children, for whom we toil and drudge that they may some day become men and women of noble character and blessed usefulness. To men with mysterious careers behind them, and with present questionable practices; who have failed in other callings, and need bolstering up; who have social or political or professional or other mercinary ambitions, to men, such as these, we often entrust the innocent hearts and souls of our children, in the belief that all that is required to develop a noble character in our children is to place them, once or twice a week, into the hands of anyone, who can talk glibly of salvation, and drop cant from his lips, and read the Bible, and make the children memorize whole pages of the catechism.

We proceed on the principle that it is the easiest.

The consequences of our false methods are unmistakable. For vast numbers of our younger children the Sabbath School is uninviting, if not

* Chap. xii.

a torture. They attend it under compulsion or bribery, and stay in their classes much against their will. Finding the work in the usually gloomy basement rooms uninteresting, and their tasks irksome, not a few of them vent their disgust in numerous mischiefs and tricks, that annoy the teacher and disturb the class. Many a child has acquired more cunning and fraud and deception in the Sabbath School than ever it learned of honor and honesty. As for the elder boys and girls, for them it is often a convenient *rendez vous*, and its indulgence is purchased at the expense of a considerable amount of hypocrisy and shrewdness. Many a boy and many a girl might have been morally better and religiously purer, had they kept away from Sabbath School altogether, and contented themselves with the crumbs of morality and religion that fell from the family table at home, or from the pulpit in their church.

Consequently, our Sabbath Schools either a torture.

Even they, who attend with pleasure, and who diligently master the instruction imparted, what is all they have acquired but a mass of words, words, and little else but words. They may astonish their elders at the examinations with their proficiency in foreign languages and Biblical lore, in rattling off the creeds, in telling the whole catechism by heart, from end to end, in defining the most abstruse theological dogmas, and yet, with all their stupendous knowledge, have occasion to say with Goethe's *Faust*:

Or a failure as a character-builder.

"I've studied now . . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . Theology,—
From end to end, with labor keen;
And here, poor fool! with all my lore
I stand, no wiser, than before."*

A year or so later, and the foreign language is forgotten, and the catechism, too, and so also the long string of names and dates of the Judges, Kings, and Prophets, and just enough of Bible stories are remembered to furnish material for sport or skepticism. There may be drawerfuls of "Cards of Merit" in the house, a diploma on the wall, a medal on the breast, but little evidence that a character has been built up, that reverence for God and man has been inculcated, that a foundation has been laid to honor and honesty and purity and blessed usefulness, that shall wreathe as a precious diadem the secular knowledge acquired, and which neither time, nor trial, nor temptation shall extinguish or blemish.

'Tis time we realize the seriousness of this question, and give the character-building of our children the attention we now give to mind-building. Mind-culture without accompanying heart- and soul-culture is a luxury purchased at a ruinous cost. The luxuries of education are only enjoyable when the staples have been plentifully provided for. It is a poor housekeeper that lavishes all her means and care on the parlor, and gives poverty and filth free rein in the other rooms of the house. They are shams and frauds, whose external attire of silk and satin and broad-

Of what benefit is mind-culture without character?

* Act I, Sc. I, Bayard Taylor's Translation.

cloath hide a multitude of rags and tatters and dirt beneath. 'Tis time we realize that the proper training of heart and soul is *the* education, the hardest, the most necessary, and if neglected, will make even the most thorough proficiency in the other branches of little or no avail. What benefits it, if one's wonderful mastery of mathematics only aids him to become a defaulter? What benefits it, if one's dexterous penmanship only helps him to become a counterfeiter? What benefits it, if one's chemical skill only aids him to become a death-dispensing adulterator of food? What benefits it, if one have mastered half a dozen languages, if he cannot speak one kind, cheerful, sympathetic word in one? What benefits it, that the tongue be all aglow with French phrases and Italian songs and classic recitations, if the heart is cold, and the soul dead. Ten thousand times rather a heart reverent, a soul devout, a character noble,—without Education, than a most brilliant mind linked to an ignoble character.

Children may not escape, though parents have.

Parents have a way of dismissing the question of the character-building of their children with some such remark as this: "I have had no better training myself, and I am none the worse for it." Perhaps you are not, because you yourself are witness, judge and jury. And might you not have been better to-day, had you had a proper moral training? And even if you are none the worse for false or no moral training, can you tell how much environment has done to save your character? Can you tell what influence less fortunate environment may have on your children, whom religion and morality have not steeled against temptation, vice, despair?

Experience a good teacher, but often too late.

Other parents content themselves with saying: "Oh, it will come of itself; experience is the best of all teachers." As to the spontaneous growth of character, I believe with the three wise men in charge of Goethe's ideal educational system, who remark that "well-formed, healthy children bring much into the world with them. Nature has given to each whatever he requires for time and duration; to unfold this is our duty: often it unfolds itself better of its own accord. One thing there is, however, which no child brings into the world with him; and yet it is on this one thing that all depends for making man in every point a man." That one thing is Reverence for God and Man, and this the basis of character. As to experience, it is, indeed, an excellent teacher, but one that unfortunately often comes too late to be of good to the particular individual. One certainly learns to keep out of the cold and wet after hovering between life and death, and suffering tortures for many weeks, in consequence of his indiscretion. But how much better it would have been to have avoided the indiscretion at first, and escaped the danger and the suffering. The young mother certainly learns by the loss of her first babe, how to better care for the life and health of her second. But had she had the knowledge to start with, she might not have had need of her painful experience, her first bud might have been living, and much suffering might have been spared to both. Spendthrifts of health and wealth,

the reckless and vicious and criminal, unquestionably find penitentiary and hospital and almshouse a powerful teacher, powerful enough, perhaps, to cure them forever of their evil propensities. But how much better would it have been, had they entered the public arena with a character safe guarded by religion and morality, and spared themselves and their families shame and sorrow and suffering.

Other parents say: "Time enough for Religion and Morality when the children are old enough to choose their own church and their own teachers." This were a commendable course, if uncorrupted childhood were not the fittest, if not the only, time for character-building, for planting the seeds of religion and morality, every neglected day of which, not whole years in later life can repair. This were a commendable course, if, by some means or other, the Law of Human Nature could suddenly be made inoperative, if we could prevent the child's heart and soul from becoming permanently influenced, for good or evil, by what it hears, sees, learns, if we could prevent its habits from forming, its beliefs and ideas from crystallizing into rigid and unchangeable forms. This were a commendable course did we not know that it is easier to grow pretty flower-beds, on ground on which spreading and troublesome weeds were not allowed to make headway, than to grow them where the weeds were suffered to root themselves deep and grow rank for years; did we not know that as the iron can be moulded to whatever shape we please only when hot, as the tree can be bent into whatever form desired, only when young, so can heart and soul of man best be turned and moulded into permanent shapes and forms, during the days of impressionable and plastic childhood.

Deferring means destroying.

I shall not touch upon the part that parents might take in the character-building of their children. It is the character-building school that concerns us to-day. Parents can do much in the way of preparing the soil, but more than this the fewest only can hope to accomplish. The later training is the difficult task of specialists, of men and women specially endowed and trained and qualified and consecrated to deal with what is holiest in man, to imbue heart and soul with reverence, affection and benevolence. Such teachers, alas! are rare, and rare they will continue to be until society will learn to appreciate how much ill and woe, wrong and suffering, vice and crime, it would escape, and how much it would augment its blessings, were it to regard the founding and endowing institutions for the training of character-builders as important as it regards building and maintaining costly institutions for keeping, and training physicians and lawyers and soldiers for dealing with, the results of its criminal neglects.

Character-building the task of a trained specialist.

Yet, while it may not be in our power to secure the proper character-builders, there is something we can do towards introducing a character-building system in our Sectarian Schools. There is much in Goethe's system, that we can adopt with profit. We can introduce its bountiful art and plentiful song to refine, ennoble, elevate, cheer, the character of the child, and awaken early a love for the beautiful and cheerful. Art and song must stand at the very

Till he comes, we might remove the gloom.

entrance of character-building. They act like the magical *Open sesame!* upon the child's heart, and once win its heart, and you will soon have also its soul and mind wherewith to mould a beautiful character. Let the attractive precede the useful, and soon the useful will also become attractive. Remove the repellent gloom from Sabbath School room. Mistake not the church for a cemetery, and Sabbath School instruction for a funeral service. Think not that He, who looks upon us through millions of glittering stars and beautiful flowers, who decks the earth with a velvety carpet of green, and sprinkles it with myriads of diamond-dew drops, who tips the hills and clouds with gold and crimson, and paints the fields and orchards with glorious yellow and red, and makes forest and meadow resonant with the joyous song of bird, think not that He, who thus surrounds us with the beautiful, is pleased with the gloom and grave faces and sombre voices, which so many think a befitting garb for religion. Decorate your Sabbath School room with flowers. Ornament it with busts and pictures of men and scenes, that mutely tell of great deeds done for civilization, of great benefits conferred upon humanity, and one such bust, one such picture, with a moral story in it, or deducible from it, will be worth a library of books, and all the catechisms that have ever been written, as a character-builder.

Do away with the Hebrew, the German, the Latin, or whatever other foreign language you impose upon the helpless pupil. Your Secular School or Seminary, not your Religious School, is the place for foreign languages. They have no place in the economy of character-building. There is no inherent virtue in foreign letters or characters. One may be a master of Hebrew or Latin, and yet be a rogue; another may scarcely know his mother-tongue, and yet be an exemplary character. Fret not yourself about God only understanding your prayer in the Holy Tongue. Every prayer that bubbles up from a pure heart and from a sincere soul is holy, even if uttered in no tongue. Stoutly offer your prayer in the language you know best, in which you feel the deepest, which issues from the living fountains of the heart; the rest you may safely leave to God.

And do away with foreign language.

Substitute Goethe's method of character-building by imparting religious knowledge and feeling through object-lessons. Base the religious training of your children upon his *Three Reverences*. Teach the youngest *to look up*. They are not yet old enough to think deep, or to do; but they are not too young to see, to hear, to feel, to be impressed. Satisfy the thousand questions they have to ask about God, and arouse a thousand others, by pointing out to them the proofs of God's omnipresence, power and goodness. Teach them to see God in His handiwork, in the spangled vault of heaven, in the setting sun, in the silvery crescent, in the storm-chased clouds, in the roaring thunder, in the many-colored rainbow, till they are awed and humbled, till they fold their arms across their breasts almost instinctively, and reverentially and worshipfully look up to Him, from whom all these wonders flow.

Teach by the mute process; the youngest to *look up*.

Teach them next to look up to their parents, superiors, to the great and good men of all nations and peoples, as being the persons placed on earth in God's stead, to provide them with their needs and wants and comforts and pleasures, to protect them against evil, to love and to teach them, and deep in their hearts will be stored away rich treasures of reverence for God and man that will abide with them through life.

Biography and History, pictorially or orally taught, will prove valuable aids in the primary instruction, and best of all, the Bible, owing to the reverence that clings to it, and the quaintness and simplicity of its style. But beware of making an idol or a talisman of it, or to speak of it as a supernatural or an infallible book, or to convey the idea that the mere reading of it already constitutes a virtuous and a God-pleasing act. There is no more virtue in merely reading the Bible than in reading Dante's "*Inferno*." Virtue lies in imitating the noble examples set, and in shunning the ignoble taught therein. Be honest enough to say with Goethe that there are heathen and fictitious elements, and bad traits in the Bible. Deny it or conceal it, and they will soon find it out for themselves, and doubt the truth of and become disgusted with, all of it. Never condone any of its vices and crimes, because connected with an illustrious Biblical personage. A fraud is a fraud, whether committed by a Patriarch of the Bible or by a wooden nutmeg-making Yankee, and a murder is a heinous crime, whether committed by a Palestinian or by a European King. Think not that an immoral chapter is less offensive and less injurious, when read from the Bible, than from one of Balzac's novels. In making the choice selections of the Bible the commencement and centre of your primary instruction in character-building, fall not into the error of teaching it to the children as History. History is a secular study, and has no place in a Religious School, and among little children. Teach it as character-sketches, the good to be emulated, and the evil to be avoided. And, in imitation of Goethe's model, neglect not to introduce other beautiful character-sketches from other Bibles and Histories, wherewith to strengthen the moral excellencies, and to correct deficiencies, of your own, and above all to inculcate early in the heart of the children the lesson of tolerance, the lesson that virtue is not the monopoly of one particular people, but the attribute of all cultured humanity.

How the Bible is to be used.

Having acquired the habit of looking up reverentially to God, and to those in whose excellence His is imaged, and having reached the years of greater mental development, teach your children next the second reverence: that of joyfully *looking down*.

Let the fruit-laden fields and orchards, the rich forests and the cattle-studded pasture lands, the irrigating streams and the mineral-treasuring depths, teach their mute, yet eloquent, lesson of the ample provision God has made for the sustenance of life, and for the maintenance of its joys and comforts. Let these also teach that not for enjoyment alone has man been placed on earth, but also to labor for the gradual evolution from the brute to the god-like. Let the occasional sorrows and sufferings lead to the thought, that He, who has so wisely provided for man's needs, would not permit the existence of

Teach the next oldest to *look down*.

evil, if it did not subserve some beneficial purpose, perhaps to stimulate mind and energy to finally triumph over it, and to come into the possession of yet undreamed blessings, perhaps to guard man against excessive indulgence of the pleasures of life, against brutalizing his divine nature, keeping him thus in a spirit of healthful occupation, of temperate enjoyment, of humbleness and gratitude, of constant spiritual development. And let it be your constant care to keep that spirit alive in your children. Foster it, by bringing them into frequent and joyful communionship with nature. When sowing-time comes, give them a *Sowing Festival;* a *Harvest Festival* at harvesting time. In the spring, when the flowers stand in their glory, give them a *Floral Festival;* when the birds sing their sweetest lays, give them their *Festival of Song*. Take them often to forest and field, to hill and dale, and, there, let mineral point its moral, and plant preach its sermon, and animal teach its moral. The nearer you bring your child to nature the nearer you bring it to God.

Well rooted in these two reverences, in that of *looking up* and *looking down*, the minds and bodies of the children having in the mean time sufficiently developed, enter next upon the third, that of *looking about*, that of arraying themselves with their fellow-beings for noble service to humanity. At the commencement of the self-directing period of life, let the child learn that man is a social being, dependent for his health, peace, and welfare, upon the character and service of his fellow-beings, and they upon his, and that the greatest good of all is dependent on each doing his best and utmost in curbing his own evil propensities, and in furthering the others' good. This instruction is not to be given by the catechism- or text-book-memorizing process, but by the more powerful system of *mute object-lesson*. Let the child *look about* and see for itself the wrong it might right, the suffering it might allay, the ignorance it might teach, the evil it must shun, the good it must aid. Let it visit the Ancient Museums, and see how much all the past has labored to make the present better; and let it enter our Halls of Industry, and see what is done, and must yet be done, to make our and others' future brighter. Let it enter the Alms House, and see the fruit of improvidence, of thriftlessness and shiftlessness; the Inebriate Asylum, and see the consequences of drunkenness and dissipation; the House of Correction, the Penitentiary, and see the end of disobedience, selfishness, greed, temper, fraud. Let it visit the Districts of the Poor, see its misery, and have pity teach it, how, though young, it might do something, by putting aside a penny, a garment, a morsel, or do a little sewing, now and then, for the benefit of the poor. Let it visit the Hospital Wards, and have sympathy teach it, how it might make the sad lot of the sufferers a little more comfortable by occasionally placing a bunch of flowers, or a good book on their table, or by reading aloud to them, steal, for a little spell, the patient's mind from his aches and wounds. Let it visit the cemetery, and have the mute grave, or the silent urn, preach: the end of all, the hope that at its portal another life may begin where here it leaves off, whose joy and perfection may be commensurate with its development while on earth.

And the oldest teach to *look about.*

So let us train our children, so let us conduct our Religious Schools, and we will build up characters: reverential, worshipful, nobly useful. We will train up men and women loving the true, the good, the beautiful, knowing the right, feeling for their fellowmen, and doing their utmost to further their good. Then will we labor in the spirit of what our own Daniel Webster so eloquently taught: "If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellowmen, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity."

Civilization's Debt to Woman,

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

January 17th, 1892,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

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SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
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5. Darkness before the Dawn.
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7. Illusion.
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10. Jesus in the Synagogue.
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12. Wanted—A Rational Religious School.
13. Civilization's Debt to Woman.
14. Civilization's Duty to Woman.
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8. Among the Immortals.
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Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

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12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza-Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
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26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

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2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
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5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
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17. Living for Others.
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21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
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26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

SERIES II. 1888—1889.

1. Whence, Whither and Why?
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3. Uncharitable Charity.
4. Wife and Mother.
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6. Origin and Descent.
7. The People of the Book.
8. Future Reward and Punishment.
9. The Ideal Commonwealth.
10. The Puritanic Sabbath.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM:

11. I. The Mosaic Age.
12. II. The Prophetic Age.
13. III. The Messianic Age.
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EPOCHS IN JUDAISM CONTINUED:

15. V. The Kabbalistic Age.
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17. VII. The Present Age.
18. Ashes to Ashes, or Earth to Earth.
19. Sanitary Science.
20. Does Prohibition Prohibit?
21. Intermarriage.
22. Convert your own—Let Jews alone.
23. The 25th Anniversary of the Cornerstone-Laying of Temple Keneseth Israel.
24. Abused Benefactors.
25. A Benefactor Honored. (Rev. Dr. I. M. Wise)
26. The Real Saving Trinity.
27. The Removal of the Leaven.
28. Deed through Creed.

Civilization's Debt to Woman.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.
Philadelphia, Jan'y 17th, 1892.

"Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan."
—GOETHE, *Faust*, Part II, Act V.

One phase of European woman-treatment.

One of the saddest sights I beheld in Europe, a few summers ago, was the pitiable lot of some of their women. I remember the pang I felt, when my eyes followed a number of women, some of them haggard and delicate, climbing, as hod-carriers, three and four stories high, with brick and mortar and stones upon their heads; or when I saw them dragging, sometimes harnessed, alongside big dogs, heavy truck-carts through the streets, or ascending the steep Alpine heights with heavy loads upon their backs. I recall how the pleasure of my boat-ride on the beautiful *Königssee*, in the Tyrolese Alps, was marred, when rowed, together with thirty other sight-seers, in a heavy boat, a distance of twelve miles, by four shrivelled women, while their husband and father stood in the rear, guiding the boat, and occasionally firing off a revolver to entertain the passengers with wonderful echo-effects. I recall the yet greater pang I felt, when, conversing with a highly cultured European lady on the hard lot of many of her sex, I received as reply: "But, my dear sir, these people are poor; they must work to live." And when I ventured to ask: whether, if the European ladies were to interest themselves, they might not find more womanly work for the poor of their sex, I received the heart-less answer: "They can't all be domestics." When later I was told that I had not even seen the worst, that in some parts of Europe women were obliged to work in the mines, that almost everywhere, though working equally as hard and as much as man, her wages are much lower, often scarcely enough to maintain her, and when I saw on the public highways of London illustrations of the miserable life to which English women are driven by want of employment, through starvation and cruelty, while the drives of beautiful Hyde Park were filled with their more fortunate sisters, lounging in princely equipages, apparently without a thought of the miseries of thousands of their sex in their own city, or turning with a shudder from some of those miserable creatures that chanced to pass them by, I could not but ponder on the mockery of the much-vaunted superiority of the condition of women in Christian lands over that of their sisters in the cultured parts of the Orient, where, as we are informed by experienced travelers, sights, such as fell under my observation: women as hod-carriers and beasts of burden, women selling themselves for bread and shelter, are not easily met with.

The recent New Year sermon by Cardinal Gibbons has awakened these sad memories of the pitiable condition of woman in distinctively Christian lands. Among the many blessings that Christ is said to have inaugurated on earth, the distinguished Cardinal mentions the more elevated position of woman, concerning which, to use his own words, as reported in our *Ledger*, he expresses himself as follows:

Yet Christianity poses as the emancipator of woman.

"When Christ appeared on earth the condition of woman was most deplorable and degraded. She was the slave of man and the victim of his unbridled passions. The wife had no right which the husband was bound to respect. But, thanks to the blessed influence of Christ's teaching, she is no longer the slave of man, but his peer and equal. She is no longer a tenant at will, but the mistress of her household. She is no longer, like Agar, liable to be cast away, and a wanderer on the face of the earth, but the queen of the domestic kingdom."

This declaration, if wholly true, would be damaging testimony against the states of civilization preceding the advent of Christianity. But, with all due respect for the learning of His Eminence, the Cardinal, the condition of woman among the ancients was at the time of the birth of Christ neither as "deplorable and degraded" as he would have us to believe, nor has it been at any time, or anywhere in Christendom, during the past eighteen centuries, as elevated as he represents it. Cheerfully we grant, that in civilized lands to-day woman is held in much higher esteem than ever she was in the past, that, in comparison with her present rights and privileges and advantages, her condition in the past was in many respects inferior. But in justice to the past, let us ascribe woman's present advantages and past disadvantages to causes that are true, not to the advent of this or that religion, or to the birth of this or that man, but to that Law of Evolution that is behind religion and man, to that inherent force of nature, which, when unimpeded, urges civilization ever forward and upward, and in that upward unfolding, gradually develops the undeveloped, perfects the imperfect, ripens the immature, makes man more manly, and more appreciative of woman's true worth, and woman more womanly, more conscious of her real mission, power and possibilities.

Woman's rise due to evolution.

That woman is more esteemed to-day than she was in the past is not surprising; the only thing surprising is that she should still be obliged to do the unwomanly work, or suffer the barbarous treatment, which I witnessed, and heard of, in cultured Christian Europe. Equally surprising it is to me that with all the disadvantages of the past, such honorable treatment should have been accorded to her in remote antiquity, as we find recorded in our Sacred Writings, and in those of other ancient peoples, the distinguished Cardinal's declaration to the contrary notwithstanding. Men of authority there are, who claim that even, to-day, the treatment of women is not much better than in the past. As one of them we might mention Bishop Spalding of Peoria, a Prelate of the Cardinal's own Church, who took occasion to remark, a year and a half ago, to the graduates of the Catholic University of Notre Dame, Indiana:

Some claim woman in the past freer than in the present.

"The position of women in all ages of the world has been the position which the Southern planters gave their slaves. It is no better to-day than years ago."*

There are others who claim that in some respects the present condition of woman is even lower than during certain periods in the past. The Rev. David Swing of Chicago, another distinguished Christian divine, declares, in one of his sermons:

"In Greece woman enjoyed a liberty and a popularity which had never been awarded her in former periods, and which did not return to her in Roman or Christian times. Christianity, becoming at once a politics, created a demand for only a theological literature, and for an innumerable multitude of priests, and woman as an intellectual being found herself uncalled for for about fifteen hundred years. It may therefore be said that woman waited for the nineteenth century to come before making her *debut*."

Sir Henry Maine, one of the greatest authorities on Ancient Law and Civilization, shows in a very learned treatise 'the great personal and proprietary independence of the Roman female, whether married or unmarried, which, however, Christian asceticism narrowed, from the very first,' and declares: that "no society which preserves any tincture of Christian institution is likely to restore to married women the personal liberty conferred on them by the middle Roman Law."† Shopenhauer, the great pessimistic extremist, even goes so far as to regard the Ancients' treatment of woman more logical than the modern. Among them, he claims, woman filled the position for which nature intended her. She was the woman, man's helpmate, the wife and mother, not "the lady—that monster of European civilization and Teutonico-Christian stupidity" as he unchivalrously dubs her. Their so bitterly denounced polygamy, he claims, was a benefit, not a hardship, to woman. It prevented our large surplus of unprovided and unhappy women, who, being without stay and support, are forced into keen competition with man, and driven to hard and unwomanly work, and to miserable lives, for a livelihood.‡

Here, then, we have a variety of opinions on the relative merits of the ancient and modern treatment of women. The real truth probably lies in a careful combination of all of them; scarcely in any single one of them. Singly they deal in extremes. From the vast heap of ancient literature each selects what fits his bias best, and construes his pet theory. The one compares a few of the worst forms of Pre-Christian woman-treatment with the best Post-Christian forms, and proclaims Christianity: The Emancipator of Woman. The other reverses this procedure, and makes the Ancients woman's only true friend. One finds the most humane laws concerning woman in the Old Testament, another in the New, a third in neither, Mr. Ingersoll for instance, declares that 'there is not a word in the Bible about woman, except the words of shame and humiliation.'

Extreme views due to bias.

Such extreme views the Christian Church has indulged in most, and probably she is not a little responsible for the extreme opposite view taken by her enemies. It is not easy for one with a fair knowledge of Ancient Literature and Civilization to keep from flying into an opposite

* Philad. *Public Ledger*, July 7th, 1890.

† *Ancient Law*, Chap. v. ‡ *Parerga*, "On Women."

extreme, when encountering such unhistoric utterances as that in Cardinal Gibbon's recent New Year's sermon, or that of the Rev. Mr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, who, some time ago, declared that 'in lands and ages unilluminated by the Gospel, woman was treated as though she were a necessary nuisance; the laws of Lycurgus were an insult to her; the age of Pericles was her dishonor; in Egypt she was the beast of burden; and so on through other countries with still greater injustice. Bitterly these distinguished divines would denounce it as a libel against the Nineteenth Century were they sure, that some future writer or speaker will make that one-sided view of the Woman Question, which I beheld in Europe a few summers ago, as the universal type of woman-treatment in our day. And yet, such a course precisely they themselves pursue with reference to the ancient peoples.

Were we to fall into their error of sweeping assertions and biased comparisons, we would have far more history and infinitely more justice on our side, were we to claim, that: the advent of Christianity rather degraded than emancipated the woman. It was on her shame and sin that one of the greatest dogmas of Christianity based itself. She it was, whom it labeled the primeval curse of humanity. Her vanity and appetite made man fall from grace, brought the Original Sin upon earth, lashed God into an everlasting fury against man, forced Him to wage eternal warfare against Satan for the supremacy over man, necessitated Him to send, some thousands of years later, His own Son on earth to be crucified, that through his blood all the accursed offspring of the arch-sinner, the first woman, might be saved.

The claim that with the rise of Christianity came woman's fall.

The ancient Israelites sanctified woman's maternal function, and regarded the family her greatest glory, and society's greatest blessing, made marriage the very first ordinance enjoined, and the very first blessing pronounced, by God upon man,* made it obligatory on all, clergy and lay, taught the founding of the home the archetype of the peaceful and prosperous State, taught that "it is not good that man should be alone,"† and that 'therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be as one.'‡ Some of the ancient Pagans even deified the maternal function, and in recognition of it nearly all of them gave woman a very distinguished place in their Pantheons, and in their religious cult.

Christianity, however, from the very start, pointing to the celibacy of many of its founders, deemed that function unholy, if not sinful, sanctified celibacy, raised it to one of the highest Christian virtues, made it obligatory on the priesthood, tolerated marriage among laymen only as a concession to Satan. For centuries, its anchorites and ascetics and holy men regarded touching, or speaking to, or even looking upon, woman, as a heinous sin, as fatal to the salvation of their souls. For ages, such pious and celibate Christians held woman to be Satan's easiest victim, always to be suspected

Woman regarded unholy.

* Gen. I, 28. † Gen. II, 18. ‡ Gen. II, 24.

as in league with him, and their frequent torturing and executing innocent women as witches confirms only too painfully the truth, that it did not always remain a mere suspicion with them.

Paul against woman.

Paul, the great Apostle, responsible for many of the troublesome and vexing dogmas and doctrines of the Church, is also responsible for much of that mental inferiority, from which woman has not yet fully emancipated herself. He it was who taught:

"It is good for a man not to touch a woman." "The head of every man is Christ; and the head of the woman is man." "The man is not of the woman; but the woman of the man. Neither was the man created for the woman; but the woman for the man." "Let your women keep silence in the churches: for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience." "Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence. For Adam was first formed, then Eve. And Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression."*

The infusion of the Oriental spirit bettered condition of Christian woman

These and other similar opinions concerning woman's inferior place and station ruled Christian Europe till the Middle Ages, till the time of the Moorish dominion over Granada, and of the Crusades, till the uncultured European warrior came in contact with the culture and art and manners and chivalry of the Orient. Then only became he conscious of woman's charms and possibilities, and, aided by the wealth and luxury, which the newly opened commerce with the Orient furnished, he gave to the Christian woman the attention and chances denied her during more than a decade of centuries. And she was not long in rivalling her Oriental sister. She soon became the ideal, the poetry, the romance, of the Middle Ages. She inaugurated the Age of Chivalry. The knight now loved her for her own sake. With the scarf or device of her own handiwork on his armor, he went forth to fight for her, or under her talismanic protection. She became the fascination of palace and castle, and her presence acted as a refiner and polisher of the former rude manners of the European warriors.

And she in return idealized the Church.

And her refining and civilizing influence did not exhaust itself on castles and knights. It extended further. It entered the Church and charmed and converted and idealized even the clergy. She, who before was regarded as the curse of man, gradually, through her own merits, corrected the minds of men, till they began to look upon her as one of man's greatest blessings. Churches became crowded with paintings and images of women. Artists fairly outdid themselves in picturing her graces. Above all, even above Jesus, often even above God Himself, rose their admiration for *Mary*, the humble Jewish woman, now called the *Mother of God*. Her worship became a *Mariolatry*, an ennobled copy of the Pagan Isis and Venus and Astarte worship of old. And with the introduction of woman into the Christian Pantheon, a new era dawned in the History of Civilization. The womanly in woman, and especially the maternal function, became an object of reverential homage. To quote a distinguished delineator of that age:

* I Corinth. vii, 1; xi, 3, 8, 9; xiv, 34; Timothy II, 11-14.

"The moral charm and beauty of female excellence was for the first time felt. A new type of character was called into being: a new kind of admiration was fostered. Into a harsh and ignorant and benighted age this ideal type infused a conception of gentleness and of purity unknown to the proudest civilizations of the past. In the pages of living tenderness which many a monkish writer has left in honor of his celestial patron; in the millions who, in many lands and in many ages, have sought with no barren desire to mould their characters into her image; in those holy maidens who, for the love of Mary, have separated themselves from all the glories and pleasures of the world, to seek in fastings and vigils and humble charity to render themselves worthy of her benediction; in the new sense of honor; in the chivalrous respect, in the softening of manners, in the refinement of tastes displayed in all the walks of society; in these and in many other ways we detect its influence. All that was best in Europe clustered round it, and it is the origin of many of the purest elements of our civilization."*

Were we, therefore, as I said before, to fall into the Cardinal's or Mr. Talmage's error of sweeping assertions and biased comparisons, we would have, as we have seen, much more history and justice on our side in claiming that with Christianity's rise woman fell, and that her restoration to her ancient power and influence dates from the infusion of the Oriental and classic Pagan spirit into Christian Europe. But no such bias shall be charged to us. There are more beautiful passages in the New Testament concerning woman than there are of such as I have quoted. Though dogmatically the Christian Church may hold woman responsible for the Original Sin and Man's Fall, may regard her as the inferior and tempter of man, and Satan's easiest victim, yet in reality woman's power and influence has been supreme in the Christian Church from its very start. Monks and priests might declaim and write against her, theoretically, as much as they pleased, practically they stood as much under her influence as the most gallant of men. For, had not their first glance fallen upon woman? Had they not drawn from her their life and sustenance? Was it not she, who taught them their first prayer; who brought heavy sacrifices that they might become servants of the Church? Born of woman, raised by woman, supported by woman, from woman's influence they could never get.

This Anti-Christian view also biased.

It is one thing to write and speak against woman, quite a different thing to believe and practice it. Men who have written bitterest against women, have often been the greatest slaves of her charms. It is one thing to cull anti-woman passages from a people's literature, and quite a different thing to find all that people women-haters. Nature has endowed woman with a power over man which but the fewest can resist. That power she possesses since her sex exists, and from that day dates her sway over man. She has always commanded the best treatment that man knew to give. There has never been an age so dark but it has been brightened, here and there and everywhere, by some really charming pictures of man's esteem of woman. There never yet has been an age in which men occupied a high degree of culture, and accorded to all their women a brutal treatment. There never yet has been an age in which men occupied a high degree of cult[illegible]re,

Misogynous writings not a sure sign of misogyny.

* Lecky: *Rationalism in Europe*, Vol. I, Chap. iii, p. 226.

when woman helped them not to it, and received not as her reward considerate treatment, and chivalrous homage. There never yet has been an age in which such pitiable, but exceptional, treatment of woman did not abound, as I observed in cultured Europe a few summers ago.

This is the only proper view. Not this or that religion elevated woman, but it was she who elevated it. Not this or that particular age was distinguished for honoring woman, she has commanded the homage of the stronger sex, from the first day that her fascinating charms drew man toward her. Go as far back as you please, to civilized, to barbarian, to savage, people, and everywhere you'll make Goethe's observation: "*Das Ewig-Weibliche zieht uns hinan*," the ever-womanly draws man on. Go where you please, to the Orient or Occident, and nowhere will you find a race or people, where infant nestles not in mother's loving arms, draws not its sustenance from her, where her hand is not upon the cradle; and the mother that rocks the cradle commands the enduring love of those she rocks, and the appreciation of her husband for whom she raises, amidst infinite trials, a supporter and an heir. Show me a house in which a mother raises her family of little ones, attends to their wants and needs, provides her husband with his comforts, and I'll show you a true *Rex dei gratia* the only place where a Sovereign really rules by the grace of God. Such a *Sovereign by Divine Right* woman was in the remotest past, is to-day, and ever will be.

Woman her own emancipator.

The mistake that is too frequently made is that of our comparing our advanced age with an undeveloped past, that of measuring by our standard of woman-treatment that in vogue in primitive times, and, finding theirs inferior, charge their men with brutality. It were sad, indeed, if, with the whole past to teach us, our ways were not better. It is sad enough that, with so much in our favor, some of our women to-day should still be obliged to eke out a miserable existence as hod-carriers, miners, beasts of burden, and worse. As little as all our women endure such hardships now, so little did all the women endure them in the past; and as wrong as it would be for future ages to call our age brutal on account of the degraded position of some of our women, so wrong is it to label the past brutal for similar degradations of their women.

Error due to comparing worst of one age with best of another.

Neither is everything to be considered as hardship or as unchivalrous or immoral treatment, what in the light of the present state of civilization may so seem. Ages change, and with them customs and manners. The proper of one age is the improper of the next. The fashion of the Orient becomes the shame of the Occident. The liberties of one people prove the ruin of another. What the woman at one time hails as a protection the woman of another time spurns as cruel and immoral. Our women rightly shrink from the thought of polygamy, yet in the remote past, with wars constantly diminishing the number of men, and vastly increasing the excess of women, with no industries and trades for single and unprovided woman to turn to for support, with but the choice before her between slavery and polygamy, married life with one of the wealthier classes of her own people, even though to be shared with others of her sex, was much to be preferred to being sold as slave to a miserable fate to distant lands. Polygamy in those days was, in many instances, a form of caring for unprovided and unprotected women. Our women are indignant over the discrimination in former times in favor of the male sex, over the rejoicing when a boy was born, and the scant welcome which the girl received. But in those stern and roving and martial times men were fighters and bread-winners, women were a care and a burden, and it was but natural that they should have welcomed with delight the birth of a new helper. Even, to-day, in our peaceful times, with all our high regard for woman,

The improper of one age the proper of another.

society has not yet outgrown its preference for boys, and for very much the same reason, the raising, and providing for our daughters still being considerable of a care. European kings to this day reward the mothers who have given their country a large number of sons. When woman in former times was placed under the tutelage of her male relatives, or excluded from the public arena, or was denied equal chances with man, it was often more to protect her rights, to guard her honor, to secure to her, and to society, her domestic blessings, than to take an undue or an unmanly advantage of her.

It is to the misunderstanding of such ancient social conditions, and to the ignorance of the power of "*Das Ewig-Weibliche*," *the ever-womanly* over man, that we must attribute the frequent ungracious flings at the Pre-Christian society for its treatment of women. They know but little of the sway of "the ever-womanly," who declare that before the rise of Christianity "the condition of woman was most deplorable and degraded," that 'the Bible has for woman only words of shame and humiliation.'

What is the Creation- and the Paradise-Legend of the Bible but an apotheosis of woman. She is the last and most perfect of all God's creation. For her sake man is to leave father and mother. In her society alone can he find his happiness. She thirsts for the tree of knowledge, and man finds it easier to disobey the command of God than turn a deaf ear to her persuasion. The aged Abraham weeps and mourns at the death of his wife. Rebecca is not given in marriage to Isaac till her own consent is asked and given, and she alone is able to console her husband over the loss of his mother. Twice seven years Jacob toils for his wife Rachel, "and they seemed in his eyes as but a few days." With manifest pride the Bible dwells on the share women had in the rescue of Moses. We read of Miriam and Deborah the prophetesses, of Jephtah's daughter, of Ruth, of Hannah, of scores of other beautiful Biblical female characters. We read of law upon law enacted for the protection of her rights and honor. We read proverb after proverb in her praise. And there is that glorious delineation of the noble woman written 2500 years ago, which I shall introduce here, that you may convince yourselves whether the Bible has only words of shame for woman, and whether in lands and ages unilluminated by Christ, woman was regarded a necessary nuisance:

Honored position of Woman among the Ancient Israelites.

10 Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price *is* far above rubies.
11 The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.
12 She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.
13 She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.
14 She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar.
15 She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens.
16 She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.
17 She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms.
18 She perceiveth that her merchandise *is* good: her candle goeth not out by night.
19 She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.
20 She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.
21 She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household *are* clothed with scarlet.
22 She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing *is* silk and purple.
23 Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.
24 She maketh fine linen, and selleth *it*; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.
25 Strength and honour *are* her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.
26 She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue *is* the law of kindness.
27 She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.
28 Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband *also*, and he praiseth her.
29 Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.
30 Favour *is* deceitful, and beauty *is* vain: *but* a woman *that* feareth the LORD, she shall be praised.
31 Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates.*

* Prov. xxxi, 10-31.

We turn to Ancient Egypt and we find the condition of woman remarkably favorable. Queens frequently rule over the people and their prerogatives are superior to those of kings. In the marriage contract the husband pledges to obey the wife. She is free to appear in public, and in gatherings of men. We read of her as priestess, prophetess and goddess. We see her frequently pictured entertaining herself and assemblies with dance and music. As among the Ancient Israelites, while polygamy is tolerated, it is only indulged by the wealthier classes, among the poor and middle-classes monogamy is the general rule.

Among the Ancient Egyptians.

We turn to Ancient Greece, and we have in Homer's *Odyssey* one of the most beautiful types of womanhood in Penelope, wife of Ulysses, patiently awaiting the return of her long-absent and long-silent husband, occupying herself in the mean-time at the weaving-loom, importuned in marriage by many ardent suitors, deferring her decision till her work on hand shall have been finished, but rising by night, to undo the work she did by day, thus deferring its completion till her husband returns at last. A thousand years before the rise of Christianity this beautiful model of fidelity and industry was placed before the Grecian women to pattern after, and it helped to produce a type of female character, whose beauty and fidelity, and domesticity and culture won the esteem and love of the greatest of their male cotemporaries, and till our time has probably not been surpassed in all the world.

Among the Ancient Greeks.

We turn to the Ancient Romans, and we meet among them a chivalrous regard for woman, and types of female character that we might even in our day pattern after, and with profit. Monogamy is the Law of the State. The hearth-stone of the home is the sanctuary of domestic virtue. "For our Home and our Country" is the soldiers battle-cry. Their Vestal Virgins officiate at the Temples. The mother of Coriolanus succeeds where armies fail, in making him raise his siege, with the words: "Mother, you have saved your country but lost your son." Cornelia, unadorned with artificial jewels, points to her two sons, (later the famous Gracchi brothers,) and says: "These are my jewels." Tarquin, the king, is driven from his throne by the incensed Romans, and the Republic is founded by them, for his grievous wrong to fair Lucretia. Virginius buries the knife in the heart of his daughter to save her from dishonor, and an army marches against Rome to wreak vengeance on the Patrician tyrant for his wrong to the Plebian maiden. With such noble women before us, with such chivalrous protection of their honor, it is a libel against Rome to say that the condition of woman before the Christian era was most deplorable and degraded. We are not unaware of the immorality that festered on the very surface of Rome, during the corrupt and luxuriant days of the Empire. But as well might we regard the Pall Mall Gazette's exposé a year or two ago, of the moral corruption among the Upper Four Hundred of London, as the type of the English aristocracy of the Victorian reign, as judge the Roman woman by the corruptions among the upper classes shortly before and during the Empire. During that demoralized age, Cato's daughter, Portia, sits in council with patriots. Arria, the wife of the captured Paetus, sets him an example of heroic death by plunging the knife into her own breast first, and then handing it to him with the famous words: "*Paete, non dolet,*" "Paetus, "it does not pain." Servilia, daughter of the condemned patriot Soranus, implores the Senate to spare her father's life, and to take her's instead, since she, and not he, was guilty of treason. Seneca writes nobly of women. Orphan asylums for girls are erected. Laws are enacted granting women the right to inherit property, protecting the honor of female slaves, punishing infidelity in husbands as severely as in wives.

Among the Ancient Romans.

I regret that time will not permit me this morning to take you to other countries, "unilluminated by the Gospel," to the Hindus, Assyrians, Arabians and other Oriental peoples, to the chaste, almost woman-worshipping ancient Teutons and Scandinavians, and let you judge for yourselves whether among them the lot of woman was most deplorable and degraded. I regret, too, that I cannot afford you a glimpse of the domestic life of modern uncivilized tribes, to show you the influence "the ever-womanly" wields even there, that even there monogamy is the rule, polygamy the exception, that even there her honor is her husband's or her male relatives' greatest concern, and that deviations from our standard are but differences in their moral conceptions.

Still more I regret that I cannot take you further still, down into the lower animal kingdom, and show you the female at the very root of civilization, as one of the sources in which the Law of Evolution takes its rise, as developed in Darwin's Theory of *Sexual Selection*. In that theory Darwin very learnedly shows the supreme sway of the female in the lower animal kingdom. Since but the one that possesses the greatest strength or charms can obtain her as mate, there is a constant effort on the part of the male to acquire these requisites, and as the "fittest" only can win her, these winning characteristics help to establish the Law of the "Survival of the Fittest," transmit themselves to the offspring, and higher and better species are contantly evolved, through the attractive and discriminative power of the female.*

The female at the root of the Law of Evolution.

Thus we find "*the ever-womanly*" at the base of development, at the very origin of civilization, and we find it too at its very pinnacle. The *ever-womanly* draws us onward, upward. Man thinks he rules woman,—it is she who rules man. She nourishes him in childhood, charms him in youth, is his helpmate in his prime, his comfort and his stay in his old age, and she that wields that power cannot be enslaved or emancipated. There is no force on earth that can keep her in chains, that can make all men proof against her charms. There is no man or institution that can pose as her emancipator. In every age in which woman's condition is low, man's is infinitely lower; where he stands high, she stands higher. But for her, we were brutes today; through her we will reach the god-like. As long as God will preserve her superior beauty and charms and intuitive tact and intellect, as long as He will keep alive her tenderness for the weak, her sympathy with the suffering, her readiness to sacrifice herself for the convenience and comfort of others, her confiding trust in her stronger protector, her heroic courage in his adversity, her constancy and piety, her faithful conjugal and maternal love, man will have no need to look for a heaven in other spheres, with much of it on earth. Religions may talk proudly of what they have done for woman. It would become them better to talk of what she has done for them. Let them erase woman's influence from the History of Religion, and what is left is not worth the keeping. Man worshipped woman before he worshipped God. The Nineteenth Century may complacently title itself: "The Emancipator of Woman," but the real truth is that the woman of the Nineteenth Century had to emancipate it before it could emancipate her. Man may pride himself with his chivalrous treatment of his mother and wife, of his sister and daughter, but even the richest measures of it are but a poor return to her, who has given him his civilization and his all, to her who still is, and ever will be, his rock and his shield, his protector and redeemer.

Civilzation's debt to woman.

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* Darwin "*Descent of Man*," Chap. viii. Geddes and Thomson: "*The Evolution of Sex*," Chap. ii.

Civilization's Duty to Woman.

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

January 24th, 1892,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.

PHILADELPHIA:
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1892.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion.
8. Delusion.
9. Hallucination.
10. Jesus in the Synagogue.
11. To-Day better than Yesterday.
12. Wanted—A Rational Religious School.
13. Civilization's Debt to Woman.
14. Civilization's Duty to Woman.
15. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends."
16.
17.
18.
19.
20.
21
22.
22.
24.
25.
26.
27.
28.

SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza—Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

SERIES II. 1888—1889.

1. Whence, Whither and Why?
2. The Voice of the People.
3. Uncharitable Charity.
4. Wife and Mother.
5. Husband and Father.
6. Origin and Descent.
7. The People of the Book.
8. Future Reward and Punishment.
9. The Ideal Commonwealth.
10. The Puritanic Sabbath.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM:

11. I. The Mosaic Age.
12. II. The Prophetic Age.
13. III. The Messianic Age.
14. IV. The Rabbinical Age.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM CONTINUED:

15. V. The Kabbalistic Age.
16. VI. The Mendelssohnian Age.
17. VII. The Present Age.
18. Ashes to Ashes, or Earth to Earth.
19. Sanitary Science.
20. Does Prohibition Prohibit?
21. Intermarriage.
22. Convert your own—Let Jews alone.
23. The 25th Anniversary of the Cornerstone-Laying of Temple Keneseth Israel.
24. Abused Benefactors.
25. A Benefactor Honored. (Rev. Dr. I. M. Wise)
26. The Real Saving Trinity.
27. The Removal of the Leaven.
28. Deed through Creed.

Civilization's Duty to Woman.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.
Philadelphia, Jan'y 24th, 1892.

"It is as great to be a woman as to be a man."
—WALT WHITMAN, "*Leaves of Grass*," Pt. xxi, St. 108.

So says the good old poet, our neighbor across the Delaware, and so says every true man, the whole world over. Her work in the laboratory of civilization, in preparing society for the reception of true manhood, and her share in moulding and preserving it, is too apparent now to make it safe, or even possible, to overlook her greatness, when speaking of that of the opposite sex. I am much inclined to go even further than the good old poet Whitman. I believe it is *greater* to be a woman than to be a man. The one has a thousand aids at his beck to help him up the steep heights of true manhood, the other has ten thousand clogs, and no end of millstones round her neck, imposed by her own and the sterner sex, to weigh her down and to impede her ascent to true womanhood. With such ever-present obstructive drags and burdens, with such discouraging and forbidding checks and barriers, to attain to any distinction at all as woman is, to my mind, a feat far greater than the greatest achievement of the greatest man.

Harder to be great as woman than as man.

The praise of the wonderful achievements of our century in the realm of mind is ever on our lips. Our discoveries and inventions, our advance in science, art, literature, government, is our constant theme. One movement, however, the heroic struggle of woman for the attainment of true womanhood, has received but little notice, and still less praise and sympathy. Yet the time will come, when that one advancement will eclipse all others of our age, will outweigh in blessings all the others combined, when woman's going forth to battle for her rights against centuries of prejudice, against a world-wide organized opposition, will shine as the central and most brilliant jewel in the radiant diadem of all her virtues. The time will come, when the world will praise, as one of the greatest traits of our century, woman's spurning the fulsome flattery, with which poets and after-dinner speakers and voluptuaries sought to lull her into the belief, that her weakness is her strength, that her ignorance of everything, save how to charm a husband and keep a home and raise the children, is her greatest glory, that in being innocent of the ways of the world, and childlike in her mode of thinking, in being passive and yielding, dependent and helpless, lies her sweetest charm. Louder yet than we now sing the praises of the great men of our century will future ages extol the virtues of the great women of our

Woman's achievements greatest of our age.

time, who, in the face of a jeering and sneering world, set up the claim that "it is as great to be a woman as to be a man," that woman has a larger mission than that of merely being man's toy and pastime or domestic animal, that she has a mind, a hand, as teachable as that of man, that all that she has hitherto accomplished is but the A B C of what lies within her range of possibility, that what woman now is, is to what woman can be, what the insignificant briar is to the cultivated full-blown rose, and that to be it, she must have room and air, chance and opportunity for growth and development, must loosen the shackles from off her feet, remove the barriers that man has thrown in her path, must train her mind and hand for self-direction and self-support, to attain unto a completer womanhood, and to a more perfect wife- and mother-hood.

But till the coming of that time, she will yet have to wage many a long and bitter struggle against prejudice, tradition, and contracted views.

Woman's rights condemned as vanity.

Walt Whitman has made many converts, the bulk, however, are yet unconverted. In their eyes, woman was, and is, and ever will be, the inferior of man. Her claim to equality is based on vanity, and merits but contempt. Not the school but the kitchen, not the pen but the broom, not the book but the pot, not at the desk but at the cradle, not in the public arena but in the secluded home is, in their opinion, woman's proper place and work and tool. She, for whom the title of M. D., or Ph. D., or LL. D., has greater lustre than that of MA, does not deserve the name of woman.

The vehemence with which some of these men antagonize the woman's rights movement, and the freedom with which they hurl disgraceful epithets at its chief advocates, arouse the suspicion that self-interest is at the bottom of it all. They are either afraid of being put to shame, of seeing their stupidity exposed, by the cleverness of the educated woman, or that their personal comfort will be grievously interfered with, or their tyranny overthrown, if they permit woman to acquire the means of self-support, and to prefer independent single-blessedness to being the married slave of a selfish brute.

There are others, however, who are opposed to the woman's rights movement not for selfish reasons, nor for want of true appreciation of woman. On the contrary, it is because of their high regard for woman's worth and service, and because of their sincere desire that she and society may remain in inviolate possession of all her blessings, that they seek to place around her every safeguard for the protection of her noble womanly traits. They would have her preserve the charm of her innocence, wherewith to beguile the weary mind of man, during his brief lulls in the stern battle of life, by keeping her away from sinful and heart-less public life. They would preserve her tenderness, her confiding trust, her sympathy, her fascinating dependence, by sparing her the hardening and blunting struggle for existence. They would not bleach the roses on her cheeks, nor quench the fire of her eyes, nor shrink the fulness of her figure, nor drive the grace from her form, nor shatter her constitution, nor unsex or

Condemned by others as injurious to sex.

undomesticate her, by taxing her feebler mind and feebler strength, by permitting her to waste the midnight oil in poring over huge volumes of ancient and forgotten lore, or modern "osophies" and "ologies" and "isms." They would not suffer her to violate the decree of God. Nature has assigned to each sex its proper sphere and limit. The one cannot encroach upon the territory of the other with impunity. The man cannot play the woman without the loss of his manhood. The woman cannot take upon herself the work of man without the sacrifice of her womanhood. Sex, home, health, mind, womanliness, are the inevitable sufferers, when woman attempts to enact a part for which God and nature never intended her. Woman's right means man's wrongs.

These objections, being temperate, having philanthropic ends, the welfare of woman and society, at heart, deserve consideration. If they are true, if woman cannot enter into the public arena for independent self-support without unsexing and undomesticating herself, without losing her gentleness and tender sympathy, if she cannot learn and follow a trade or profession without (aside from natural inaptitude) becoming a mental wreck and a physical ruin, if this be true, then the sooner we enact a law branding and punishing woman's rights agitation as criminal, the better it will be for us and posterity.

These claims, however, are not confirmed by experience. Many a woman has entered the public arena for her own and others' support without the slightest injury to the womanly of her nature. Barring exceptions,—why should there not be masculine women as well as effeminate men?—she has sacrificed none of her finer qualities, none of the charms of her sex, of the love of home, of mind and health, by becoming an independent bread-winner, or a cultured self-thinking, self-directing being. She has not become less of a female by becoming more of a woman. Knowledge has proven a power to her as well as to man. There are thousands of homes to-day, hundreds of husbands and fathers and sons, ready to testify that through woman's helping hand, and independent thought, and cultured spirit, the home and its members have become happier and better. Her industry and independence and knowledge have kept want, extravagance, disorder, disease, better from her doors than idelness and helplessness and ignorance did from the doors of her sister. Her cultured mind, her artistic tastes, her good judgment, her ability to converse intelligently upon intelligent subjects has lent a charm to her womanly graces, which attached husband and son and father closer to her than did her sister's empty-headedness, dependence, and need of being petted and pampered and humored.

Sex no sufferer for becoming more of a woman.

There are a number of beliefs, to which even some otherwise clear-thinking and clear-sighted men have wed themselves, which are as fatal to the best interests of society as they are fallacious. Masculinity or vanity is commonly believed to be the root of woman's efforts towards honorable and independent self-support, if unprovided single life or widowhood should be her lot. It may occasionally happen that a woman richly

Woman's demands for rights not based on vanity.

endowed with all the charms of her sex, blessed with rich parents and high social standing, sure of scores of worthy suitors, may cast aside all these advantages, which nature and society have heaped upon her, and rush forth into the public arena to ply a trade or follow a profession, merely to gratify a masculine mind, or a spirit of vanity. But such cases are extremely rare. Inertia is deep-rooted in human nature. Few people are overfond of work. Most people work because they must. Man, whose business it is to toil and to provide, ever seeks to make that toil as easy for himself as possible. Remove from all men to-day the necessity for toiling, and nine-tenths of the factories and shops and offices will be closed to-morrow. The belief, therefore, that woman, more delicately framed, constitutionally weaker, instinctively shrinking from public exhibition and struggle, is eager to rush forth to public toil and trouble, from a life of ease and pleasure and protected seclusion, only to gratify a masculine or vain spirit, such a belief runs counter to all that sex and human nature have hitherto taught us. Woman is as fond of ease, and more so than man. Yet fonder is she of the charms of her sex, and of the sweetness of home. Health of mind and body she cherishes as dearly as man. It is folly, therefore, to talk of her being blindly and madly bent upon a course, that can have but mental and physical ruin and undomesticating and unsexing for its result.

Woman cannot be as easily unsexed as a column of figures can be erased from a slate. Nature has stamped her sex too deep into her system, has interwoven it too inseparably with every fibre of her being, that the mere training for, or following of, a trade or profession, should be able to obliterate it. It is engraven upon her differing form and size and function and disposition, upon her richer sympathetic nerve-system, upon her larger emotional endowment, her greater love, her deeper feeling, her sincerer piety, her truer appreciation of the true and good and beautiful. Such innate endowments and traits can only be ennobled when crowned with a cultivated mind, and rendered secure by the capacity of self-direction and self-help, instead of being stifled by them. Sympathy, emotion, love, piety, æsthetic sense, imbued with intellect and exercised with skill, would, if universally permitted and encouraged among women, so far from unsexing them, wield an influence upon the taming and curbing, the softening and refining, of the opposite sex, in comparison with which every means hitherto employed would pale into insignificance.

Woman's training for some calling not injurious to sex.

Nor can she be as easily tempted from the sacred precincts of home, or weaned from the inborn longing for founding her own as some men suppose. Home is her sanctuary. Domesticity is the element of her life. As the needle points to pole, no matter on what sea, so her heart turns to home, no matter how far away, or how vain the hope. She is never so happy than when queen over her own family circle. Her hopes, her ideals, her ambitions, are centered there, from the day she first comprehends their meaning. Even before that. Watch little children of different sexes in their

Nor to domesticity.

nurseries at play. Observe the boy's instinctive fondness for horse, hammer, whip, and the girl's delight with her doll, and doll's cradle and bed and wagon and dresses, and with her toy kitchen and dishes, and the like, and you'll read in nature's mute, but unmistakable language, how early and how strongly the love of home manifests itself in woman. Follow that characteristic further still. Mark the fuss of the grown girl over some little babe, while the grown boy scarcely honors it with a look. See how her womanly nature opens and expands, when some baby's tiny arms clasp her neck, like the parched flower under the kisses of the pearly dewdrops. See the servant-girl leaving the lordly mansion, where she might have remained all her life, where her services were well paid, where her life was free from care, where every comfort she could reasonably wish was hers, where she met with naught but considerate and cultured treatment, yet surrendering all, to found her own home, in a room or two, in some destitute tenement-district, with a husband, who perhaps will never be able to give her the ease and comforts she has left behind, preferring her own home, and be it ever so poor, to all the luxuries of another's. Note the daughter of some money prince leaving her father's palace on the avenue, to found her own humble home; more happy in it with the husband she loves than ever she was under the princely parental roof. Observe these and other instances of woman's instinctive yearning for home-life and domestic happiness, and then judge for yourselves, how groundless the fear, that the training of woman's mind and hand for intelligent thinking and independent action, and for self-support when necessary, will imperil the continuance of home- and family-life.

As to the claim that woman's physical strength is incompatible with the strain consequent upon fitting her for some trade or profession, there is considerable truth in it. But her weakness is due not to sex but to a false system of bringing up. Raise your girl as you raise your boy, give her equal liberties, equal chances to grow and expand and develop, and she will hold her own against him ever after. A Grace Darling pressing her life-boat through a raging sea to save drowning sailors, while men on shore look on, and tremble with fright, a Florence Nightingale, unweariedly nursing the wounded and dying on battlefield and in hospital, and a thousand other heroic women, have found their sex no barrier and no weakness for great and good and hard work. Had man received the raising of woman, and woman that of man, her sex would now have been named the stronger, and his the weaker. For an experiment, raise your boy as you now raise your girl. Start with the theory that he is never to be an independent, self-acting being, a man of the world, but a hot-house plant, a passive creature without a will of his own, always to be dependent, and to lean, upon some one stronger than himself. Fill him with notions that he must keep out of the sun and wind and cold, lest his face freckle, or his hands chap, or his features grow coarse. Teach him that it is ungentlemanly to romp and climb and leap and swim and row and fill his lungs

Nor to physical strength.

with rich draughts of fresh air. When about to develop, try to prevent it with all your might. Compress his vitals by means of stays and laces. Suspend from his hips and back and abdomen heavy garments. Cramp his feet into shoes several inches too small and too narrow. Expose him in scant dress to the extremes of overheated ball-room and cold night air. Give your boy such a raising, and you will find his masculine sex as incompatible with physical strain as now you find the feminine. Give your girl an equal chance with your boy. Permit her muscles to knit with strength, her chest to expand, her blood to circulate freely, give her abundant exercise in the fresh air, make a ruddy complexion, a robust frame, fashionable, and there is not a vocation to-day which your girl will not as successfully cope with as your boy.

Woman's mind claimed to be weaker than man's.

This last statement of mine, however, is denied, and by some of our ablest writers. Woman, they say, may be ever so strong, and try ever so hard, and have every opportunity, she has not an equal chance with man. Her brain is less in quantity and inferior in quality, which, in their opinion, furnishes the best proof, that: nature never intended her to enter the trades or professions, or to compete with man for the morsel of bread in the public arena, that those who tried it either failed financially or physically, or became mentally unbalanced. A large array of facts is adduced in proof. The world's great geniuses in the sciences, arts and literatures count not one woman among them. To the departments in which she has had considerable of a sway, such as religion and painting and music, she has not given one great light of her own sex. Every invention that makes her household-work easier, and her home brighter, has come to her from man.

Has not had equal chance with man.

It is strange, that these eminent writers should have been unable to trace this mental shortcoming of woman to another cause than to an inferior brain. If woman has not given the world a great genius it is because she has had but little chance. Her opportunity for higher education has but just begun. Vassar, one of the oldest women's colleges, is but a quarter of a century old; colleges for boys are a hundred times as old. And whenever she was admitted to the fountains of knowledge it was for different ends, and she was taught in a different spirit than the boy. When she took up art or literature or religion, it was seldom more than a smattering she got, to serve her as an accomplishment, to make her reign in society more brilliant and husband-charming easier. And when the goal of her life was attained, the claims of husband and children seriously interfered with a continuance of her studies, and gradually even the little she had acquired fell into neglect and oblivion. Not so with the boy. When he took up a study, it was not a temporary make-shift; it was his life's study. His whole heart was in it, and remained in it all his life. By it he was to live, with it he was to strive, through it he was to win fame and fortune. Marriage, instead of checking his career, only spurred him on all the more. Better home-comforts, a wife's cheering encouragement, children's

needs, urged him on till he attained the greatness, which ranks him with the immortals.

Is it just to look for genius among women, with little or no opportunity to furnish it, when even among men, with all the advantages on their side, and with countless thousands availing themselves of them, the brilliant stars of genius may be easily counted on the fingers of our hands? Countless thousands have studied since the time of Moses, but from them all a Moses has not risen since. The Shakespeares and Raphaels and Mendelssohns still stand isolated, though thousands have started out to keep them company. Nature is very sparing with her great flashes of intellect. Before she sends the new light, she requires whole ages to accustom the eye to it, when it shall break. The bearer of it is but the accident of the hour. It was man in the past; it will be woman in the future.

Think not this prophecy a gallant flattery. Never were truer words spoken. When I see women, who have just entered the lists of students, ranking already with the world's greatest celebrities; when year after year I see women carrying off the honors over their male competitors, in the leading Universities of the world; when I see college students studying textbooks written by women; when I see Miss Edwards astounding the savants with her Egyptology, and Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot standing shoulder to shoulder with Thackeray or Dickens, and George Sand and Madame de Stael and Rosa Bonheur ranking with the best writers and artists of France; when I see a Mrs. Browning opening a new path in poetry, and a Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, an Elizabeth Fry, a Dorothea Dix, a Clara Barton, opening a new way to liberty, and philanthropy, when such triumphs I behold achieved in the face of countless obstacles and disheartening discouragements, it is no flattery to predict the rise of women of genius, who shall end the isolation and loneliness of the men of genius that have appeared before them.

There will be women geniuses.

That failures there are among literary women we shall not deny. But who can count those of literary men? There are women, it is true, on whom the novelty of learning acts as an intoxicant, and leads them to make a pitiable spectacle of themselves, proving that:

> ". . . wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
> Too strong for feeble women to sustain:
> Of those who claim it more than half have none;
> And half of those who have it are undone."*

Conscious of superiority over their benighted sisters, they flaunt their learning in their faces, affect masculine ways, and strut about turkey-gobbler fashion, like the parvenue, whose pocket has grown faster than his brain, and who puts as much as possible of his newly-gotten wealth upon his back. But it was a trick they learned from man. Who has not seen, and been disgusted with, those little great men, who strut about with a bow-down-

Mental failures not confined to her sex.

* Lyttleton, "*Advice to a Lady.*"

before-me air, upon whom learning sits with about as much of grace as the monkey upon the elephant's back? As wrong as it would be to hold up such lumps of affectation as types of learned men, so wrong is it to make the crank or blue stocking the example of the literary woman. For every one Dr. Mary Walker there are dozens of such literary women as the noble and self-sacrificing collaborator and wife of the blind Professor Fawcett, Postmaster General of England, or the wife of Guizot, the French Historian and Statesman, sweet and modest and womanly women, all the better housekeepers, all the nobler wives, all the truer mothers, for being self-thinking and self-helping women.

Woman driven to self-support through husband-famine.

We have thus reviewed the chief objections, that have been raised against permitting woman to fit herself for an independent and self-supporting career, should unprovided single life or widowhood be her lot, and have found them, either based on exceptional cases, or wholly groundless, have seen that it neither unsexes or undomesticates her nor is it too great a tax on her physical and mental power. But my analysis of these objections had for its end a different purpose than posing as a champion of woman's rights. My only aim is to show that woman's right is not man's wrong, nor woman's wrong. It is woman's necessity. It is man that forces upon woman the necessity of leaving her domestic sphere, her sequestered roof, to go forth into the public arena to compete with him in a fierce struggle for existence. A thousand times rather would she be queen in her own happy little home than the slave in some factory, shop, or office. A thousand times rather would she be a bread-consumer than a bread-winner, rather some man's sweet darling than his bitter competitor.

But statistics show an increasing excess of marriageable women and a correspondingly decreasing number of marrying men. There are marriageable men enough, but numbers of them avail themselves of the sweets and advantages of social life, largely woman's handiwork, without possessing the manhood to contribute their share towards perpetuating those blessings. A husband-famine has broken out in civilized lands; and hundreds of women who might have made husbands happy and built up blessed homes, are the victims. It is poor policy now to fit her solely for marriage, as the goal of her existence, with the chances for it steadily decreasing. What good is there in concentrating all the attention upon training the growing girl in the art of husband-charming and household-work, when the chances of young men being charmed into husbands, and affording her an opportunity for exercising her household skill, is diminishing? That time is past, when man could say, that: all the science a woman needs to know is "chemistry enough to keep the pot boiling and geography enough to know the different rooms in her house," or when it was believed that a woman's library need contain but two books: a Bible and a Cook-book.

If unprovided single life or widowhood is to be her lot, she must prepare herself in time to meet it nobly, to support herself by plying some

trade or following some profession, and not fall a burden on some relative, or become a charity subject. The cry that the trades and the professions are already overcrowded with men must have no weight. If men force women into the arena they must bear the consequences. She has a right to a living, and to secure it by honorable work. If only a certain amount of work is to be had, she must have an equal chance for it. Society has no right to determine which sex must live, and which must starve.

If she is to remain single, she must fit for self-support.

There is no other alternative. The Law cannot compel every marriageable man to take a wife, and make it always possible for him to provide for her, and for his daughters till provided. Neither can it prevent death from entering the household, and taking from wife and children the needed provider. We have gotten beyond the ancient mode of disposing of the surplusage of women by polygamous marriage. Woman's only safety, therefore, (if we are to prevent a repetition of the corruption during the Roman Empire, and which has already rooted itself deep in the large cities both sides of the Atlantic,) lies in her being trained to be an independent, self-thinking, and honorably self-supporting being.

Let her mind be cultivated. If the lot of happy marriage is to fall to her, she will be the better wife and mother for the training she has received. The cultured wife, who knows the art of turning her home into a little paradise, who can occupy her leisure hours intelligently and profitably, who can entertain her husband and his friends with intelligent conversations on intelligent subjects, 'whose mind to him a kingdom is,' will sooner fasten her husbands heart to her and her home, and become the depositary of all his hopes and plans and ideals, than will she who, unable to entertain herself and her husband at home, must be on the perpetual go, to seek excitement and entertainment elsewhere. The cultured mother will send into society children better endowed, better trained, better principled, better rooted in morality, than will the empty-headed mother, wholly ignorant of child-nature and child-possibilities. Who can estimate the influence which the cultured mothers of John Quincy Adams, of Goethe, of Cuvier, exercised upon their careers? It is because we have so few cultivated mothers that we have so few really great and good men, that our penitentiaries are so crowded, our political and social life so permeated with corruption, that all our women have not yet convinced all our men that "it is as great to be a woman as it is to be a man."

Let her mind be cultivated.

Let her hand be trained. Let her not sit the best years of her life in idleness, with the one thought supreme in her mind: When and by whom her single life will be ended. Give a purpose to her existence. Teach her that there is health and strength and character and independence in work. There is really no need of her crowding men out of the labor-market. There are trades and professions, distinctively in her sphere, adapted to her sex, removed from the public gaze, remunerative, and with little danger of ever being driven from them by the opposite sex. It is perhaps unadvisable for her

Let her learn a trade.

to enter upon the medical or legal professions. These are life-subjects. They require years of preparation and study, years that fall into that critical period, in which it is to be decided: whether she shall be a wife or not. If wholly devoted to her profession—as she should be—she neglects her matrimonial chances, and thwarts the purpose for which she has been placed on earth. There are plenty of other callings free from such hindrances. As a teacher, woman will continue to be a favorite. Equally as a trained nurse. More women entering this profession, will reduce the present price, encourage larger demand for nurses, and thus not only give more women employment, but also greatly benefit patient and physician and the health of the community. As dressmaker and milliner and skilled needle-worker woman will continue to be in demand; likewise as a trained cook and nursery governess. Woman as a character-builder in sectarian schools offers a new and profitable and beneficial field of labor. Philanthropy is becoming a science. Applications for charity require investigation. Secret suffering must be sought out. This requires the time and attention of specially trained and specially employed people, and for such work none is better fitted than woman. All these, and yet other similar employments, will secure for woman a respectable living, when thrown upon her own resources, and do away with the terrible fear of life-long dependent maidenhood.

Both serviceable even when not needed for self-support.

And even when happy marriage relieves her of the necessity of self-support, skill in any of these callings will prove great aids in her household duties. Knowing the hardship of labor, the difficulty with which money is earned, she will practice the art of economy and avoid extravagance, and imbue her children with the same virtues. Her husband will find her a helpmate, and not an expensive luxury. He will be spared that killing toil, into which many a husband is forced to-day to keep up an extravagant household. Young men, observing this, will be less frightened into bachelordom. Marriages will be more frequent. Homes will be happier. Woman will be ornamental and useful, cultured and independent. Man will then no longer doubt that "it is as great to be a woman as it is to be a man."

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends"

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

January t, 1892,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA:
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SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion.
8. Delusion.
9. Hallucination.
10. Jesus in the Synagogue.
11. To-Day better than Yesterday.
12. Wanted—A Rational Religious School.
13. Civilization's Debt to Woman.
14. Civilization's Duty to Woman.
15. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends."
16. Justice—Not Charity.
17.
18.
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24.
25.
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28.

SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward.
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza—Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

SERIES II. 1888—1889.

1. Whence, Whither and Why?
2. The Voice of the People.
3. Uncharitable Charity.
4. Wife and Mother.
5. Husband and Father.
6. Origin and Descent.
7. The People of the Book.
8. Future Reward and Punishment.
9. The Ideal Commonwealth.
10. The Puritanic Sabbath.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM:

11. I. The Mosaic Age.
12. II. The Prophetic Age.
13. III. The Messianic Age.
14. IV. The Rabbinical Age.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM CONTINUED:

15. V. The Kabbalistic Age.
16. VI. The Mendelssohnian Age.
17. VII. The Present Age.
18. Ashes to Ashes, or Earth to Earth.
19. Sanitary Science.
20. Does Prohibition Prohibit?
21. Intermarriage.
22. Convert your own—Let Jews alone.
23. The 25th Anniversary of the Corner-stone-Laying of Temple Keneseth Israel.
24. Abused Benefactors.
25. A Benefactor Honored. (Rev. Dr. I. M. Wise)
26. The Real Saving Trinity.
27. The Removal of the Leaven.
28. Deed through Creed.

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends."

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, Jan'y 31st, 1892.

(PROV. XIX, 21.) רבות מחשבות בלב-איש ועצת יהוה היא תקום

"Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends
Rough-hew them how we will."

—*Hamlet*, Act V, Scene II.

That ignorant people should lose their humanity when dealing with the Jew is not a matter of surprise. Experience, extending over thousands of years, has accustomed the Jew to that sight. That, however, intelligent men, writers of distinction and eminence, should lose their reason when treating of the Jew is a matter of much astonishment. It almost seems, as if there were a deeper meaning in the Psalmist's words: "Touch not mine anointed" than we usually give them, as if they implied the lesson that no one, whether ignorant or learned, can touch the Jew with unfriendly hands, without losing his humanity or reason.

None can attack Israel without loss of humanity and reason.

Such a belief only can help us to rationally account for the falsities and fallacies indulged in at the expense of the Jew by able and prominent and good men. It is only on the theory of spasmodic mind-aberration, that we can account for Prof. Goldwin Smith's article, in the last August number of the *North American Review*, in which he assigns as cause of the Russian persecutions and expulsions of the Jew: the parasitic habits and the nihilistic tendencies of the alien Semite, with proofs of the Czar's fanatical efforts for Pan-Slavism and Pan-Greek-Catholicism in his empire glaringly staring him in the face, without mention of those cruel *pale*-restrictions, that drove hundreds of thousands of Jews from agriculture and mechanical trades to petty commercial pursuits, and of those barbarous treatments that drove a few, maddened by insufferable outrages, into the ranks of the nihilist. It is on this theory only, that we can account for Mr. James M. Roger's contribution to the December number of the same magazine, in which he makes the startling disclosure, that he had never seen a Jewish soldier, neither during his experience in the late war, nor in his travels of twenty-five years since, with a score of Soldiers' Monuments in Jewish cemeteries, with hundreds of battle-scarred Jewish soldiers, North and South, with scores of Jewish comrades active and prominent in the Grand Army of the Republic, with the fact that the percentage of the Jewish soldiers in the Army was as large as

that of Non-Jews, to tell him how grievously he had insulted the patriotism of the American Jew. Such a theory only can account for the absurdity of that cartoon in last week's *Judge*, in which the artist's pencil delineates a national tragi-comedy in three acts: the first act showing the landing of the exiled Russian Jews in New York; the second act showing the name of the American Metropolis changed from New York to New Jerusalem, and Broadway, with all its commercial interests, in the hands of the Jew; the last act showing the necessitated emigration to the Far West of the oldest and most representative families of New York City;—with nearly two thousand years of history to show that never yet has the Wandering Jew succeeded even in finding a permanent abiding place in all the world, much less in driving out the native, that no sooner did perseverence and industry yield him their fruit, no sooner did he amass worldly and intellectual wealth, than he aroused the envy and the hatred of people among whom he lived, than he was ostracised, restricted, persecuted, and, so far from driving out the natives, as insinuated in the *Judge's* cartoon, was mercilessly expelled by them.

If it be true that no one can assume a hostile attitude towards Israel without injury to his humanity and reason, then it may also be true that some mysterious power guards the Jew, that he is *an anointed of the Lord*, who cannot be touched with impunity. Yet, if such a power there be, why does it tolerate this double suffering, that of the persecuted on the one side, and that of the persecutor on the other? Why does it suffer nation upon nation, and people upon people, to rise against *the anointed*, to make the Jew a fugitive and an outcast upon the face of the earth, the insulted and outraged in all climes and zones? Does the distinction of being *an anointed* lie in suffering? Does the persecutor's loss of humanity and reason recompense the persecuted for the loss of country, home, possessions, human rights, honorable treatment?

If Providence guards Israel, why is attack permitted?

It is an old question that I have touched upon here. It was asked in olden times at the banks of the Nile, of the Jordan, of the Euphrates, of the Tiber, of the Guadalquivir, as it is now asked at the banks of the Volga, the Spree, the Danube, the Hudson, but answered it never yet has been. Not all the histories of all the world have such an unfathomable problem as that of Israel. The oldest of races, yet the youngest in vigor. The persecuted of all nations, yet the conquered of none. Native-born in all countries, yet regarded an alien in each. The most defenceless of men, yet the most feared of all. Pharaohs and Shahs, Emperors and Czars, before whom giant nations humble themselves in the dust, stand powerless before this Jewish pigmy. Crushed to-day, he rises rejuvenated to-morrow. Banished from one land, the door of another opens wide to him. In the same year that one ruler issues cruel ukases against him, another speaks of him with sympathy in his message to Congress. In the very year that Spain expels him from her country, she is made to aid in the discovery of a new world for his refuge. In the very year that

Israel the Riddle of History.

Russia drives him out of her territory, and the United States talk of restrictive measures against his immigration, Spain opens her portals, and invites him back again to his old fireside, and the American Spanish colonies offer him millions of acres of land, on which to found a new home.

There is little doubt, that if the Jewish race were destined to be annihilated, it would have been a long accomplished fact. No task could have been easier, for it certainly was, and is, one of the weakest and most defenceless of races. And attempts enough there were. Egypt, Babylon, Syria, Macedon, Rome; Pagan and Mohamedan and Christian, they all tried it, and yet, though successful in erasing mighty nations from the face of the earth, in sweeping vast empires out of existence, in dashing races of giants and heroes to destruction, from Israel their death-dealing sword rebounded blunted. There is little doubt, that if the Jewish race had been destined for annihilation, Nature would have accomplished it long ago. For she is as pitiless with old races, as she is with old people. She gives them their period of happy youth, of proud and conquering manhood;—then she sinks them into the decrepitude of old age, and ends all with the grave. Long since has she wrapped death's winding-sheet about those hoary races of the past, that once played mighty rolls on the world's stage, yet over the Jew, who stood at their cradle and at their grave, her power did not extend. He still plays a mighty roll on the world's stage. While many of the others are scarcely memories any more, the Jew still is a living reality, as youthful and as vigorous as ever he was in the past. There is little doubt that if Judaism had been destined to share the doom of other religion's of the past, its death-knell would have been sounded long, long ago. Every cruelty that human ingenuity could devise, every temptation that could win a people from torture and disgrace to joy and honor, was set in motion, to annihilate Jehovah and his worshippers. But the Jew preferred persecution, torture, loss of human rights, even death, to surrendering his faith. Baal and Moloch, Isis and Astarte, Jupiter and Woden, and their worshippers are dead. The name of Jehovah still resounds, wherever Jewish soul wings itself in prayer.

Had Israel been destined for destruction it would long since have been accomplished.

Every attempt at the life of Israel by infinitely mightier peoples failing, persecuting races and religions numbering with the dead, while the persecuted are still in the very bloom of life, these facts, make yet another fact fairly conclusive, and that is: Israel and Judaism are not destined for destruction. They must live. There is a divinity that shapes their ends, rough-hew them, ill-treat them, as much as the world may choose. And they must live for a purpose, otherwise their providential preservation would have no meaning. They, against whom man and nature are powerless, must be the *Anointed of the Lord*, singled out and spared by Him for purposes divine. What those purposes may be, we may conjecture from what Israel has accomplished in the past. It has designed the plan of civilization, laid

Israel must live and for a purpose.

its foundation, started its superstructure;—it must finish the work it has begun. It has conceived the great religious truth: One God over all, One Brotherhood of all, Universal Peace among all;—that religious truth it must make supreme with all.

With this strong hypothesis before us of Israel's divine preservation for a holy purpose, the problem of the Jew's sufferings loses much of its mystery. Providence had singled him out for a great work, and unless he had suffered, he never would have achieved as much as he has. Had he enjoyed uninterrupted prosperity, he would have thwarted the end for which Divinity shaped him. He that serves the highest must humble himself the lowest. He that toils for mankind's good, must suffer most from mankind's evil. Whom Providence selects for its service, him it moulds in the furnace of affliction, hardens on the anvil of adversity, files and polishes on the rasp and grind-stone of misery, subjects to cruel blows and heavy burdens, to keep him vigilant at his post, mindful of his duty, and brave in its discharge. Its shaping hands hammer and file and grind away at him. Having his end clear in view, it heeds not his sighs and tears and moans. It knows that in the fullness of time he will tune a thanksgiving-hymn for every tear, and a benefited world will bless him who suffered and achieved. Had Israel's cries been heeded, had his sufferings ceased, had he been permitted to bask in perpetual sunshine, he would not have been here to-day to tell the story of his achievement. He would have shared the fate of the nations now extinct. He has achieved because he has suffered. He will achieve because he suffers. He will suffer because he has a great and holy mission to perform. He and the world will rejoice when that mission will be performed.

Had Israel not suffered, it would not have achieved.

You stand before some beautiful statue in Fairmount Park. You sing its praises loud. Itself seems to say to you how proud it is to be so masterly sculptured and so picturesquely placed. Yet a time there was, when it told a different story. When drill bored into its heart, when blasting-powder shattered its sides, when the unmerciful chisel heeded not its moans and groans, then it bewailed its bitter lot, envied the turf-covered rock near by, which the quarrier spared, complained of unjust discrimination, of being taunted by its undisturbed neighbor. To-day, it speaks of itself as specially favored, as being a delight and an inspiration to the thousands. Not for all the world would it have escaped the sculptor's painfully fashioning hand, nor change with its former envied, taunting, ill-shapen neighbor. You praise the great achievements of the man imaged in that statue, and deep in your heart you wish the fates had allotted you such a distinction. Yet a time there was, when, as a little boy, he often wet the pages of his books with tears, when he thought his parents and his teachers cruel for keeping him at his studies, for torturing his brain, and envied his playmates, who were free to roam and play when and where they pleased. Oh, how thankful was he later that parents and teachers kept him at his studies, that they heeded not his tears and his complaints. Like that

Israel still suffers to achieve still more.

statue, Israel is still in the quarry, the drill is still in its heart, the blasting-powder tears and rents it in every direction, the chisel cuts it unmercifully, its neighbors taunt it pitilessly. Like that sculptured genius, Israel is still at school, still wets the page in trying to learn its difficult lessons, still envies those that are spared, those who are not under divinity's shaping hand. Yet the time will come, when death-less Israel will stand more beautiful than that statue, more distinguished than the genius which it images, more of a delight and inspiration than both. The time will come, when it will thank Divinity's shaping hand, for the pains it inflicted, for the heavy burdens it laid upon it, for having forced it to become the Suffering Messiah of the world.

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends.

Yes, there is a Divinity that shapes Israel's ends, rough hew them as much as the world may choose. In vain are the plots and schemes and plans of men; if they fit not into Divinity's ends, they will not prevail. Man may propose, but God will dispose. Nor is this law restricted to Israel alone. It is a Universal Law. It is the permanent element in all History. What we call coincident or accident is often decree. What we name Good or Bad Luck is often but the fashioning of Divinity's hands. Its hands are never idle. Now it plays the roll of *Nemesis*, avenges the wrong or thwarts the ill; now it plays the part of *Themis*, rewarding the wronged and turning the ill into good.

There's a Nemesis and a Themis.

The conquered Adoni-Bezek, gathering crumbs, with thumbs and toes cut off, under his conqueror's table, significantly wails: "Threescore and ten kings, having their thumbs and great toes cut off, gathered their crumbs under my table: as I have done so God hath requited me."* Cæsar is cause of Pompey's murder, and Cæsar falls murdered in the Senate-chamber at the foot of Pompey's statue. On the same day of the same month, and in the same chamber in which Henry III of France presided over the council that planned the Massacre of St. Bartholomew Night, he meets his death by an assassin's hand. The poisoned wine which Pope Alexander VI prepares for some of his cardinals, causes his own death. The guillotine with which the terrorists of France butcher thousands of human lives, ends their own. Napoleon, desirous of having a male heir to perpetuate his own dynasty, cruelly divorces his wife Josephine, for having born him no son, and marries another. That alliance proves his misfortune and disgrace. His only heir dies in early life. To this day, not even an heir from the branches of the Napoleonic family has been able to maintain himself on the throne of France. Columbus starts out to find a new way to eastern lands, and is forced to discover a new western world. Russia enters upon active war preparations, a famine comes, and war preparations are at an end.

Here is more than chance or luck, more than coincident or accident. Here is a Divinity shaping the ends of nations, determining the destinies

*Judges I, 7.

Man's hand at the helm, but God's design at the prow.

of men. Here is the hand of God working in, and by the hand of, man. Here is the will of God manifesting itself in chance or accident. Man's hand is at the helm, but God's design is at the prow. Whither He directs it must go, whether it will or not. He may let it run adrift awhile, but in time he brings it back again into its channels. "Except the Lord build the house," says the Psalmist, "they labor in vain that build it," and when He builds neither nations nor men can prevent. Even their rough-hewing turns into artistic shape, and becomes instinct with beauty.

There is even no need for turning to History to observe Divinity's shaping hands in the affairs of men. They that look below the surface, that watch the turn of events in their own careers, often can not escape the conclusion, that there is some power guiding their destiny, welding after its own design event with event, and shaping them into something either worse than they had wished, or better than they had dared to hope. Mere trifles, unlooked for, unobserved, are often turning-points in men's lives, determine their future weal or woe. One man turns one way, encounters a fortuitous combination of circumstances, which leads him to fortune and fame. Another turns another way, falls in with people, whom he would not otherwise have met, which leads to a train of events, that ultimately prove his ruin or disgrace. Who can tell how much of chance, and how much of destiny there may have been in turning into either of these ways? "Had I not met such or such a person, had I not been in such or such a place, never would I have been where and what I am," is a familiar saying, but may it not be that they unconsciously obeyed a Divine command? Do we not often see our wishes thwarted only for our own good? One man misses his train or boat, to escape a wreck. Another falls, breaks his leg, and the necessitated delay saves his life. A third is turned aside from his yearned for object, only to reach something better. Our wishes are granted to us often better than we wish them ourselves, only at another time, and in another way. Our own way might often have proven our ruin. Our greatest defeats are often our greatest victories.

Our greatest defeats often our greatest victories.

> "So weak is man
> So ignorant and blind, that did not God
> Sometimes withold in mercy what we ask,
> We should be ruined at our own request."*

A little grain of sand lies at the bottom of the sea, greatly dissatisfied with its lot. It longs to be raised to some field, to bask in the light and air. A shifting current washes it into an oyster-shell, and louder than before, it bewails its cruel fate. But gradually the oyster turns it into a precious pearl. Divers bring it to light, and on the neck of some beautiful maiden it sees its wish better fulfilled than ever it had dared to hope. It is thus that Providence answers our request, better than we asked, but slower than we hoped, nor as pleasantly as we wished. Its way from the

* Hannah More: "*Moses in the Bulrushes.*"

gloom to the light often winds through a long labyrinthal passage-way of total darkness.

Speedy victory may be transient.

Often again it grants unto men their wishes speedier than expected, and turns even their follies into good account, while the best-laid plans, and the wisest preparations, and the most patient labors of others utterly fail. The painter Protogenes, discouraged at being unable to paint the foam around a mad dog's mouth, hurls his wet brush at the picture, and unexpectedly produces, through that fling, the desired foam-effect. Jason, with a painful and fatal imposthume in his breast, rushes into battle, engages in the thick of the fight, to meet his death and to escape his tortures. A spear pierces the abscess, the imposthume escapes; and from his pain and danger he is free. From painter's brush, from sculptor's pencil, from writer's pen, from orator's lips, there sometimes slip, unmeditated, unconsciously, strokes and figures, lines and words, of such excelling grandeur, as to astonish them as much as the world. It is Divinity shaping their ends, guiding their hands, touching their lips, inspiring their minds, leading them with ease, unexpectedly, and amidst a loud flourish of trumpets, into the Temple of Fame.

The long-deferred success may prove the best.

To others, however, it bars the doors, try as hard as they may. They strive heroically and fail, where others succeed with little or no striving. They scheme and plan, invent and discover, only to see others crowned with the glory of their achievment. They sow in tears, and others garner in the rich harvests. They cast themselves into the breach, others pass over them to fame and glory. But upon their destinies, too, Divinity's shaping hand is at work. They are commissioned for a higher Temple, the entrance to which leads through years, ages, of heroic struggle, of defeat and suffering.

'Tis a fatal error, that of compressing success into the narrow area of three score years and ten. We figure in minutes; Divinity reckons in ages. Our measure of life begins at the cradle and ends at the grave. Divinity takes it through a thousand births and burials, before it stamps *finis* upon it. The vase painted with fading colors, sun-dried and soon done, enjoys its brief hour of admiration, and is no more. The one that has fast colors laid upon it again and again, that is made to pass repeatedly through the hot furnace, that is long withheld from public gaze, is the joy of the earth, even after the lapse of centuries. It is thus that Divinity proceeds. For the shaping of one man's destiny it requires but a brief hour; for that of others it needs whole ages. The brief hour's enjoyment of the one the mortal eye beholds, of the other it sees but his present disappointments and sufferings. Into the future it cannot peer. It cannot see Divinity's finished product in the future Temple of the Giants of Immortals, and it is perplexed, discouraged, sceptic.

But, unless man creates, Divinity cannot shape.

There is yet another serious error. There are those that fail to see that Divinity only shapes what man creates. They sit with idle hand, waiting to be turned into some Crœsus in wealth, or some Moses in fame, in the belief, that what is

to be will be, whether they help or not. It is the doctrine of Predestination, that wrought so much mischief among men, that chained man's free will, throttled his independence, turned him into an irresponsible being, taught him that it was from necessity, not from choice, that man became a saint or sinner, a buffoon or a bard, a menial or a monarch, a knight or a knave, that there was no need of taking special care of life or goods, or of taking special pains, everything was predestined, and nothing that man could do, or omit to do, could change it by a hair's-breadth, either one way or another. But for the fortunate provision of human nature of making man's actions often wiser than his beliefs, civilization might have found its grave in this pernicious dogma. Many a one confessed a belief in Fatalism, yet took all the steps and precaution to create his own fate. "Trusting in Providence is a good thing," said a practical farmer to his preacher once, "but I have found a wagon-ful of manure on top of it a mighty big help on my fields." The woman, who remarked that 'but for *Providence and another woman* she might have drowned, deserved being saved, if for no other reason than for giving us so clever a saying. I have read of a man in the West, who, when getting his gun in trim before starting on a distant and dangerous journey, was addressed by a pious neighbor somewhat in this fashion: "Friend, you need'nt take any precaution for your life. If it was "writ" before the foundation of the world, that you are to be killed during this trip by an Indian, that rifle won't prevent it; and if you are not to be killed, of course the rifle is unnecessary, and so why take it with you at all?" To which the other wittily replied: "Supposing I meet an Indian on the road whose time had come, and I had'nt my gun with me, what would he do? Yes, neighbor, we must all contribute our part towards the fulfillment of the decrees of Providence."

There was wisdom as well as wit in his answer. Man must help Providence, if it is to help him. Divinity shapes our ends, but we must give it something to shape. It will never finish the hardened hand of a blacksmith well on in years into the gentle touch of a famous pianist. It might, however, aid him in designing some new and marvelous piece of machinery. Man may enter life with the commission of tailor or merchant or musician or painter stamped in his nature. On his own efforts, however, it will depend whether Divinity will shape that innate talent into a mender of old clothes or a Nicol or Worth, into a street-vender or a Wanamaker, into a saloon-fiddler or a Joachim, into a white-washer or a Meissonier.

We are not will-less automata, heaps of flesh and bones and nerves, fashioned as the potter fashions a lump of clay. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends," but we create what it shapes. If we cannot determine the consequences, we can at least prepare the way for the best. Of our faculties we may be masters, if not of our destinies. If we ourselves resolutely hew out our careers, we can safely leave the shaping of them to Divinity. In the long run, we will find its will our will; if not, it is because its will

Of our faculties we are masters, if not of our destinies.

is better than ours. If instead of success it brings us failures, and instead of joy, sorrow, it may be because its mysteriously shaping hands may have an ultimate success or joy in view, infinitely greater than ever we hoped. On the wrong side of an artistic piece of tapestry-work, on which the weaver is engaged, the eye only sees a mass of confusion; on the right side it is charmed with the beauty of color and picturesqueness of design. Gazing upon a building in course of construction, upon walls half built, arches half-sprung, floors unlaid, heaps of rubbish, it is impossible to detect beauty or plan and purpose, but beholding it when completed, its artistic design and finish ravish the eye. So it is with our destinies. In this present life, we often see but the wrong and confused side of Divinity's weaving, see but the half-finished walls, and the half-sprung arches. We are impatient for a piece of cheese-cloth, while God is finishing a beautiful piece of tapestry. We are disappointed at not seeing our shed finished, when God has designed, and is slowly building, a magnificent capitol.

What we need is patience and trust and resoluteness. We must strive for the best, and trust that whatever happens is for the best. Our failures will then not dishearten us, nor our sorrows weigh us down. They will appear to us methods used by the Divine Husbandman to secure healthier growth and richer products, through frequent trimming and pruning and cutting. We will then not tremble before a blind chance, but feel that

God behind the dim unknown.

"Behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."*

Inspecting, once, during an Exposition, a curiously constructed piece of mechanism, and desirous of obtaining some information concerning it, I directed a question to the boy, who held guard, and received as answer: "My master knows it all." That reply, though very unsatisfactory then, has often been a solace to me since. When perplexed and discouraged at the sight of seeming undeserved failure and unjust suffering, there would come to my mind the lad's words "My Master knows it all," and with it Pope's assuring lines:

"All Nature is but Art unknown to thee;
All Chance—Direction which thou canst not see;
All Discord—Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good;
And spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right."†

* Lowell—*The Present Crisis*, St. 8. † "*Essay on Man*," Ep. I, Line 289.

Justice not Charity.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

Philadelphia, February 7th, 1892.

Watching, one day, on mid-ocean, the heaving into sight of a monster vessel, I could not but marvel at its insignificant size,—a mere speck it seemed at the distant horizon, and it was somewhat humiliating to think that our own steamer, famed as one of the giants of navigation, measuring half a thousand feet in length, and travelling half a thousand miles a day, and carrying half a thousand passengers, should also seem a mere speck to the passengers of the other. But for our previous knowledge, little would the passengers of either vessel have dreamed, that a little world inhabited each of these tiny specks, and clearer than ever before I realized how much like that tiny speck our own earth, with its billions of people, with its thronged cities and deserted villages, with its proud capitols and humble hovels, with all its great and all its little men, with all its joys and all its sorrows, must seem to yon glittering solar specks, in the infinitely vaster ocean of space.

Reflections on mid-ocean.

Yes, though on mid-ocean, and confined within what seemed but a little speck, a world in miniature I beheld around about me. There were the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the weak and the strong, the sick and the healthy, the joyful and the sorrowful, the hopeful and the despairing. There was the same class-distinction that we are so familiar with on dry land. The wealthier had the most comfortable and most luxuriant, the airiest and roomiest and quietest part of the vessel all to themselves. They had the freedom of the entire vessel, but into their sanctum no plebian dared, unbidden, set his foot. Attendants watched their every beck, and hastily answered their every want. There was the library and the piano and the card-room, to afford them pastime; the band of music to spice their meals; the sparkling champagne to counteract the *mal de mer;* the long promenade on the hurricane-deck, with canvas cover to keep off cinders and sun and rain.

Observations in First Cabin.

Back of them, and beneath them, was the Second Cabin, the space assigned to the middle class. Of the First Cabin's comforts and luxuries but few were to be seen here. Their meals, if the same, were not as neatly served. Their deck-room was small, and that impeded with baggage. The breathlessly pumping machinery near them greatly disturbed their quiet. Only in the evening the band visited their quarter, and favored them with a few airs.

In Second Cabin.

In front, was the steerage-quarter, the part assigned to the poor. Unless seen, one would scarcely believe, that within so small an area as a steamboat, so great a difference could exist as that between this quarter and its adjoining First Cabin. Not a trace of luxury here, and little of comfort, less of attendance, and still less of privacy. The small area packed with a motley crowd of poorly-clad men, women, children, young and old, thrown together promiscuously, and with not a few among them whose faces and bearing indicated that they had seen better days. The atmosphere beneath was stifling, and above it was but little better. Everywhere remnants of their coarse diet; everywhere traces of sea-sickness. Here men and women, stretched out on the floor, as if dead, and very likely wishing they were; there sickly babes piteously moaning in the arms of yet sicklier mothers; yonder a heap of small and large boys and girls scrambling after coins, pieces of sugar and other delicacies, thrown down to them from the upper deck by First Cabin passengers; yonder young men and women dancing and singing to the tune of an accordion; at the prow, peering into the distant West, heedless of the spray and splashing waters, a group of men with care-worn faces, eager to catch a glimpse of that promised land, that shall end their burdens and their sorrows forever more.

In Steerage.

Still lower down—you look surprised—yes, these monster-vessels have yet a lower floor, down at the bottom of the ship's hold, almost entirely under water, I saw a set of men—though one might have taken them for some horrible sea-monsters—black with soot, with scarce any clothes on their backs, the perspiration pouring down, toiling in front of the monster furnaces, feeding their insatiable jaws, removing the ashes, wheeling in the coal, toiling day and night in an atmosphere so intensely hot, amidst a noise so deafening, on a floor so unsteady, that but a minute or two sufficed to drive me from what seemed a veritable hell. When I entered their dark and grimy and scorching purgatory, they seemed surprised to see one of the fortunates of the decks above venture to pay them a visit, and from conversations with some cabin passengers, after my hasty flight, I discovered that but few were aware of the existence of these slaving men in the burning pit beneath, whose toil constitutes one of the boasts of our age, makes the steamers' wondrous speed possible, and whose faithfulness renders it possible for the passengers above to rest in safety.

In the hold below

What a contrast between those on the highest deck above, and those in the hold beneath! Above, men surrounded with every comfort and luxury, with plentiful provision for pleasant pastime, lounging on sophas and steamer chairs, promenading, singing, dancing, playing, carousing, gambling,—beneath, men, whose daily existence is a round from miserable bunk to scorching furnace, and from furnace to bunk, their only recreation an occasional stop at an open port-hole, to catch a whif of the cooling sea-breeze, the deafening noise of the machinery preventing even their hearing the song and music and dance not only in the first but also in the second cabin

Contrast between those above and those below.

and in the steerage. Not even the steerage passenger's lot is so sad as theirs, who are the very soul of the steamer's life, without whose service the furnaces would soon grow cold, and the powerful engines stop, and wind as motive-power would soon change the six days trans-atlantic voyage back again to six weeks or six months. And ignorance or thoughtlessness of their existence, want of appreciation and sympathy, is all the thanks they receive from the greatly benefited classes above.

A modern steamer a world in miniature.

How appropriate to speak of a modern steamer as a world in miniature! It is thus that the ship of civilization steams along on the vast and interminable ocean of time, and with an equal class-division among the people she has aboard. On the sunny and airy top are Fortune's favorites; in the dark and sweltering pit beneath slave her ill-rewarded human propellers, and between the two are the more or less favored middle classes. He in the pit below seems to be the only and natural heir of Adam's sin. Upon his brow is stamped the primeval curse: "Cursed be thy lot; in sorrow shalt thou toil all the days of thy life; thorns and thistles shall be thy reward, and the herbs of the field shall be thy food; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken; dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Only from a distance may he look at Paradise, but into it he must never set his foot. He shall not pluck from the tree of knowledge between good and evil. He shall not see how naked he is, how stripped of every advantage of those on the upper deck, and therefore must be kept in the dark pit below, or out in the dog-kennel, or in the wretched tenement district, far out of palace sight. There at the gate of Paradise, stand the Cherubims with flaming swords, that turn every way, in their hands,—though we are, now-a-days, a little more prosaic, instead of Cherubim we have soldiers with muskets, or policemen with clubs, or monopolists, on whose keen and double-edged blade stand the flaming words: Slave at my price or starve at yours.

The hard laborer needed in the economy of Civilization.

Yet, there is another name, and perhaps the fittest, which we may give to these Cherubims, and that is Civilization. Whatever our opinion may be as to the authenticity of the Paradisian story, its moral at least is clear. Man was not yet ripe for life's highest and best fruit. It was not to fall into his lap full-grown, without any toil of his own. Only through toiling for it should he attain it, and enjoy it, and have benefit from it. The easily gotten is the easily spurned. In unearned and uninterrupted Paradisian happiness mankind would have found its grave. It is a high and a still far-distant goal at which Civilization aims, and to reach it she demands of every man to do his share. But inertia is man's natural state. The mineral and vegetal and animal still sleep in him. Though she has done much to rob hard labor of its keenest edge, and to improve the hard-laborer's condition, in the economy of her design, she has still need of much hard and very disagreeable work, and if she did not resort to heroic measures, to force some men,—through insufficient endowment,

through inability of proving themselves the "fittest" in the struggle for existence, through poverty and starvation—to slave in ship's hold, in mine, on ocean's bottom, before furnace, forge, and loom, to be the working-bees, the beasts of burden, the scavengers, of society, the great wheel of industry would stop, the onward march of progress would cease, and primitive barbarism would soon be man's natural state, in communities, where they have need of but the stone implements, and man's or animal's flesh for food, and animal's hides for clothes, and not of miners and stevedors, of hod carriers and operatives, of firemen and plowmen, of "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

There is more of design than of arbitrariness, more of the law of progress than of the cruelty of man, at work upon those that toil and slave below. God has his own way for effecting his purposes, and his own measure for dealing out compensations. When he purposes to ripen luscious fruit, he does not make the tree all top. When the seed is planted, only a single germ shoots upwards, while scores of tiny rootlets bury themselves in the soil beneath. No ray of sun penetrates to them. For them there is no cooing with the breezes, no whispering love-songs to the silvery moon. No bird of song honors them with its nest. Cold, damp, dark, is their abode, their only visitor the unsociable earthworm or the sightless mole.

The tree above must have the roots beneath.

And yet they never murmur, never rebel. They know, that they have never been destined for light and heat and air, that if they would seek the upper realm, they would effect their own destruction as well as of that which grows above. They are content with their lot, pleased in knowing that they have their mission, and are doing it well, that they are the source, the life, the support, of all the wealth and glory above. They also know that they are not without their compensation. The leafy bower above them shields them from the scorching sun, the leaves share with them their refreshing dewdrops, and prevent the rain from coming down upon them in torrents. From the many dangers to which the top is exposed they are free. They know little of the hardships and danger of the growing twig, of the nipping spring-frost, of the gnawing catterpillar, of the boring and pecking bird, of the wrenching gale, of the renting lightning, of the desolating and biting winter, of the gardner's knife, of the woodman's ax. Securely they dwell below, rejoicing over their lesser glory but greater ease and safety and longer life, for when the end comes at last, the top is sure to die the first.

It is the same with the hard-laborer. His slavish toil and low station are not without their compensation. Could the stoker beneath feel the pangs or know the minds of some of those envied ones on the deck above, he might thank God to have escaped their sad lot, and, henceforth, feel assured that there is a fairer division of life's real blessings than he had thought, that all the joys are not above, nor all the sorrows below.

Those below are not without their compensation.

Yon row of wretched-looking mortals represents a group of millionaires. But little joy they now feel over their wealth, and still less they

see before them. They have been abroad for cures, one seeking in vain riddance from dyspepsia, the other from heart-disease, the third from nervous prostration, the fourth from insomnia, the fifth from fatal ancestral poison, the sixth from gout, and so on, troubles brought on by overwork and worry and greed and dissipation, the customary retinue of men of wealth.

Yon group of excited and restless men, are seemingly healthy now, but they, too, are doomed. They have been abroad on a tour of inspection, or study, or for forming some syndicate. Their heads are ready to burst with new schemes and inventions. The fast-plowing steamer creeps for them at snail's pace. They are perhaps the only ones that think of the poor fellows in the hold below—with an oath, for being so slow. And all their eagerness may be only to set a new machine into the labor-market, that shall rob labor of yet more of its hardship, or to find a new outlet for capital, that shall give employment to the laboring men. Their object may be wholly selfish, and yet they cannot help being the laborer's benefactor. All their wealth gives them but little more than it gives to the laborer:—board, bed, clothes, of better quality, in larger quantity, but often with less enjoyment.

Yonder is another group of wealthy men. They look the picture of health, and are full of mirth. They have been abroad on a vacation, and are happy to return to their daily tasks. No guilt haunts their memories. Their enjoyment was not procured through the laborer's sufferings, through robbery of the widow's mite and the orphan's right. They know that a festoon of welcome on the door of their factory or shop or office, awaits their return, and that their employees are impatient to greet their coming home with sincere and happy hearts.

There is a fairer division of earth's real blessings than those in the lower stations imagine. Wealth is not happiness; happiness is wealth, and of that, those below have often a larger share than those above. The hostile attitude, which labor assumes towards capital is not always just. It is often a case of brother waging war against brother, the one assigned by Fate to the Post of Labor, calling the other, assigned by the same power to the Post of Capital, tyrant and thief. Civilization, in working out man's destiny, has established a system of division of labor. To each she assigns a task, and each she endows with a special capacity for it. Those possessing inventive genius, organizing faculty, accumulating skill, she assigns to the Post of Capital, makes them to ally their forces, to create enterprises, movements, schemes, which not only shall give employment to those differently endowed, but also serve the common good of all. Such combination of capital and labor have made it possible for us to cross the ocean in six days, and our yet vaster continent in four days, and to communicate with our European or Californian friends in less than so many minutes. Had the accumulating faculty been interfered with, the inventive and organizing faculties would have had no employment. Had the profits, instead of being permitted to accumulate

Wealth accumulated for the benefit of the laborer.

for vast enterprises, been equally divided, the capitalist would have ceased at once, and after a little while the laborer, too. For an equal division of the earnings among all the earners, would have but slighly improved the condition of the hard-laborer, but yet enough to make it possible for him to quit his slavish toil. Mines and quarries would be deserted. Furnace-fires would be extinguished. Mills and factories would close their doors. Soon, very soon, and of his own accord, would the laborer clamor for a re-establishment of that old order of things, established by the divine Law of Progress, which makes men, possessing accumulating faculties, toil like tread-mill slaves, to stimulate inventive genius, to employ organizing skill, to invest 90% of all their capital, and all its earnings, for the common good of all.

Even the luxuries of the wealthy benefit the laborer.

Yes, only 10% is, as a rule, all the capitalist uses of all his profits for himself alone, and even this portion goes to the grocers, shop-keepers, mechanics, servants, in other words, back into the labor market. True, he expends sums on luxuries, on personal adornment and amusements, which are expensive, and which he could easily dispense with. But the capitalist is as much entitled to pleasure as the hard-laborer, and pleasure is a relative term. What gives joy to one may not give joy to the other. Gin and a jig may be sufficient to get one into jovial spirits, another needs champaign and a ride on the *Champs Elysées*. Both seek and secure the same ends, only by different means. The stoker's ideal of pleasure may be a glorious spree on the quays of Bremerhaven or Hoboken, the capitalist's ideal may be a European trip, a sailing-yacht, a fast team, an opera box-party, a sumptuous dinner, a gorgeous home, and the stoker may get more pleasure out of his ideal than the capitalist out of his. The capitalist might do without carpets, chrystal chandelier, frescoes, pictures, silver-service, country-home, carriage, yacht. Yet, a vast number of laborers are employed in the production of these luxuries. Dispense with the need of their production, and you drive them out of employment, and to the injury of the other laborers. For, a decrease of luxuries does not necessarily involve an increase of staples. One does not eat more bread for having less frescoe on his ceiling, nor use more soap for using no *Eau de Cologne*, nor require more linen for dispensing with Brussels laces, nor build a factory by not building a yacht. There is now more capital than finds profitable investment. The probability would be that, by dispensing with luxuries, there would be more idle capital and more idle laborers, and the unemployed would be forced to enter into a keen competition with those employed, for the work to be had, and thus tend to lessen the wages, and to increase the hardships of the laborer, and to rob society of a vast number of skilled mechanics and artists, whose artistic workmanship is a potent factor in the ennoblement of man.

In justice to the laborer, however, it must be said, that while there are some, who agitate the robbing the capitalist of his luxuries and

pleasures, the preventing his becoming one, the insisting upon equal labor, and equal division of its earnings, the vast majority do not complain as much of the capitalist's luxuries and pleasures, as of his injustice. They are satisfied to remain at the Post of Labor to which Providence has assigned them, and content that the wealthy should have the Post of Capital to themselves. They are willing to toil down in the hold of the vessel of civilization. They have no objection to serving as the buried roots of the tree of humanity. But if they are the roots, they want at least the rights of roots. If they are destined to be the life of the tree above they want at least the means wherewith to keep themselves alive. If they are to have none of the glory above, they want at least their safety in their darkness below. If they are to send the sap to the very crown to keep trunk and branches fresh, to paint the foliage green and the fruit golden, they want them at least to keep the scorching rays of want from off them, to justly share with them some of their bounteous dew, and refreshing rain, to content themselves with all they have sent above, without loosening and tearing from them the little protection that is theirs.

The laborer's demands.

Their demands—not for equality, but for a chance to live as behooves men and women—are just. It is unjust that one, who has a good living and luxuries besides, should force the other to eke out, with all his hard toil, a miserable existence. It is unjust, that one should cloy his appetites with costly delicacies, while the other must think himself lucky, if his hard work yields him a crust or bone; that one should surprise his guests in mid-winter with strawberries procured at fabulous prices, and weigh his tables down with the choicest of viands and rarest of hot-house flowers, and deck himself with precious jewels and extravagantly expensive fabrics, while to his laborers in factory and shop, he gives wages scarcely enough to satisfy the pangs of hunger with the commonest of food, or to cover their bodies with the coarsest material; that one should house his dogs and horses in warm and comfortable quarters, wrap them in blankets, attend to their every need with scrupulous care, while the other, whose hard toil has helped him to these luxuries, must shiver or rot on his bundle of rags in some wretched tenement, or in some yet more miserable garret or cellar-room. It is not for ease or luxury they crave, only for a respectable living. They are willing that the wealthy shall have every pleasure their hearts desire, as long as they themselves are provided with their necessary wants.

The justice of his demands.

It is not against capital that they are incensed but against its abuse. They are reasonable enough to acknowledge the influence of competition on wages, to recognize that many an honest and sympathetic employer is forced to reduce wages to keep his enterprise afloat, to give the laborer's produce a chance to sell, and to keep him employed at all, and they are wise enough to know that competition benefits them more than it injures them, that it creates new markets and new demands,

employs idle capital, and gives the laborer a chance of disposing of his skill to the highest bidder.

But they cry aloud against those soul-less, heart-less, ravenous monopolies, that drain the healthily and actively coursing streamlets of competition into immense stagnant pools, that combine different independent mines, rail-roads, mills, farms, into vast systems, pools, trusts, which kill competition, and with it the laborer's strongest safeguard against tyranny, that fix schedule-prices, that give the laborer but the choice between accepting them or starving, that can lock him out, or drive him to strikes, and keep him out till on his knees he begs to be taken back, that, through such open robbery of the laborer's only possession, enormously enrich the few, and frightfully impoverish the many. They cry aloud against these heartless rich, whose every new factory or mill opens a new ward in almshouse or hospital, every new mine or railroad a new row in the Potter's field, against those, who trample upon the just rights of those to whom they are indebted for most of their blessings, against those, whose sparkling Cliquot is gotten in exchange for widow's and orphan's tears, whose deep-red Burgundy is purchased with working-men's heart's blood, whose Patti Concert ticket is bartered for the sighs and moans of underpaid consumptive, broken-backed seamstresses.

The heartlessness of capital.

They cry out bitterly against those, who forget: how much of their comforts and pleasures, of their life and all, is dependent upon these down-trodden workingmen, how pitiable their life would be, if at all possible, without them, how the cold would pinch them in winter, if these men would refuse to toil down in the dark, wet and cheerless mines, how the pestilence would mow them off the earth, as if they were so many weeds, if these slaves of theirs would refuse to serve as their scavengers, how, if all the tillers of the soil were to cease working, not a man, woman, or child, would be found alive on earth after one year and a half.

The capitalist's forgetfulness of his benefactor.

They complain bitterly against the government that, knowing of the working-man's importance to the peace and well-being of the land and the people, looks upon these rapacious pools, trusts, and combines, without a protest, favoring them even with legislative enactments, granting them charters, securing them powers and privileges and immunities, respecting Mammon more than the spirit of the Constitution, over-hearing through the clink of gold the working-man's piteous appeals, helping to lower them more and more, to fill them with ever greater discontent, and to hasten the realization of Lincoln's ominous prophecy and fear, penned shortly before the close of the war:

The Government's worship of Mammon.

"Yes, we may congratulate ourselves that this cruel war is nearly to a close. It has cost a vast amount of treasure and blood. The best blood of the flower of American Youth has been freely offered upon our country's altar that the nation might live. It has been indeed a trying hour for the republic; but I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me, and causes me to tremble for the safety of our country. As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned and an era of corruption in

high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the republic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of the war. God grant that my impressions may be groundless."*

Is it a wonder that, with capital's allied forces arrayed against them, the laborers themselves should combine their strength, should organize unions, alliances, federations, in the hope that by presenting a united front they may be better able to resist the onslaughts of their enemy? Much has been said and written against such labor-unions. They have been denounced as anarchy in disguise, as the greatest menace of our country. Be this as it may, they are only imitating the example set them by monopolists. It is their only resource to compel the capitalist to grant them their just rights—through strikes, when every other avenue for amicable adjustment of differences is barred against them. And it is to be deplored, that they themselves should have disgraced this only power of theirs by frequent abuse of it, by permitting unprincipelled leaders to drive them often to making unjust demands, to paralyzing industries and wrecking enterprises, without any good to them or others, to incite them to riot and bloodshed, to set up tyrannies as cruel as those, which they seek to pull down.

Slavery and monopoly menace peace of our land.

Yet, with all their wrong, their unions are not so great a menace to the peace and welfare of our country as are the pools and trusts of the capitalists. Lincoln was even greater as a Prophet than as a Statesman. What he feared is fast realizing. Monopoly's dark shadow is over the Nation's Capitol, and over the hard-laborers' poverty-ridden districts, and

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."†

Self-defense is a Law of Life. Monopoly may screw the laborer's wages lower and lower, and pile up his miseries higher and higher, but there is a point, beyond which it cannot go. When that is reached, the slave grows desperate, rebels against his tyrant, and slays him. In parts of Europe that point has already been reached, and it produced the communist, anarchist, nihilist, terrorist. In Germany the Socialist vote in 1871 was 100,000, in 1890 it was nearly a million and a half; in 1871 they had but one Deputy to represent them, in 1890 they had 36. The laborer's voice of discontent in our own land, the anarchist's crime in Chicago, the frequent reports of the bomb-throwers continued murderous propaganda, the farmers' recent political uprising, tell with no unclear sound that we are walking on a thin crust, that conceals a raging volcano beneath, whose outbreak may occur sooner than we expect, and with a violence greater than we dream.

What of the efforts that capitalists make to keep the fire down? What of the Charity Institutions, which they munificently endow and

*(Quoted in Green's "*Crime*," Art. IV., Chap. III.). †Goldsmith, *Deserted Village*.

Charity—to cover a multitude of sins.

support? What of the palatial buildings that everywhere rise as proud monuments of the philanthropy of capitalists? What a perversion of the name of Charity—to rob a man of his gold, and then to think oneself generous for returning to him a copper as alms; to strip him of his clothes, and then to think oneself kind for throwing him a rag wherewith to cover his shame; to slave him into disease and premature decrepitude, and then to think oneself charitable for endowing and supporting institutions, that shall save his victims from dying in the streets, like dogs; to force father, mother, children young and old to toil, week in and week out, from morn till eve, for the mere necessities of life, and then to think oneself deserving of columns of newspaper praise and of clouds of pulpit incense, for founding free schools, or for remembering the starved on Christmas, or for giving the diseased and debilitated, through overwork and underfeeding, a free boat-ride, or an excursion to the country, during the summer. Madame Roland's famous cry is also true in paraphrase: Oh Charity! Charity! How many crimes are committed in thy name!

Modern charity a coat of white-wash.

What is most of our modern charity but a coat of whitewash over black injustice. There is but one true Charity, and that is Justice. Let man be just and he will have no need of being charitable. An ancient sage being asked which was greater: Charity or Justice, answered: "There were no need of charity, if all were just." Ancient Israel knew no other name for charity than *Z'dakah*, meaning "Justice," or *G'miluth chessed*, meaning: "Repaying Kindness." The ancient Egyptians represented Justice sightless and handless, to be no respecter of persons, and to do no wrong. We represent her with sword in one hand, with scales in the other, and with eyes bandaged,—verily, a truthful picture of modern Monopoly: sword, to keep the laborer down, scales, to weigh the gold extorted from him, eyes bandaged not to see his misery. Let the monopolist give to Justice the definition given it in the Justinian *Institutes*: "a constant and perpetual will to render to every one that which is his own," and we shall hear no more of the misery of the laborer, nor of the 1% of charity wherewith Plutocracy atones for 99% of injustice.

Justice—not Charity.

Not in charity but in justice lies the solution of the vexing Labor-Question. The child will sooner empty the ocean with a shell, the tiny sparrow will sooner scrape *El Capitan* of the Yosemite Valley out of existence, than we shall end the underpaid laborer's misery by distribution of alms, free dispensaries, free Christmas dinners, and free soup-societies. Charity will not do it, nor any of the other panaceas that have been proposed. The scheme of Lycurgus is subversive of civilization; those of Plato, Hall, Campanella, Bacon, More, are utopian; those of St. Simon, Fourier, Lasalle, Marx, Bakounin, Most, are revolutionary; that of Bellamy is visionary. The Co-operative plan has merits, but it is retrogressive rather than progressive, it is the primitive clan- and tribal-system, which developing civilization has discarded, it is antagonistic to the will of Providence, that in-

sists upon, and constitutionally provides for, inequality, that wants the roots below, and the fruit-bearing crown above, that endows one with accumulative faculties, to stimulate inventive genius, to open up new markets and industries, to further the work of civilization, and the other with a knack of leading a hand to mouth life, so as to keep him at the plow and loom, in the mine and at the forge. The German scheme of Compulsory Workingman's Insurance against Sickness and Old Age, has also merits, but it increases the burden of the already overtaxed laborer, and rather tends to encourage *Dives* in his extortions.

There is no need of subterfuge, or scheme, or violence. All what the laborer wants, all what he needs, is Justice. To more he is not entitled. If Providence has fitted him only for hard labor, he cannot quarrel with society for not having the accumulating faculty of the capitalist, nor can the latter, even if he wants to, toil in the hold beneath, when Providence needs him at the Post of Capital above. And for more than Justice the average laborer does not even ask. He wants what he is entitle to, no more and no less. He wants in return for his hard labor: a decent living, a respectable home, a chance to keep wife out of factory and shop, that she may preside over the household, and properly raise the children, an opportunity to give his children an education, and himself and family an occasional healthful and recreative amusement, a chance to lay by enough to keep him, when old age or sickness overtakes him.

The laborer's just demands.

And Government—national, state, and city—could secure him his demands, could avert a national calamity, if it had his and the country's welfare earnestly at heart. That it can do so it has shown by what it has already done for his protection against the ravages of capital. It has determined, here and there, the length of a day's work, has exempted the homestead, necessary furniture, and tools, from forced sale, has prohibited child-labor, has limited the rate of interest, has made Sunday-rest compulsory. It could do still more. It could determine, to a large degree, the wages for different kinds of standard labor, as it now determines the duty on different kinds of imports. It could enforce the proper location and construction and keeping of the laborer's work-shop and dwellings. It could surround them with convenient patches of park, with libraries, bath-houses, and proper places of entertainment. The Preamble to our Constitution reads: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, etc. do ordain and establish this constitution for the United States of America." Having pledged to establish justice, it is not its option, it is its sworn duty.

Government could help the laborer.

There is an urgent need in Washington of a Secretary of Labor in the President's Cabinet. The laborer is the back-bone of our country, and its peace depends more on his well-being than on the navy or on the tariff. The status of labor and the condition of the laborer deserve greater consideration in Cabinet sessions than the fishery question. With a Secretary of Labor

A Secretary of Labor needed.

in the Cabinet, just wages, and healthy and respectable dwellings would be secured to the laborer. Labor-centres would not be permitted to become congested with paupers. For the unemployed work would be created. Millions of acres of fertile land, rich forests, inexhaustible mines, that can furnish work and food and shelter for the whole world, would be utilized, in the interest of the poor of the earth. We would then have no cause of talking of restrictive measures against immigration. We would then not sin against God by selfishly keeping for ourselves alone all our vast treasures, that are ample enough to feed all the world, nor disgrace the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers by refusing to poor refugees from tyranny the right to land in the country, which they consecrated to be the haven of the poor and persecuted of all peoples and faiths. To the Irishman and to the Briton, to the Swede and to the Teuton, to the Scot and to the Swiss, we would say: You are welcome to our shores. Your sires have rendered yeoman-service for the development of our country, we shall show our gratitude by affording their descendants every opportunity for becoming self-supporting and prosperous men and women. There, in the Far West, is room, and food, and work for all of you. Thither wend your way, there pitch your tent, and God's blessing be with you. To the poor Russian Jewish exile we would say: Your fathers have given us all we value highest in our civilization. Our God and our Bible are theirs. Theirs the Psalms we sing and the Prophets we quote. Theirs the spirit that permeates our Constitution. Theirs the message: "Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land," that is cast on our Independence Bell. Their Moses taught us how to break the fetters of tyranny, and how to organize a representative form of government. Their Nazarene Rabbi taught us to "Do to others as we would have others do to us." And we shall practice this doctrine on their descendants. Our portals and our hearts are open to you. On our vast Western lands the soil awaits your tillage. Go there, and may you soon, under your own vine and fig tree, find peace forever more.

A Personal Interest Society.

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

February 14th, 1892,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA:
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1892.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion.
8. Delusion.
9. Hallucination.
10. Jesus in the Synagogue.
11. To-Day better than Yesterday.
12. Wanted—A Rational Religious School.
13. Civilization's Debt to Woman.
14. Civilization's Duty to Woman.
15. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends."
16. Justice—Not Charity.
17. A Personal Interest Society.
18. Ancient and Modern Idolatry.
19.
20.
21
22.
23.
24.
25.
26.
27.
28.

SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward.
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza-Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

SERIES II. 1888—1889.

1. Whence, Whither and Why?
2. The Voice of the People.
3. Uncharitable Charity.
4. Wife and Mother.
5. Husband and Father.
6. Origin and Descent.
7. The People of the Book.
8. Future Reward and Punishment.
9. The Ideal Commonwealth.
10. The Puritanic Sabbath.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM:

11. I. The Mosaic Age.
12. II. The Prophetic Age.
13. III. The Messianic Age.
14. IV. The Rabbinical Age.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM CONTINUED:

15. V. The Kabbalistic Age.
16. VI. The Mendelssohnian Age.
17. VII. The Present Age.
18. Ashes to Ashes, or Earth to Earth.
19. Sanitary Science.
20. Does Prohibition Prohibit?
21. Intermarriage.
22. Convert your own—Let Jews alone.
23. The 25th Anniversary of the Corner-stone-Laying of Temple Keneseth Israel.
24. Abused Benefactors.
25. A Benefactor Honored, (Rev. Dr. I. M. Wise)
26. The Real Saving Trinity.
27. The Removal of the Leaven.
28. Deed through Creed.

A Personal Interest Society.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, February 14th, 1892.

Our society, "*The Orphans' Guardians,*" needs not my praise. An uninterrupted existence of almost a quarter of a century has demonstrated its usefulness, its blessing, and the wisdom of its founder, my honored predecessor, the late Rev. Dr. Samuel Hirsch, in placing the orphan into a private family, under the care of a guardian. Scores of young men and young women owe it to this society and its founder, to the families in which they were reared and to the guardians who watched over them, that they are to-day useful and respectable members of society. Orphaned young, and left unprovided, many of them never knew the misery of poor orphanage, or even that they were orphans at all. No orphan's uniform oppressed their spirit of independence, lowered their self-esteem, heralded to the world that they are charity's subjects, intruded itself as a barrier between them and their more fortunate school-companions and playmates. In their younger days, they themselves scarcely knew that they were not the children of the families, among whom they had found a home. Fed and clothed and treated like the family's own children, they could not but look upon them as their own parents, and we have records of attachments growing up between such families and their foster-children, that are as pathetic as they are illustrative of the excellence of this unostentatious system of caring for orphans. Only recently such a case came to our notice. A foster-mother of a little orphan, with whom he had lived a number of years, died. At a meeting of the Board of Guardians, it was deemed advisable to find a new home for the boy, inasmuch as there was no longer a foster-mother in his present home to personally superintend his well-being. When brought to the knowledge of the boy and his foster-father, both of them burst out in tears, and begged not to be separated; the boy declaring that he would never leave his father, and the father determined that no one shall take his boy from him.

"*The Orphans' Guardians*" and their mode of caring for orphans.

The strength of this system (without in the slightest reflecting on other systems, which have their excellent points as well) lies in the raising of the orphan where nature has destined a child to be reared, in the privacy of the family-circle, and in replacing the loss of its father or mother, or both, by a double parentage, that of its foster-parents, and that of the Guardian, generally a husband and wife, over orphan and

Advantage of this scheme lies in Guardian's personal responsibility.

foster-parents. And the good of this system extends not only over the foster-child but quite frequently over the Guardians as well. Many a couple assumed the guardianship of a child reluctantly, more because it was the desire of others than their own, but gradually they developed a surprising and a commendable interest in, and enthusiasm for, their charge. Having assumed a sacred obligation, the responsibility weighed upon their conscience. Having taken upon themselves the watching over the physical and moral and mental well-being of a poor and unprotected orphan-child, they felt that, if it were to be ill-treated or neglected, if it were to want and suffer, if it were not to be properly educated and apprenticed, and go astray, and become a disgrace, they would share, in no small degree, in the guilt of the wreckage of a life. The consciousness of personal responsibility awakened interest; interest gradually ripened into affection for their little wards, and their task, entered upon with reluctance, ceased to be an obligation, became a pleasure, and resulted in lasting good to the orphan-child, and in ennoblement of its guardian.

To the close observer of human nature such a change from reluctance to pleasure is not surprising. Man is better than he gets credit for, than he himself is conscious of. His deafness to his brother's cry of misery is oftener ignorance of its existence or whereabouts than inhumanity. His absence from the ranks of charity-workers is oftener due to the cause that he has not been solicited, or properly interested, than to disinclination. Human hearts are very much like tuning forks of equal pitch. The joy of the one thrills the other; one's agonizing sorrow throws the other into violent commotion. But to do this, they must be brought where the sound of one can reach the other. Hearts to be touched must be brought within toucheable nearness. Bring one of fortune's favorites face to face with a poor suffering mortal, and the latter's tear, which, as teaches an ancient Jewish sage, is strong enough to pierce the gate of heaven when even prayer fails, will soon find entrance to the former's heart, and move his hand to aid. The frequent zeal in charity, after some bereavement or misfortune, by people who before manifested little or no interest in the suffering, is not due to an exchange of a heart of pity for the old heart of stone, but to closer proximity to suffering. The same might have been accomplished without the stimulus of personal suffering. Many a maiden, reared in luxury, ignorant of the miseries and wants of the poor, extravagantly wasteful with her plenteous means, suddenly comes in contact with some distressing case of poverty, is deeply moved to pity, assumes personal charge of the case, extends her interest to others similarly afflicted, and, henceforth, ranks with the noblest helpers of the poor.

Indifference of rich due to personal ignorance of sad lot of poor.

There are many, who have the qualifications and the leisure for charity-work, who could be made zealous charity-workers, if they would be brought in personal contact with some deserving cases of need, if they would be made personally responsible for the physical, moral, and mental well-being of some deser-

Mere money-contribution mistaken for charity.

ving poor family. It is because so many know of the miseries and wants of the poor only from what they read of them in novels, or see on the stage, that so few are engaged in the eradication of the real article that festers near their doors. It is because the pernicious belief has rooted itself deep in society, that charity-dispensation is the work of a few chosen or self-appointed men and women, that it is machine-work, that alms constitute the sole remedy, it is due to this belief that so many think themselves charitable by sending an occasional contribution to the machine, to the few men and women whose supposed business it is to distribute alms, and then consider themselves free from every further responsibility concerning the poor.

It is much to be regretted that such excellent institutions as the Organized Charities should, with all the good they have accomplished, indirectly have given rise to a serious evil, to the belief that only the few officially connected with such organizations have duties towards the poor, that all others are exempted from every obligation, excepting their occasional money-contributions. While seeking to allay one evil, another has sprung up, which is almost as sad to contemplate. In trying to soften the sufferings of the poor, they have unconsciously helped to deaden the heart of many of the rich. It is but seldom now that the upper classes behold the face of the poor, or visit their miserable quarters. They simply deal with the Central office. The servants and clerks are furnished with the address of the Charity-Office, and further than the front-door these will not permit an applicant for help, no matter what the nature of his appeal. Many a case thus sent to the office does not even come within its province. Its object is mainly to be temporarily remedial; it has not the means nor the men to attempt a permanent cure and prevention of pauperism. It seeks to furnish temporary help, such as food, clothes, shelter, transportation, but it cannot attempt to deal with the higher phases of charity, such as providing the unemployed with work, and keeping them at it, in order to ward off their need of alms, such as: inculcating lessons of cleanliness and decency and thrift and economy, of arousing the apathetic, of encouraging the struggling, checking vicious tendencies, guiding the erring, leading back the straying, consoling the sorrowing, comforting the suffering, educating the ignorant. The Charity-office unable, for want of means and lack of help, to attend to such cases, and but few others attending to them, the abandoned sink ever lower in their misery and filth, in their thriftlessness and shiftlessness, in their hopelessness and despair, in their vice and crime, and pauperism acquires alarming proportions. It fills our dives and our dens. It breeds our plagues and diseases. It endangers our possessions and our lives. It crowds our asylums and penitentiaries. It draws millions of dollars annually from our treasuries for the support of penal and corrective institutes, which money we have to furnish, and which confers not a penny's worth of good either to them or to us.

Pocket-charity may remedy suffering but will not prevent its rise.

All these dangers we might have averted, all these evils we might

have checked, all these vast sums we might have saved, and thousands of human lives we might have redeemed, and thousands of families we might have rejoiced and turned into self-respecting and self-supporting men and women, had we imposed less responsibility on our Charity Societies, and assumed more ourselves, had we not wholly abandoned them to themselves, nor shrunk from every contact with them, had we, after the pattern of the "*Orphans' Guardians*," constituted ourselves Guardians of the Poor, each one of us taking upon himself the responsibility of personally interesting himself in the physical and moral and mental well-being of one poor family.

Each to regard himself personal guardian over one poor family.

Such culpable neglects are generally ascribed by the embittered poor to the inhumanity of the upper classes. While admitting that in individual cases this is true, I am far from believing it true of all of them. I have been of the poor and with the poor, and I have been with the rich, though never one of them, and in all probability never will be. I have nothing to gain from the one, and less to expect from the other. It may, therefore, be accepted as impartial testimony: that I have yet to find the hard-heartedness among the wealthier classes of which we hear so much. I have, indeed, found among them a frightful amount of ignorance of the poor man's miserable lot, but only rarely instances of conscious inhumanity towards him. I have frequently succeeded, without any difficulty, in interesting rich persons in poor families, and have seen that interest speedily ripen into enthusiasm and blessing. Once let society succeed in removing the rich man's ignorance of the poor man's lot, in bringing the rich and the poor face to face, and, I believe, it will ever after hear but little of the rich man's inhumanity, and the poor man's misery.

Many rich, if rightly interested, would assume such responsibility.

Once let the young lady, who thinks she cannot do without her boxes of expensive candies, without her mid-winter bunches of flower, see with her own eyes the crumbs and crusts on which the poor subsist; once let young Nabob learn through personal observation how the money, which he daily puffs away in smoke, would keep cold and hunger away from a whole family; once let the rich money-prince, who thinks he would die of *ennui*, if he did not spend two or three evenings a week at the club, and another evening or two at the theatre, enter at night some dark and wretched tenement, hear there little children's piteous clamors for bread with none in the house, see a father stretched on painful sick-bed with fatal disease, and a mother wasted almost to a skeleton from constant waiting and watching and toiling and starving; once let the lady of fashion order her driver to take her, instead of as usual to the park, to one of those narrow streets and filthy alleys, where the poor have their lodgings, and let her personally inspect how they live and suffer, whose slavish toil furnishes the residents on the broad and well-kept avenues with their palaces and luxuries; once let these different favorites of fortune, see such sights with their own eyes, hear their tales of sufferings

Personal observation of misery of poor would lead them to personal aid.

with their own ears, feel their sorrows and their pains with their own hearts, and we shall hear much less of the heartlessness of the rich and of the misery of the poor than we do at the present time.

What is urgently needed, and what will prove a most potent remedy, is a society that shall bring these opposite classes into closer contact with each other. What we need is an auxiliary branch to the Organized Charities, that will leave all dispensation of money or its equivalent, all temporary *remedial* work, to the Parent Society, and take upon itself the *preventive* work, that higher charity, that forestalls the need of remedial work. What we need is a *Personal Interest Society*, every member of which shall, like the *Orphan's Guardian*, hold himself responsible for the well-being of one poor family, consider that family, parents and children, as a helpless orphan of society, what in truth it is, that needs guardianship, and consecrate himself to promoting its well-being, not by dispensing money or its equivalent—that is the Parent Society's work—but by awakening tastes and habits of industry, thrift, economy, cleanliness, neatness, by making that family feel that there is some one interested in their sad lot, and aiding them in bettering it, that there is some one that has a word of commiseration for their hardships, a word of sympathy for their sorrows, a word of censure for their idleness, and thriftlessness and improvidence, and uncleanliness, a word of praise for their efforts for self-support and self-ennoblements. We need a society every member of which shall hold himself obligated to keep his eye on one particular home, to see that its floor is swept, its windows cleaned, its furniture tidy; to see that its provider is at work, and, if out of employment, to interest himself in securing it for him, and if earning more than needed for the support of the family, to encourage him into placing the surplus, no matter how small, in some safe Bank; to see that the mother faithfully discharge her household duties, practice economy and forethought, make good and frequent use of soap and scrubbing-brush and needle, and, if she has leisure, to employ her hand in something profitable that may lighten her husband's burden; to see that the children are kept off the streets, and are sent to school in decent attire and cleanly state, that, if both the parents are obliged to work away from home, the little ones are not left to themselves without proper supervision, that they are placed, when young, in some Day-Nursery, and, properly apprenticed, when reaching the age of self-support.

A society needed to bring rich and poor in personal contact.

What can be nobler than such a *Personal Interest Society!* What philanthropy truer! What charity godlier! What society easier organized! It is not dependent on numbers. Even but one man or but one woman can constitute such a society, —one poor family at least would be under philanthropic guardianship. A society of five or ten members would mean a blessing to five or ten families. Hundreds and thousands such members would not only prove a blessing to so many families, but also save hundreds and thousands of dollars to the different Organized Charities, and to the

Benefits of a Personal Interest Society.

Penal and Corrective Institutes, and lessen by so many per cent the dangers to the safety and the morality and the health of the whole people.

What society easier maintained! It needs no building, no officer, no dues. It neither asks nor gives a cent of money, or its equivalent. Its admission fee is philanthropy. Its monthly dues are the reports of the good personal interest has done. Its alms are brotherly love. Its tools are human sympathy.

What society yielding a better reward to benefactor and beneficiary! Like the experience of the *Orphan's Guardian*, the responsibility first assumed with reluctance, will soon grow into pleasure, indifference will change to interest, and interest grow into enthusiasm, when watching the gradual ripening of the blessed fruit of his guardianship, when seeing poverty gradually changing to prosperity, dependence into independence, idleness into industry, improvidence into economy, dirt into cleanliness, moral and physical disease into health, ignorance into pursuit after knowledge.

What society yielding a better reward to humanity at large! I can foresee in the organization of such a *Personal Interest Society*, in the members' faithful discharge of the responsibilities they have assumed, blessed results for the upper classes as well as for the lower. I can foresee its gradual spread from community to community, its gradual lessening that broad chasm that now separates the upper and middle classes from the unfortunate lowest class, its bringing them into more sympathetic relationship, its checking the greed and extortion and extravagant waste of the rich, and the revolutionary anti-capital spirit of the poor, its eradicating the belief that money-contribution to the machine constitutes charity, and in substituting instead the rich man's charity of the heart, his encouraging in the poor man, through personal interest, habits of self-dependence, self-respect, self-support.

Difficulties of a Personal Interest Society.

But what society calls for truer man-and woman-hood, for greater personal inconvenience, heroism, self-sacrifice, than such a *Personal Interest Society!* The result is glorious, but, till attained, the work is hard, often distressing, often discouraging, and not infrequently a failure. Easy is the charity of the pocket; the charity of the heart is often heart-rending. It is easy to give money to the office for distribution among the poor; harder it is to be one's own office and distributer; hardest of all to be officer and distributer with only love and sympathy and personal interest as distributing coin. It calls for courage, for character, for self-denial, to venture down into the slums for the purpose of drawing human lives out of the seething caldron of misery, out of the pest-house of human corruption and decay, from under the shadow of moral and physical death. On such missions one must be prepared to encounter the touch of filth, the stench of offensive odors and the sound of offensive language, the breath of disease, the sight of hideous vermin, of horrible scenes of suffering. The rags that one beholds on such pilgrimages are very apt to

mar one's enjoyment of his silks and broadcloths, and the moans and groans that one hears during such an afternoon visit, are sure to rise above the evening's concert or opera. The piteous appeals for bread and work and warmth that one hears on such a tour are sure to take the taste out of the delicacies of the evening meal, and the sweets of the evening enjoyment. One will find it difficult in the evening to laugh over the comedian's sallies of wit on the stage, with such cries as these ringing in the ears:

"Give me bread, Sir, or I'll go mad."

"Protect me from this brute, Madame, or he'll kill me."

"Stitching, stitching, from five in the morning till deep into the night, yet fingers stiff from cold and faces pinched from hunger."

"I have had no work these two or three months, Sir. The landlord tells me he'll throw me out of the house to-morrow. The grocer refuses to loan any longer. There is not a crust nor a cent of money in the house. There is but one of two roads open to me, either crime, in order to find behind prison-walls food and shelter and work,—or suicide."

"I was driven to wrong, Madame, driven to it. My drunken father beat me. My mother refused to keep me, unless I brought her home some earnings. I could find no work, I was cold and hungry, and afraid to go home, and so—yes, I was driven to wrong, Madame, driven to it."

"This is the third child this winter, Sir, that goes to the Potter's Field, all of whom might have been saved, had they had a healthy home and proper nourishment, and medical attendance. My poor husband has gone before them, and I shall soon follow after."

It calls for heroic courage to enter the miserable districts of the poor, to face and fight and conquer such human misery, to descend into the dark and dismal cellars, or mount to dingy garrets, on rickety stairs, in hallways, reeking with filth, and stifling with poisonous odors and gases, that remove every doubt of the truth of the words an undertaker-landlord of a wretched tenement-block is said to have addressed to a philauthropic lady: "it's not the rents I look to, it's the deaths I get out of the houses."

It requires great moral stamina to enter one of the apartments in these barracks of misery, a small room or two, serving a family of half a dozen members of different ages and sexes, as bed-room, kitchen, dining-room, laundry, nursery, hospital, workshop, for the purpose of reforming and elevating people, whom want and misery and slavish toil and uncultured and immoral surroundings have brutalized into animals, have robbed of every laudable ambition; to talk to them of saving, who have tearful, almost incredible, stories to tell of the starvation-wages in return for their hard toil, that scarcely supply them with the necessaries of life; to talk to them of improving their evening hours, with not a few of them obliged to continue their work deep into the night, and others so weary from their hard day's toil, that no sooner is the evening meal over than they seek their beds; to try to inculcate higher ideals among people, whose brutaized condition, crowded quarters, promiscuous envi-

ronments in the tenement and in the shop deprive them of privacy, so conducive to modesty, estrange them from that delicacy of speech and action, so promotive of self-respect, accustom them to the sound of coarse language and to the sight of dirt and filth, both physical and moral, till evil habits and vicious tastes and vulgar cravings become inherited and acquired, and troublesome traits and vices.

It may seem strange to you, that, with a strong desire for the formation of such a *Personal Interest Society*, I should have pointed out with such disheartening vividness the hardships, which conscientious membership in such a society would involve. I did this for two reasons, first, to check exaggerated expectations of immediate popularity for, or immediate perception of the merit and success of, such an undertaking, and, secondly, to frighten away all ornamental membership, that widely-respresented class of people, that is generally the first to join and to enthuse, and the first to chill and to drop out. A society like this wants as members earnest people not triflers, workers not drones, people that have the betterment of their unfortunate fellow-beings at heart, and not fashionable dilettanti, people that can bear hardships, disappointments, failures, and persevere, and not weaklings, that surrender at the first sign of trouble. Triflers like these would kill such a society before yet it was fully launched.

None but earnest workers needed.

A single one is number enough to organize and to constitute such a society. He, or she, can be President, Secretary, Board, and the whole membership, all in one. There is no need for mass-meetings, eloquent appeals, soliciting-committees. Have but the will to help, if only but one family, out of a mass of suffering humanity, and you have all the organization and outfit you need. Have but a clear comprehension of the truth, that: every individual of a community stands in the same relationship to the well-being of society, as every member stands to the body, and you will need no other impetus to start you on your mission of personal service to the poor. Prick the smallest toe with the smallest needle, and you prick the brain at the same time. Give the frozen foot warmth, and you give comfort to the head. The health of the whole depends on the health of the part. The disease of the part infects the whole. The rottenness in the alleys is sure to send its poison into the avenues. The want and misery in the hovel, if unalleviated, is sure to have its revenge on the palace. Starving and vicious mobs have lowered the proudest lords to the dust, have laid ancient palaces into ruin, have made the colossal Nelson monument in Trafalgar square to tremble, have erased the *Bastille* from the face of the earth, have torn down the *Vendome* column, have struck off the heads of king and queen, have paraded the streets with the heads of hundreds of dreaded men near the throne upon their pikes. Have but a clear conception of the truth, that: between discontent, demand for bread and work, corrupt tastes, improvident habits, and Mob-Rule, Reign of Terror, Regi-cide, is a long road, and that wise and timely interest, personal guardianship, can not only ward off such catas-

In benefiting the poor the rich but benefit themselves.

trophies from the upper classes but also the moral ruin from the lower classes, and you will not need a second appeal for the formation of, or for your affiliation with, such a Society.

The dark picture of the districts of the poor, which I have given above represents rather the exception. It stands more for what this vexing question must eventually resolve itself into, if the upper classes, fattening on the substance of the poor, enriching themselves from their privations, should persevere in their course of turning their backs on their just rights, of deafening their ears to their cries of despair, of deadening their hearts against their misery. Not all of the people in the slums are hopeless and desperate cases, nor are all the upper classes heartless. The English ladies of wealth, who have joined the ranks of the "Slum Sisters" of the Salvation Army, and have taken up their abode and work in the most dangerous parts of the East London slum-districts; the number of rich, college-bred, young women of New York, who have taken up their abode and work in the "Submerged Tenth" of their city; the number of wealthy men's daughters all over the world, who have renounced the benefits of wealth, and the fascinations of pleasure, to toil as "Sisters of Mercy" among the poor and suffering and fallen, have demonstrated that the wealthy have hearts, that the poor can be helped from sinking into the sloth of vice and crime, and that many of those that are being swallowed up in the abyss of sin and shame, can be rescued, and redeemed to purity and usefulness.

The bright side of the dark picture.

It is kindly interest by the upper classes, in their unfortunate lot, they want, and it is that which does them a world of good. It is the sense of being utterly forsaken by God and man that weighs heaviest on them, and that presses them down to disgrace and to despair. A word of sympathy sinks into their parched hearts like the fructifying shower into the arid earth. A word of comfort, of encouragement, of forgiveness, a compassionate look, a gentle touch of the hand, effects wonderful changes in them. "No one ever spoke to me that way," sobbed a frail woman to a lady, who sought to rescue her from her miserable life, "no one ever spoke to me that way, since I can remember, if some one had, I would not have been now, where and what I am." "Are you God's wife?" asked a little half-starved and half-frozen girl, caught by a missionary lady in the act of stealing her handkerchief, and taken by her to the mission-school, where she was warmed and clothed and fed and kindly censured for trying to steal, "are you God's wife? if you are I'll try to be God's child," and after occasional freaks and irregularities at first, grew to be an exemplary young woman, and became teacher in that school. "I've kept the room and the children clean these three days, and I hav'nt tasted a drop of liquor, expecting you every minute, and knowing that you would be angry if you saw dirt and smelled liquor" were the words with which a slowly reforming mother addressed a lady who interested herself in her and her family. "I don't want a receipt, Sir," said a father, who had turned over his weekly saving to a gentleman, whose personal interest in him had changed

Give them your hearts and you'll win theirs.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion. (Dreams, Visions, etc.)
8. Delusion. (Hypnotism, Faith-Cure, etc.)
9. Hallucination. (Ghosts, Spiritualism, etc.)
10. Jesus in the Synagogue.
11. To-Day better than Yesterday.
12. Wanted—A Rational Religious School.
13. Civilization's Debt to Woman.
14. Civilization's Duty to Woman.
15. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends."
16. Justice—Not Charity.
17. A Personal Interest Society.
18. Ancient and Modern Idolatry.
19. The Law of Retribution.
20.
21.
22.
23.
24.
25.
26.
27.
28.

SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza—Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

SERIES II. 1888—1889.

1. Whence, Whither and Why?
2. The Voice of the People.
3. Uncharitable Charity.
4. Wife and Mother.
5. Husband and Father.
6. Origin and Descent.
7. The People of the Book.
8. Future Reward and Punishment.
9. The Ideal Commonwealth.
10. The Puritanic Sabbath.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM:

11. I. The Mosaic Age.
12. II. The Prophetic Age.
13. III. The Messianic Age.
14. IV. The Rabbinical Age.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM CONTINUED:

15. V. The Kabbalistic Age.
16. VI. The Mendelssohnian Age.
17. VII. The Present Age.
18. Ashes to Ashes, or Earth to Earth.
19. Sanitary Science.
20. Does Prohibition Prohibit?
21. Intermarriage.
22. Convert your own—Let Jews alone.
23. The 25th Anniversary of the Corner-stone-Laying of Temple Keneseth Israel.
24. Abused Benefactors.
25. A Benefactor Honored. (Rev Dr. I. M. Wise)
26. The Real Saving Trinity.
27. The Removal of the Leaven.
28. Deed through Creed.

Ancient and Modern Idolatry

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, February 21st, 1892.

Exod. xx. 3. לא יהיה לך אלהים אחרים

It was a sad day, that fatal Sabbath, when Pompey and his legions battered down the Temple-walls of Jerusalem, slew 12,000 patriots within its gates, and made Judea a vassal and tributary of Rome.

The Holy of Holies empty.

For yet another cause that day was sad, perhaps saddest for that cause. The enemy had desecrated the sanctuary. Into the Holy of Holies, into which not even the Israelite, not even the under-priest, was permitted to set his foot, no one save the High Priest, and he only once a year for a few moments, on the sacred Atonement-Day, Pompey and his soldiers had forced their way, had lifted its veil with profane hand, to feast their eyes on the sights and mysteries behind. But, the disappointment of the Romans was even greater than the consternation of the Jews. They had expected to behold wonderful sights, and they saw nothing. The space was filled—with emptiness.*

Yes, empty was the space within the Holy of Holies. Even the Holy Ark, with its two granite tablets on which were graven the Ten Commandments, was no longer there. Only the foundation stones were there to designate the place where it had stood. It had disappeared at the time of the Babylonian Captivity, some five hundred years before. But, though empty to the Roman, for the Jew it was filled with the presence and glory of his invisible and incorporeal God. Though Pompey saw nothing there, the High Priest saw more and felt more during his annual few minutes' presence within that awful precinct than all the Greek and Roman masters could have sculptured into stone or painted on canvas. There was the spiritual abode of Jehovah. There the people, represented in their High Priest, stood face to face with their God. The emptiness and loneliness and darkness of the place was overawing. For days in advance the High Priest got himself in spiritual readiness for that annual entrance into the Holy of Holies, for the purpose of making intercession for his people. When the hour came, he entered it with trembling foot, and when behind the veil, the people without waited in breathless suspense, for it had occurred that alarm and terror so overwhelmed the High Priest within that awful precinct, that he never returned from it alive.

Yet filled with the presence of the invisible Jehovah.

* Josephus: *Antiquities*, XIV, Chap. iv, 3-4; Tacitus: *Historiae*, v. 9.

Yes, empty was the Holiest Place of the Sanctuary of Jerusalem, and dark. Except for the moment, when the High Priest lifted the veil to pass into it, and when the space reflected the crimson light that arose from the censer on which the incense burnt, not a ray of light entered it all the year. And yet from out that darkness there has issued a light that has illumined the earth. The small shrine, that once alone afforded dwelling-place to the invisible God of the Universe, has broadened its confines till now it embraces our whole globe. The name *Jehovah*, that then was uttered but once a year by a single priest, in but a single sanctuary, is uttered now, with reverence and in worship, in thousands of sanctuaries, by hundreds of millions of people, all over the world. The God of the Jews, that to the Romans seemed so poor as not to be able to command the service of a single sculptor or painter, has overthrown the proudest products of the ancient masters, has driven the sculptured and painted gods and goddesses of the Pantheons into the Museum, and has put into their places those master-builders of modern civilization, who toiled and achieved in the service of the Unseen God.

Though dark and empty it has illumined and filled the earth.

We are not surprised at the Roman's amazement over the emptiness of the Holy of Holies, over the absence of idols in the sanctuary of Jerusalem, and his ridiculing the Jews for worshipping 'nothing but clouds.' Worship, without a vivid conception and an actual perception of the object worshipped, seemed impossible to the Roman. Homer had spoiled the Greeks and their Roman heirs for theological abstractions. They had to have their Mount Olympus, had to people it with gods and goddesses, very much like themselves, of similar virtues and failings, and had to surround themselves with images of them in their Temples, on their public squares, in their homes. And unless they had thus surrounded themselves with visible and tangible gods, they never would have worshipped at all. Their mind was still in that child-like state, that needs the picture in the book to explain the text, or to take the place of the text altogether, that endows its toy with life, animates the inanimate, and talks to it as if it were a being alive.

Immature mind needs visible god.

Not so with the Jew. He had passed his childhood-days long before the name of Greek and Roman was even heard of. Before these had yet begun their spelling lessons, he had already delved into profound theological abstractions. A thousand years before Homer sang of the wars and follies and foibles of the gods and goddesses, Abraham prostrated himself before Jehovah. Fifteen hundred years before the Roman soldier marvelled at the absence of images in the Holy of Holies, Moses had placed his prohibition against idolatry at the head of his Ten Commandments. Long before Rome built her scores of Temples to as many different gods, under the charge of as many different sets of priesthoods, and ornamented them, within and without, with no end of images of every size and shape and form, the Jew proclaimed and worshipped the one, invisible, and

Mature Jewish mind grasps an abstract God-Idea.

universal God, taught that no finite mind shall perceive, or can conceive, the Infinite, held every attempt at picturing a God, who is as eternal as time, as universal as space, to be a blasphemy against God, and a grievous injury to man.

He had learned from experiences of his own, and from observations among others, that idolatry thwarts the development of mind. It places a piece of wood or stone an animal or a human being in front of man and says: This is your god, this the author and keeper of the universe, such and such his attributes, this believe, and further seek not. The great mysteries that encompass man being thus easily disposed of, the mind gives itself no further trouble about ferreting out the awful and the everlasting secret, and one of the greatest stimuli to thought is withdrawn from it. Worship becomes a mechanical exercise. It is a must—not a desire; a fear—not an inspiration. The ubiquitous presence of the images lessens the heart's awe before them, begets that familiarity that breeds contempt. And a god-belief with little in it to set the mind to thinking, and to inspire the heart with awe, develops poor specimens of worshippers.

Idolatry thwarts development of mind and heart.

The Jew, therefore, early took his God out of the realm of matter, and put Him into the realm of pure thought, abstracted Him beyond every possibility of visible or tangible representation, made Him a subject of speculation rather than of knowledge, a Being, whose nature and essence are never to be known, only to be conjectured through His manifestations in the material world without, and in the spiritual world within. Never seen, and but faintly conceived, He continued to be the great mystery, that constantly drew the mind of man towards attempting solutions, towards tracing His hand-writing in the great volume of Nature, or feeling the pulsations of His existence in the growing harvests, in the rolling oceans, in the revolving planets, in the roaring thunder, in the still small voice of conscience, in the destinies of nations, in the fates of people. Here was a mine of thought, which the research of all the centuries since has not succeeded to exhaust. Here was revelation enough to constantly urge the mind to new inquiries, and enough of wonder and glory, of evidences of Divine guidance and of fatherly design and forethought, to keep heart and soul in constant awe and reverence.

An invisible God a constant stimulus for heart and mind development.

The influence, which this prohibition against having any other God than the invisible, incomprehensible Jehovah, with its implied command, and included necessity for constant search after His true nature and essence, had on the preservation and development of the people of Israel, can not be overestimated. It made of them a people of reasoners, a profoundly religious race, and against such a people the surrounding idolatrous nations strove in vain. They had not the leisure for wars of conquest, nor the time for fostering the arts. They had theological schools to found and immortal works to write. Theirs was not a ready-made God in whom they had but to believe. They had to find their God, to solve

The God-idea of the Jews made of them a race of thinkers, and preserved them as a people.

the problem of His existence, of His nature and essence. And the conclusions they arrived at were too dearly bought to be surrendered at the enemy's demand. They could take their country, their all, their life, but not their God. They could make them bow before tyrants but never before idols. They could take their rights but not their belief. They could violate their homes and tear their dearest from them, and, if powerless, they would bear their misfortune resignedly; but when they attempted to violate their Temples, to sacrifice there to a heathen god, or to erect there an image, or to pass through the streets of Jerusalem bearing images, even if but an emperor's effigy on their standards, they would rise in all their might and fury, even against overwhelming numbers, and heroically fight for their God, where they might not have raised as much as a finger to fight for themselves.

I would be guilty, however, of inaccuracy or partiality, were I to lead you to believe, that the ancient Jews were always wholly free from idolatrous beliefs and practices. The absence of images from a place of worship argues as little the presence of pure monotheism, as the presence of images proves absolute polytheism. Many a pagan writer has left behind hymns and prayers, through which breathes a purer monotheism than through the writings of many a monotheistic scribe. If we analyze the polytheistic system carefully, we have even no difficulty of tracing a monotheistic undercurrent through most of them, especially during their earlier stages. They recognize one Chief God, no matter how many minor gods they acknowledge. And to that Chief God they generally ascribe attributes and powers, such as the ancient Jews ascribed to the God they worshipped. Some of the minor gods seem to have stood at first for other names, or for the attributes, of the Chief God, till their origin was forgotten, and they became independent personalities, till such different appellations of the same Deity as "the Ruler," "the Most High," "the Almighty," "the Eternal," "the Lord," "the Creator," came to be looked upon as different and independent deities.

Jews, however, not always absolute monotheists, nor others absolute polytheists.

In the Old Testament, too, there are traces of such mistakings of the different attributes or names of the same Supreme Power for different gods. The different tribes seem to have had, at first, their own tutelar gods. When they consolidated into a nation, they seem to have combined their different gods into a group, under the name of *Elohim* (gods), and later on merged this group into *One God*, under the name of *Jehovah*, frequently in conjunction with the group-name *Elohim*. Till the Babylonian captivity, however, the back-slidings into polytheism and the worship of many gods were frequent. "According to the number of thy cities are thy gods, O Judah" lamented the prophet Jeremiah. Not content with returning to the worship of their own earlier gods, they frequently followed the gods of the surrounding people, and imitated their idolatrous practices.* And even when faithful to the One God, their conception of

Un-monotheistic God-conception before the Babylonian exile.

*See Judges xvii; I Kings xi, xii; II Kings xx; Ezek. viii, 3-12.

Him, often differs little, if any, from the anthropomorphistic conceptions of the polytheistic peoples. God is represented as walking on earth and holding conversations with man, as shutting the door of the ark behind Noah, as coming down to see the city and tower that man had built, as smelling the sweet savor of bloody sacrifice, as tempting Abraham to slay his son, as drawing the design of the Tabernacle, and the pattern of the priestly garments, as conniving with treachery and crime, as indulging in violent outbursts of passion, and in frightful attacks of cruelty, often for very slight offenses. It was Jehovah they worshipped, not in the sense of an incorporeal, incomprehensible spirit, but as an absolute Oriental tyrant. Moses overestimated their mental capacity, when he asked them to cast aside idolatry, as he himself, and the prophets many centuries after him learned to their sorrow. Not till a thousand years later, not till after their return from the Babylonian captivity, not till they had passed from their period of childhood and youth into mature age, could they be weaned from their own earlier gods, or from the idols of the surrounding nations.

Un-monotheistic beliefs and practices after the exile.

And even after that, the idolatrous spirit clung to them, and with but few exceptions has not left them to this day. They ceased, indeed, to worship other gods, and they have remained heroically faithful to Jehovah ever since. But they connected the worship of Him with rites and ceremonies that once belonged to idols, and to these rites and ceremonies they attached an importance and a sanctity, which in course of time turned them into an idolatry. The service at the Temple of Jerusalem presented the strange anomaly of a monotheistic God in a polytheistic garb, of an idolatrous worship of a spiritual abstraction, of ascribing human attributes to an invisible, incorporeal, incomprehensible Being. In the same breath, in which they spoke of Jehovah as the Universal Father, they appropriated Him exclusively for themselves. They declared: the Heaven of Heavens could not contain Him, and yet shut Him in within their Holy of Holies. They spoke of Him as the One and Only God, and yet on the Atonement-Day they sent the scape-goat into the wilderness to appease the demons They spoke of Him as a God of love and mercy, and yet crouched and trembled before Him, as if He were some cruel tyrant, and the Temple-mount daily reeked with the blood of innocent animals, sacrificed to appease His anger or to bribe His favor.

God-idolatries replaced by ceremonial idolatries

It is only too true, that with the cessation of one idolatry after the Babylonian captivity, another one sprang up, which, if not as debasing as its predecessor, has proved itself more ineradicable. The intentions of the puritanic Ezra, very likely, were the best. To keep the people from any further back-slidings into idolatrous beliefs and practices, he chained them, hand and foot, heart and soul, to a mass of rigid forms and rites and ceremonies, from which it was almost impossible to break away. They effected their object, better perhaps than even Ezra had anticipated, better perhaps than he had desired. Israel never again slid back into idol-worship. They had

no occasion to, for they had turned their forms and rites and ceremonies into an idolatry.

The Scroll-idolatry.

Of the Torah, the Pentateuch-Scroll, they made an idol, and they accorded it a sanctity amounting to worship. They even spoke of it as a Spiritual Being. They decked it with the finest fabrics, and ornamented it with the costliest metals and jewels. The place it occupied in the synagogue became the Holy of Holies, and its taking from the shrine constituted the height and glory of the service. To touch it with unclean hands meant its pollution, to drop it to the ground, required a fast of the congregation in expiation. They carried it about in the synagogue like an idol, and they crowded to touch or kiss it. Woman was never to touch it, not even to come near it, it was too holy for such creatures as she. And as to its contents, that was regarded from beginning to end the work and word of God, that required implicit belief, and unquestioning observance. To doubt a word of it had excommunication for its consequence. For temporary institutions and local laws an eternal and universal obedience was demanded. And, as if it did not already contain more commands and more prohibitions than the average man could live up to, they turned and twisted words and letters and dots into new commands and new prohibitions, until they made life a hardship, and religion a torture.

The Sabbath-idolatry.

The Sabbath, that had been instituted for rest and recreation and pleasure, was changed into a day of endless restrictions. Like the Pentateuch, it was turned into an idol. And a gloomy idol it was. From sunset of Friday to sunset of Saturday the Jew found himself encompassed by a sea of *Dont's*, the violation of a single one of which constituted a heinous sin. Rather than violate any one of these, it was taught: it was better to sacrifice one's country, fortune, health, even life. We have a striking illustration of this in Pompey's capture of the Temple on the Sabbath-day, of which I spoke before. But for the refusal of the Jews, who had in every way the advantage, to attack the Romans on the Sabbath-Day, Pompey, as Josephus shows us, might never have been able to batter down the Temple walls, nor massacre the 12,000 patriots, nor drag princes of Israel behind his triumphal-car through the streets of Rome, nor inaugurate that awful catastrophe that was to receive its fatal finishing touch by Titus, a century later. Three times in the History of Israel this idolatrous regard for the Sabbath was the occasion of Jerusalem being taken by the enemy, and more frequently still was it the cause of frightful carnage, the enemy taken advantage of their refusal to defend themselves on the Sabbath-Day. Thus was the Sabbath, that was instituted for the good of man, turned into a supposed benefit to God, so narrowed had the God-conception in Israel, and to such an elevation had the Sabbath idol been raised.

And what is the Sabbath, the Saturday-Sabbath, to the great mass of our people to-day but an idol. Its original intention is wholly lost sight

The Sabbath-idol of the present day.

of. On Saturday they work as hard as on any other working-day, if not harder, and recreate as little, if not less. If they rest or recreate on any day in the week, or, in other words, if they at all observe a *Sabbath*, (which word is the Hebrew for the English word *Rest*) it is on Sunday, on the day following the six working-days, and yet, by a strange contrariness of mind, their hardest working-day in the week they call their *Sabbath*, and the day, on which they faithfully comply with the very letter of the Biblical command, that calls for a day of rest after six of toil, the day on which they rest and recreate, they unblushingly name the first working-day of the week. To such hypocrisy and farce men of reason lend themselves. God be thanked, that their actions at least are more honest than their professions, that the hygienic ends, for which the Sabbath was instituted, are satisfied, that they do make the Sunday their *Sabbath-Day*, their *Day of Rest and Recreation*, even though they say they don't. It is true, they do not worship on Sunday, but for the most part neither on Saturday, nor on any other day of the week. By not worshipping, they do in no way transgress against the Fourth Commandment, which only asks for cessation from work, for rest, but has not a word to say concerning worship, the author of the Sabbath ordinance considering only the good of man, and not the benefit of God, knowing that God will continue to exist without His weekly meed of praise, but not man without his weekly *Day of Rest*.

One would hardly think it possible, that men, who observe every detail of the Sabbath command, on Sunday, and violate it in every detail, on Saturday, would dare to talk of *adhering to principle*, solely for refusing to sanctify their Sunday-rest by spending an hour or two with their God in their synagogue; and yet such baseless boasts we are made to hear almost daily. We have yet to find a single prohibition against worshipping on Sunday in our Bible or in any of the Jewish Codices. But well-nigh endless are the prohibitions against work on Saturday, and yet these Sabbath-breakers proudly talk of *principle*, for publicly doing what their Bible tells them not to do, and for not doing what has never been prohibited. What else can this mean, but that such men as these look upon the Sabbath as a sort of idol, that can be satisfied with a mass of hypocritical pretensions? Surely no rational Israelite, with an omniscient and omnipresent and just Jehovah for a God, would dare to attempt to dupe Him with such a hollow mockery.

Only a hollow mockery it is, this pompous talk of principle, that flows so glibly from the tongues of Sabbath-breakers. Those ancient Israelites, who sacrificed their all, even their lives, rather than break the Saturday-Sabbath, they might have talked of principle, and with truth. If their course was not commendable, it was at least honorably consistent. We certainly second the warning the father of the Macabees gave to the fugitives of Modin, after many of them had been slaughtered on account of not defending themselves on the Sabbath-Day, that by observing their law so rigorously they would prove their own enemies, and

benefit their foe through their own inactivity.* Yet we cannot help admiring the self-sacrifice of the slaughtered for what they believed to be *principle.* In our present intense struggle for existence I prefer to see a man observing the Sunday-Sabbath to seeing him prove his own enemy by resting two days in the week, which an observance of the Saturday-Sabbath in our State would mean, thereby affording his competitor the opportunity of crowding him to the wall. Yet, I cannot but admire the man, who heroically sacrifices his own interests for the maintenance of his *principle.* But I have nothing but pity for those, who garner in the dollars on Saturday in the sweat of their brow, and keep their Sabbath-rest on Sunday, and then talk of adhering to principle by attending the Saturday-Service once or twice a year—if that often—for an hour or two, (which loss is often made up by commencing the Saturday work an hour or two earlier, or continuing it so much longer) or by sending their wives or children, or by paying the synagogue-officials, to keep it for them, or by making a shrewd settlement with their Saturday-idol, giving him one-third on Friday evening, and keeping the most profitable two-thirds of the Saturday for themselves, for the pursuit of their respective vocations. I have nothing but pity for those, who spend the Sunday morning with figuring over the profits of their Sabbath-breaking, or with breaking it for mercenary ends as mercilessly as they broke their Saturday-Sabbath, or with snoring in their beds, or with gambling at their clubs, who seldom if ever attend a Saturday-service, and yet denounce our Sunday-Services as *The Sabbath of Convenience,* when we are those, who put the people to the *inconvenience* of spending a portion of the Sunday mornings at the services, and of contributing towards their support, and of exerting their utmost to restore the lost, and to awaken a religious feeling and interest among those, whom the hypocritical and farcical Saturday-idolatry had almost driven from the ranks of Israel.

There are yet other idolatries infesting the Jehovah worship of Israel. There is the Kippur-Day† idol. What a rallying on that day of the scattered forces! What a hurrying to the synagogues of people, who never see the inside of them all the year round! What a fervor—or what farce—in praying and fasting, by people, who perhaps only ceased their sinning with their entrance and will resume it upon their exit, and follow it for another year! What supplications by the pious to Jehovah, who (in painful contradiction of the Jewish conception of Him as an incorporeal and incomprehensible spirit) is believed to hold with His ministering angels awful court in heaven on that day, and to pronounce and seal the coming year's destiny for each mortal.

The *Kippur-Day* idol.

There is the *Kaddish*‡ idol. Well may the most stately edifice, the most inspiring choir, the most eloquent preacher, envy his attractive powers, for all these combined will often fail to bring people into the House of Worship, while the Kaddish-idol succeeds in bringing them there, without any difficulty, and in keeping

The *Kaddish*-idol

*Josephus, Antiqu. XII, Chap. vi, 2. †Atonement-Day. ‡Mourner's Prayer.

them there till the year of mourning is over, to the day, and not a day longer, and in keeping them away, till another death ushers them in for another year. I have read of a physician, who daily offered up a prayer to God to prosper his profession, by visiting many people with sickness. Who would not forgive some of those unfortunate preachers, who are not blessed with large Saturday-attendance, if now and then, they would secretly offer up a prayer, that God might keep them supplied at least with a Kaddish-*Minyan*,* to enable them to conduct services at all? Without the Kaddish-Idol, I know not, what in some congregations, would become of the Jehovah-worship.

There is the Hebrew-language-Idol. The God, of whom, on the one side, omniscience is postulated as one of his chief attributes, and for whom knowledge of all languages, and of all hearts, before yet tongue utters articulate speech, is claimed, is, on the other side believed to listen to prayers only when offered in the Hebrew tongue. And, therefore, are poor children tortured into learning a dead language, which they no sooner learn than they forget it. And therefore, are whole pages of Hebrew prayers offered and read, of whose meaning the reader or listener is as innocent as the new-born babe.

The Hebrew-language idol.

And there are yet other idolatries in connection with the Jehovah worship, such as the insistence upon the Oriental fashion of worshipping with covered head, with praying-scarf, and phylacteries, the prohibition of instrumental music and of family-pews in the House of Worship, the *Bar Mitzvah*, that turns a lad of thirteen into a full-fledged member of the Congregation of Israel upon reciting a Hebrew Benediction over the Scroll, the *Matzoth*† diet on the Passover; *Shofar*‡ alarm on the New Year; the *Mezzuzoth*-amulets, the *Tashlich* Sin-transference, and a host of others, of which I have not the time to-day to speak.

And other idols.

We have no reason to feel ashamed that a Roman General, two thousand years ago, found our *Holy of Holies* empty. We have much reason to be proud that that emptiness has illumined and filled the earth, that the Jehovah-idea of our fathers has conquered half the world, and is fast-conquering the other half. But we cannot yet rest on our laurels, and flatter ourselves that Israel's monotheism is driving idolatry from off the face of the earth. Pure monotheism is yet a rarity. We find it blazoning on a million banners, but when we look close, we rarely find it free from idolatrous adulterations. We hear loud professions of belief in an invisible and incorporeal and inconceivable God, and alongside it: a Trinity, a Holy Family, a Mediator, a God assuming human form, and walking the earth and ascending again, bowing before images, drinking and eating the blood and body of God, exorcising evil spirits with holy water, and many others. Much work remains still to be done in cleaning pure monotheism from its idolatrous accretions. But the hand that would clean others must be clean itself. Before looking at others' sin, we must look at our own. Before trying to remove the idolatries of others, we must first remove our own idolatrous Jehovah-pollutions. Even unto us, as unto Israel in the wilderness, apply the words of Moses: *Thou shalt have no other gods, beside Jehovah!*

Before trying to remove others' sins, we must remove our own.

*Quorum of ten adults necessary for communal prayer. †Unleavened Passover-bread. ‡Ram's horn.

The Law of Retribution

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

February 28th, 1892,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA:
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1892.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion. (Dreams, Visions, etc.)
8. Delusion. (Hypnotism, Faith-Cure, etc.)
9. Hallucination. (Ghosts, Spiritualism, etc.)
10. Jesus in the Synagogue.
11. To-Day better than Yesterday.
12. Wanted—A Rational Religious School.
13. Civilization's Debt to Woman.
14. Civilization's Duty to Woman.
15. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends."
16. Justice—Not Charity.
17. A Personal Interest Society.
18. Ancient and Modern Idolatry.
19. The Law of Retribution.
20. Reverence to Whom Reverence Belongs.
21.
22.
23.
24.
25.
26.
27.
28.

SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward.
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza—Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

SERIES II. 1888—1889.

1. Whence, Whither and Why?
2. The Voice of the People.
3. Uncharitable Charity.
4. Wife and Mother.
5. Husband and Father.
6. Origin and Descent.
7. The People of the Book.
8. Future Reward and Punishment.
9. The Ideal Commonwealth.
10. The Puritanic Sabbath.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM:

11. I. The Mosaic Age.
12. II. The Prophetic Age.
13. III. The Messianic Age.
14. IV. The Rabbinical Age.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM CONTINUED:

15. V. The Kabbalistic Age.
16. VI. The Mendelssohnian Age.
17. VII. The Present Age.
18. Ashes to Ashes, or Earth to Earth.
19. Sanitary Science.
20. Does Prohibition Prohibit?
21. Intermarriage.
22. Convert your own—Let Jews alone.
23. The 25th Anniversary of the Corner-stone-Laying of Temple Keneseth Israel.
24. Abused Benefactors.
25. A Benefactor Honored. (Rev. Dr. I. M. Wise)
26. The Real Saving Trinity.
27. The Removal of the Leaven.
28. Deed through Creed.

The Law of Retribution.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

Philadelphia, February 28th, 1892.

פקד עון אבת על-בנים .... עשה חסד לאלפים .... (Exod. xx, 5. 6)
ארך אפים ורב חסד .... ונקה לא ינקה (Exod. xxxiv, 6. 7)
עת לאהב ואת לשנא (Eccl. iii, 8)

Sweet is the low murmur of the sportive rivulet; sweet the soft lullaby of the flower-rocking zephyr; sweet the dreamy quiet of some secluded forest retreat. Grand is the noisy sweep of the swollen stream; grand are the mighty ocean's rapturous embraces of the rocky shore; grand the rushing of the wind o'er field and through forest. But grandest, most majestic, most awe-inspiring of all, is nature in her wrath and fury, rushing with the hurricane through the forest, splintering and laying low the mighty time-defying giants as if they were so many reeds, tearing through the populous cities, scattering ruin and devastation all along her path; or when with deafening thunder she roars through the ill-presaging, fast-flying clouds, or leaps, astride the forked and blinding lightning, from rattling crag to crag; when she stirs up the vast ocean to its lowest depth, and hurls its frenzied waves and billows against the strongest crafts of man, and tosses them about as if they were so many straws, and sends terror and dismay into the bravest hearts aboard or on shore.

Grandeur of nature in storm.

Sweet is the winsome prattle of the little two- or three-year old; sweet the little nothings breathed by lover into the ears of his beloved; sweet the placid face of some saint at prayer; sweet the angelic voice of some Sister of Mercy at the bedside of the sick. Grand is the eloquence of the inspired orator; grand are the weighty words that drop from the lips of the hoary-headed master; grand the human face animated with sympathy and compassion; grand the fire of enthusiasm flashing from the eye of patriot. But grandest of all is the sight of man burning with righteous indignation, from whose eyes dart the shafts of withering scorn, and annihilating contempt, whose voice thunders forth scathing denunciations of the wrong done; whose bosom heaves under the violence of his outraged feelings, whose hand is raised to clutch the evil-doer and dash him to destruction, whose foot stamps the floor as if to crush the viper under his heel.

Grandeur of man in righteous indignation.

Grand is that Biblical God-conception, that fancies Him spanning the heavens with the rainbow as his everlasting pledge that He will never

Grandeur of God in His wrath.

again curse the earth or smite every living thing as He had recently done with the flood ;* grander that other conception, that fancies Him declaring in the hearing of Moses, that He is merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth, rewards the righteous unto the thousandth generation, roots out sin, yet never lets the sinner go unpunished ;† but the grandest, the most awe-inspiring, the boldest of all, is that God-conception, that represents Him on Sinai's top burning with righteous indignation over Israel's speedy turning from Him to the worship of the golden calf, declaring that He will consume them, at once, in the fire of His wrath, and thus have done with them forever.‡

Grandeur of Moses in his just anger.

Grand is that sketch of the character of Moses, that represents him pleading with God for sinful Israel, assuaging His wrath, inducing Him to repent of the evil He intended to bring upon Israel ; grander those other sketches, that describe his courageous facing and pacifying the frequent uprisings and seditions of the rebellious people ; but the grandest sketch of all is that, which tells of his exceeding wrath at the sight of Israel dancing about the golden calf, of his hurling the two tablets of stone, on which the Ten Commandments were graven, to the foot of the mountain, dashing them to pieces, of his grinding the molten calf to powder, of his calling the faithful to his side and bidding them to aid him in exterminating the base and ungrateful idolators.

Both calm and storm are needed

The gentle, the soft, the peaceful, whether in scenery or in character, is ever sweet, ever comforting, ever welcome. Yet there is a grandeur in storm, in agitation, in passionate outburst of righteous indignation, in inflicting just and merited punishment, that is never reached by any other phase of nature, or by any other trait of man. Both are needed in the economy of existence. Both have their time and place. The one must relieve the other as the night relieves the day, or as winter alternates with summer. The dead calm breeds noxious poisons. Unbroken quiet breeds mutual stagnation and moral disease. Peaceful submission, patient bearing of the yoke, nurtures tyranny. Unrebuked, unpunished wrong-doing turns right-doing from an obligation into an option. The belief that "letting well enough alone" is better than strife and agitation and exertion is the doom of progress. The violent storm, the killing frost, the roaring thunder, the flashing lightning, the drenching torrent, all these are indispensible needs for purifying and invigorating earth and air. The loud voice of just protest, the fearless denunciation of wrong, the merciless extirpation of evil, the Moses's thundering defiance into the ears of the Pharaohs, and storming through the rebellious camps, sword in hand, the Nathans and the Knoxes flinging their "*Thou art the man*," "*Thou art the woman*" in the face of voluptuous and murderous kings and queens, the Luthers defying, in the face of death, corrupted heads of Church and

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* Gen. viii. 9. † Exod. xxxiv, 6. 7. ‡ Exod. xxxii.

realm, the Patrick Henrys terrifying base henchmen of tyranny, and inflaming the hearts of brave patriots, with their fiery eloquence, the William Lloyd Garrisons preferring to be dragged through the streets with halters around their necks, to bridling their tongues in their unsparing castigations of the enemies of freedom, all these are men and means that are ever needed to keep the fabric of society sound and safe, free and progressive, without whose timely agitations and storms, unsparing severities and fearless dispensation of just and deserved punishment, the gentle and the sweet and the peaceful in society would soon become an utter impossibility.

Indignation over conscious and heartless wrong done, is an instinct of human nature. To see crime meet with its deserved punishment is as strong a yearning of our souls as to see virtue rewarded. Not to hate the oppressor, not to loathe the vicious, not to desire to see the unrepentent cruel punished, is even more revolting to the rational mind than not loving the pure and the innocent, the true and the good. He that cannot hate the wrong, cannot truly love the right. If too weak to hate, he is not strong enough to love. Great lovers of mankind are great haters of the enemies of man. Great patriots are great haters of tyrants. The great lovers of justice and truth have ever been the great haters of injustice and falsehood. To love everything, good and bad, to forgive everything, to be indifferent to the sway of wrong, or to attempt to wipe it out by means of prayer-meeting whines, or emotional sentimentalism, is not a virtue,—if not a mental aberration, it is a social crime.

Hatred of wrong an instinct of our nature.

Rational man is so constituted that, whether he will or not, he must love the right and hate the wrong. It was Goethe who preached that

> "Man's nature, in its narrow scope, demands
> The twofold sentiment of love and hate."
>
> (*Torquato Tasso*, Act IV, Sc. ii.)

One may deliver honey-tongued sermons, or write sweet-scented essays, on the beauties of loving all and forgiving everything. But to do this, one must lock himself within his study or church, and walk the streets blindfolded, and close his ears against hearing the soul-harrowing stories of injustice and cruelty, and never permit book and newspaper to come into his hand, and never set his foot in the districts of the vicious and criminal, in the criminal court or in the morgue. To do this, one must never read of Russian Siberian outrages and Jewish persecutions, never hear religious peoples' angelic professions in their churches, and devilish practices outside of them, never see a son's heartless treatment of his aged and helpless mother, or a brutal husband strike weak and defenseless wife and children, never see a millionaire landlord turning in mid-winter a poverty-ridden family into the streets, never hear of innocence betrayed or assaulted. To do this, one must never feel the pang of seeing his own name and purposes maligned, the honor of his own family besmirched, of having his own hard-earned savings torn from him, of seeing his own just rights

So, too, the desire to see it justly punished.

trampled upon, of baring his own back to the tyrant's cruel lash. If then he can love him who has but hate for him, if then he can forgive him who effected his and his family's ruin and shame, if then he can kiss the hand that smites him, if then he can say in the language of Shylock:

> "Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
> You spurned me such a day; another time
> You call'd me—dog; and for these courtesies"

I'll offer you my love and my esteem,—if this he do, he is not responsible for his sayings and doings. The church may canonize him, but rational people will most probably regard him as one whose mind has been unbalanced by excess of suffering.

Illustrated by Moses.

The authors of the Bible give us in each of the Testaments, and in the most illustrious personages of each, striking confirmations of the truth of the perhaps strange-sounding doctrines, which I have just ennunciated, namely, that hatred of wrong is as much of an instinct of human nature as is the love of right, and that it is easier to write and talk of the virtue of loving all characters and forgiving all offenses, than to practice it when brought face to face with them. The Old Testament tells of Moses that he was very meek, more than any other man on the face of the earth,* and his actions and words, in many instances,† prove that this was not unmerited praise. But in the presence of insolence and cruelty and grievous wrong, that meekness frequently changes into burning indignation. There is little meekness in his murderous onslaught on the Egyptian taskmaster for cruel treatment of one of his down-trodden brethren.‡ Fervent and touching is his supplication on Sinai's height, that God may forgive the idolatry of his wayward people, and not exterminate them, and it is no small compliment to him that his eloquence and logic and influence should have succeeded in annulling the fatal decree. But what difference between the Moses at the top, and the Moses at the bottom, of the mountain! When his own eyes beheld the people's ravings around their molten idol, he thought no more of his eloquent entreaty for forgiveness, nor of his logical argument, which had proved so powerful with God. His wrath waxed exceedingly hot, and with sword in hand, and with an armed force at his side, he himself entered upon that very extermination, which but a short time before he had prevented God from doing. On top, he merely talked about what he saw not and felt not; at the bottom, he saw and felt the wrong, and seeing and feeling it meant hating it, and an eager desire to punish its perpetrators to prevent its repetition.

Illustrated by Jesus.

We have a somewhat similar illustration in the New Testament of the difference between theoretic love and forgiveness of the wrong-doer, and the hatred of him when brought in real contact with him. Nowhere perhaps is the lesson of loving the enemy, of forgiving offense, of patiently submitting to outrage, more forcibly inculcated than in the Gospels. The Christian is there rigidly enjoined to resist no evil, to turn also the right cheek to him who

* Numb. xii. 3. † Cf. Numb. xi. xii. xiv. xvi. ‡ Exod. ii. 11-12.

smites him on the left, to surrender also the cloak to him who takes his coat, to do good to him that harms him, and to suffer, without resentment and punishment, a number of other insults and indignities and wrongs. But as beautiful as these lessons were to listen to and to read, so impossible were they for real practice, and not only for those to whom they were enjoined, but even to Jesus himself, who enjoined them. Those bitter invectives, which he, according to the Gospel stories, hurled at the heads of the Scribes and Pharisees, betoken little love of the enemy, less of blessing those that cursed him, and least of non-resistance of evil. One is at a loss to find even a trace of love and forgiveness in such abusive epithets as "you hypocrites," "you whited sepulchres," "you fools and blind," "you serpents, you generation of vipers."* His rushing into the Temple-court, scourge in hand, driving out those that offered there sacrificial animals for sale, over-turning the tables of those that exchanged the money of foreign Jews, who came to bring their offerings, and denouncing them as thieves,† may witness to his pious zeal, and to his wrathful indignation over what to him seemed a wrong, but it is poor practice of his own doctrine of loving the enemy, of resisting no evil, of doing good to those that do wrong, and the like. And if impossible for the lawgiver himself to practice his own laws, we can not be surprised at the non-observance of these precepts by almost the whole Christian world, from the time they were first given to this day. Their fearful contentions, their bloody wars, frightful massacres, terrible persecutions, their racks and blocks and stakes and gibbets, their crowded penitentiaries, their clerical hatreds, their social ostracisms and restrictions, all these tell but too plainly the truth that man cannot love all his enemies, nor forgive all offenses, nor submit to all insults and outrages, nor to let all wrong-doers go unpunished.

And he cannot, because he shall not. It may seem brutal to the sentimental emotionalist, but without it we all would still have been brutes. Moral evolution is not a hot-house plant, or a prayer-meeting product. It will not thrive on rose-water or honeyed sentiments. It must wrestle with the elements. Its soil must be saturated with blood. Pain and despair must moan and groan through its branches. It must endure the summer's scorching shafts and the winter's biting frosts, before it can grow into a tree fit to grace a Paradise.

Sin shall not escape punishment

Sin shall not escape the condemnation of the righteous nor the punishment of the just is a law graven on our hearts. It is our soul's inheritance from God. It is its dower received from the hand of Nature herself. For it is thus that God and nature deal with wrong, and thus have they ever dealt with it. It is that law, which modern scholars have only now succeeded in grasping, and in turning into a science, but which the Old Testament writers have formulated thousands of years ago, and have deemed important enough to place among the very first of their Ten Commandments. It is

Is the immutable Law of Nature.

*St. Mat. xxiii, 13-33. †St. John ii.; St. Mark xi.

that command, which, told in the language of modern science, says that the Laws of Nature are eternal, immutable, inviolable. If heeded and obeyed, they yield their blessed reward, even to remote generations, but if transgressed, punishment is sure to follow, and transmit itself to future descendants. Fire shall give us warmth, shall aid our industries, shall further our progress, shall benefit by its helpful service not only us but also those that shall come after us. But if we heed not its laws, or transgress against them, it will turn from an abject slave to an inexorable tyrant, and smite us painfully, fatally, or lay our proudest possessions in ashes, no matter whether home or school, church or hospital. Water, like fire, has been given us to be one of the supports of life. But if we wantonly violate its laws, or fail to exercise the necessary care, it will injure or destroy those whom before it aided and blessed, and neither prayer nor bribe will stay its destruction till its wrath has spent itself. Air is to serve us as the main stay of life. Every breath of it is to send new currents of strength and energy and health into our system. But if we wantonly expose ourselves to it when it is chill and damp, if we neglect to preserve its purity, if we suffer it to become contaminated with filth and pollution, it will change from benefactor to implacable enemy, poison our system, no matter whether we be saint or sinner, torture us with disease, and not infrequently transmit its poison and its torture even to our children and children's children.

What is true of the Laws of Nature is equally true of the Laws of Morality. They, too, are inviolable. No one can transgress against them with impunity. No one can defy them without bringing punishment upon himself—worse still, without transmitting that punishment to his children and children's children. If he corrupts himself, the corruption will long cling to him and his, and wreak its vengeance till eliminated. If he wantonly saps his vitality, a weak and degenerated posterity will testify to the sin of its ancestry. If he bring shame upon his name, three and four generations will pass before it will be erased from the family's escutcheon or conscience.*

Proven by the Law of Heredity.

The punishment may be slow in coming, but come it will. God, as the Old Testament writer already observed, is patient and long-suffering, but He never lets the sinner go unpunished, and the punishment often is all the severer for His longer patience. The storm is never so violent and never so destructive as when it comes after a long dead calm. The avenging hand that is slowest to rise, often deals the quickest and most telling blows. So true is this, that it has become a proverb of every literature-possessing people. "The mill of the gods grinds late, but it grinds to powder" spake the ancient Greeks. "The feet of the avenging deities are shod with wool," "God has His own time and His own way," wrote the ancient Romans. "So long goes the pitcher to the well, till its handle breaks" is the familiar adage of the Germans. "God comes with leaden feet, but strikes

Punishment may be slow in coming—but it comes

*For fuller treatment, see Lecture: *Heredity*, Series III, No. 18.

with iron hand" is a common English saying. And in like manner do the other civilized peoples of the earth confirm the truth, that in the divine dispensation of justice sentence delayed does not mean sin overlooked, or pardoned.

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds He all."

Friedr. von Logau, Transl. by Henry W. Longfellow.

But, though a truth, universally recognized, and confirmed by centuries of experience, long-deferred punishment has ever encouraged the sinner in his evil, and perplexed the righteous. Already in Biblical times, Koheleth preached: "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil."* And the question: "Why does the sinner prosper?" is already the despairing cry of Job. Job judged the sinner by outward appearances, and pronounced him happy and spared, before yet he had seen his or his children's last days. He could not peer into the sinner's conscience, and see there the harrowing scenes and ghastly processions, such as Hamlet has enacted before his father's murderer or such as haunt the sleep or dreams of Richard III; nor had he heard the words that Solon spake to the wealthy and powerful Croesus: 'No man is to be deemed happy till he has ended in a happy way,' to which we may add, or until his children or children's children have ended in a happy way. When Jacob returned from his uncle Laban blessed with wives and children, and with a great abundance of earthly goods, it is likely that his neighbors shook their heads and said: "This man deceived his old and blind father, and defrauded his brother, and for his punishment he has wealth and power and influence and happiness. What good in being righteous, when evil yields such rich rewards?" A score of years later, when hearing of the loss of his favorite wife and son, of the contentions and vices and strifes of his children, of the miseries and sorrows of his old age, they perhaps recognized that there is retribution, that punishment may tarry long, yet come it will. "There is no God, there is no Justice, else this fiend Robespierre would long since have been struck down by his vengeance," moaned, perhaps, the terror-stricken people of Paris during the Reign of Terror. But when they saw his head drop from the guillotine, perhaps they bowed their heads and said: "There is retributive justice even in this world." Those were true words which Anne of Austria, Queen of France, said to Cardinal Richelieu, her implacable enemy: "My Lord Cardinal, there is one fact which you seem to have entirely forgotten. God is a sure paymaster. He may not pay at the end of every week or month or year; but I charge you, remember that He pays in the end."

Our impatience over God's patience often prevents our seeing that Retributive Justice moves slowly, imperceptibly, but not the less surely,

*Eccl. viii. 2.

Impatience over God's patience.

like the small hand across the dial plate. We may not see it move, but when the hour for striking comes, it is at the striking place.

"There is a time, and justice marks the date,
For long-forbearing clemency to wait;
That hour elapsed, the incurable revolt
Is punished, and down comes the thunder-bolt." Cowper.

You step into your garden after the storm has spent its force, and are amazed to find the strongest, proudest tree prostrate on the ground. It had all along seemed to you the embodiment of strength. You examine it, and you no longer wonder why. The bark has hid from view a rotten interior. For years, the slow process of decay has been going on within, till corruption had eaten out its very core, and when the storm came, it toppled over, as if it were some toy-tree from some child's Noah's ark. In this fallen tree you see the symbol of some of your apparently healthy and happy and prosperous men of sin. For years, they have gone on dissipating, corrupting, sinning, against the Laws of Nature and Morality. Outwardly they bear the signs of prosperity, of health, of happiness. But the moral rottenness is eating deeper and deeper, till, when least expected, you see them prostrate in incurable disease, in death, or in chains in some penitentiary; and the Cain's sign of disease and sin and shame stamped deep upon their families.

To our poor understanding the suffering of innocent posterity for the sins of ancestry often seems unjust, and a poor verification of the Biblical claim, that God is merciful and gracious and abundant in goodness, mentioned in connection with the awful decree.* But this very decree, awful as it seems, may perhaps contain one of the strongest proofs of the goodness and mercy of God. In visiting punishment for transgression against inviolable natural and moral laws, God has not His own but man's and society's good in view. If these laws could be transgressed with impunity there never would be, nor could be, any civilization or morality. If man has transgressed, he must suffer, that he may not transgress again; and that others may be deterred by the example of his sufferings; and society shall suffer, that it may see to it that such transgressions be not again committed. But often—while the wrong done inflicts its punishment within the flesh and mind and conscience of the wrong-doer—it escapes punishment without, and the deterrent object of punishment is thereby lost. Therefore, in visiting the sins of the parents upon their offspring, the deterrent purpose of punishment is not only attained, but even in a more striking degree. Their innocent sufferings appeal all the stronger to the hearts of men, and act as a more powerful check on their evil inclinations For, however indifferent a man may be as to the painful consequences of his wrongs on strangers, he is apt to be deeply touched at the thought that his own progeny, his own flesh and blood, should innocently be made to suffer physically or mentally or morally or socially, because of uncurbed indul-

Posterity's brief suffering for ancestry's sin.

*Exod. xxxiv, 6. 7.

gence of his passions or appettites or greeds. Who knows not of instances of temptations resisted, of evil passions subdued, of bad habits conquered, by parents, so as not to bring disgrace and suffering upon their innocent children? God may have his own way for compensating the sufferings of the innocent, but that evil may the speedier be rooted out, that man may be the better deterred from wrong-doing, that the greatest good of the greatest number may the speedier be secured, heroic measures must be resorted to. A few innocents must suffer to appall the many and to keep them innocent.

Whether this be the reason why the sins of parents are visited upon their progeny, or whether there be other reasons more plausible than this, the fact remains that it is, and has been, a Law of Nature, and in all probability will continue so, whether we think it just or not. If we think it unjust, we have an easy way of preventing it from afflicting our descendants, by not furnishing it with any sins of our own to be visited upon them. Let us guard our health, purity, integrity, honor, and we will guard our children's at the same time, and that of their children's children, too, even unto the thousandth generation. We will then no longer question God's kindness and mercy, seeing, that while God's punishment of parental sin seldom extends over more than three or four generations of posterity, His reward of parental virtue extends even unto the remotest descendants.

Posterity's long reward for ancestry s virtue.

The room, in which some fragrant flower has bloomed, retains the odor long after the plant has been removed. A room once flavored by musk, retains its odor even after the lapse of many years. The western sky reflects the glory of the sun, long after it sinks beneath the horizon. A parent's pure life and good name and virtuous deeds transmit themselves to their children, and reap their reward and blessing long after their author is no more. Let parents leave their children only wealth, and a generation or two hence may see that wealth disgrace posterity and ancestry, and fly away. Let them bequeath to their children health, virtue, good deed, brain, and even centuries hence doors and hearts will open wide to their children, either for their own sakes, or in memory of their noble ancestry. A century ago Russia manifested kindly feelings towards our country while in distress, and the steamer Indiana, that hastened, laden with food, from our port on Monday last to relieve the famine-stricken, demonstrated how the virtues of parents are remembered even on their distant descendants. The worthy progeny of distinguished patriots, leaders, scholars, benefactors, find opportunities and positions, for which men of obscure origin often struggle in vain. No parental virtue is lost. Its every healthy drop, its every noble thought, its every good word, its every pure example, is a seed cast in the field of Time, which blooms and ripens blessed fruit through all Eternity.

Reverence to whom Reverence belongs.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, March 6th, 1892.

לא תשא את שם יהוה אלהיך לשוא (Exod. xx. 7)

אלהים לא תקלל ונשיא בעמך לא תאר (Exod. xxii. 28)

יהי מורא רבך כמורא שמים (Talmud, "*Aboth*" 19, a)

"The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile."
Goldsmith's *The Deserted Village.*

Thus wrote Goldsmith, the poet. But, though a poet's writing, it stands by no means for a poetic fancy. Such was the reverence shown to village parsons in the time of Goldsmith, and such is still shown them in the rural districts of Europe, and in the entire Orient. In these quiet and conservative communities the preacher is still regarded a holy man, singled out, by special call from the power on High, to prepare human lives and souls for the spiritual life that is to be. As God's vicegerents, almost divine virtues are attributed to them, and godly honors are shown to them. Their mere presence awes, hushes the loud voice, checks the quick step. Their touch of hand calms the disquieted soul. Their word of sympathy is healing balm to the lacerated heart. Their word of praise inspires the soul; their word of rebuke terrifies it. Their blessing proves a blessing, their curse becomes a curse.

Treatment of clergy in former times and abroad

In the larger European cities, however, and all over our own country, the reverence that once hedged the minister has almost wholly fled. There and here, he is but rarely regarded as the God-appointed and God-anointed. If he is a man of distinction, a scholar, an orator, a benefactor, he meets with the recognition and the respect that are generally accorded to such merits. If his abilities fall short of the public's reasonable expectations, and his actions belie his professions, his sacred calling will not shield him from contempt. Not infrequently, such contempt extends even to ministers of better desert. His utterances are no longer accepted as oracles; and so far are people now-a-days from considering it irreverent to question or criticize aught he says, that few public persons are more severely scrutinized or more mercilessly dissected than the preachers. Old and young, learned

Its treatment here.

and ignorant, pure and impure, deem it their prerogative to carp, and sneer, and poke fun at the minister. Not a few regard him as a sort of luxury, maintained at a considerable expense to entertain women and children, and to frighten the simple and wicked with horrible ghost stories; while quite a sprinkling vehemently clamor for his suppression to prevent his perpetuating ancient superstitions or his continuing to clog the wheels of progress.

What may the reason be of this contrast between the treatment of the ministry in former times and now? It cannot be due to mental and moral inferiority, for never before has the ministry been so thoroughly educated, never before has it stood on so high a moral plane, never before has it labored so intensely in all movements aiming at the amelioration of suffering and at the elevation of the human family, as does the clergy at the present day.

Not in a deteriorated ministry, therefore, must the true reason of this contrast be sought, but, most likely, in that iconoclastic spirit, that has taken possession of our age, and has extinguished the halo of reverence around objects and men and beliefs formerly regarded with feelings of awe. From the time that science lifted the veil of mystery, turned its light full on creeds and dogmas, turned miracles into natural phenomena, and revelations into imaginations, swept with its telescope-broom the cobwebs of superstition from the skies, extinguished the hell-fires in the interior of the earth, and chased the spirits of evil from their hiding-places, a change has come over the spirits of men. Fear has turned into sport, conviction into doubt, belief into unbelief. Everything is questioned, and whatever no longer satisfies is discarded, often the good with the bad, the kernel with the shell, the grain with the husk. Levity in some quarters has become fashionable, and scoffing passes for wit. The venerable does not awe, and the ancient does not impress. The knee has forgotten the bend of homage, and the head the bow of reverence. Humble God-worship and reverential hero-worship have turned into arrogant worship of self and of pelf.

Difference due to iconoclastic spirit of our age.

Of our own country, and of many of our own people has this been especially true. "The American has little reverence" is the common, and the not altogether unjust, complaint of foreigners. He is but of yesterday, and only that of yesterday has real merit in his eyes. His country is full of novelties but empty of antiquities. His speculative mind is prospective; he has not yet quietened down to the retrospective. He knows not that awe that overcomes the Orientalist, when standing before some monument or relic or handiwork of an ancestor of thousands of years ago. In his eyes the ancient is the effete, and an historic ruin is a heap of rubbish that ought to be removed. One is almost inclined to believe that Mark Twain indulged in a little satire rather than in a bit of humor, when he makes one of his companions, upon being shown a manuscript letter of Christopher Columbus' own hand-writing, declare, that he had seen boys

And to American irreverence.

in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that, and wondered why so much fuss should be made over such poor handwriting, or when he introduces other similar opinions on works of the ancient masters, or on mementos of ancient events. The vastness of his own country, its fabulous productiveness, its Niagara and Yellowstone and Yosemite, its great oceans to its right and left, its vast lakes and plains and mountain systems between, have so sated his mind as almost to make him incapable of wonderment. He is rarely awed by scenic grandeur, or humbled into reverence by his unparalleled blessings. He is a practical, matter-of-fact man, with little poetry or sentiment or veneration in his soul.

As a citizen of a republic he has no royalty to enforce homage, and no aristocracy to command respect. He is a hero-worshipper, but the hero worshipped is himself. If a man of wealth, he looks upon himself, and is looked upon by others, as the peer of the best in the land, no matter whether a quarter or half a century ago he trudged behind the plow, or went from house to house as a vender of small wares, or toiled as a common laborer in mine or mill or shop, or whether he be still lacking the elements of a good education. Obscure as his origin is, he knows that it is but the counterpart of that of most of the others of his wealthy *confrères*, and he feels no humiliation. On the contrary, he rather prides himself, and well he may, with being a self-made man, with being indebted for his fortune only to his own brain and brawn. But unfortunately, that pride is frequently accompanied by that self-assurance, self-importance, arrogance, that has no regard for the inferior, no respect for the superior in brain and skill; no reverence for the self-sacrificing trainer of the young, and educator and comforter and helper of the old and sorrowing and suffering, no feeling of gratitude towards Him from whom all his blessings flow. The creed of many of these *newly rich* reads somewhat like this: I am the God, who brought me out of poverty and obscurity; there is no other God beside me.

This irreverence, if not already a tendency of our age, and a trait of the American character, certainly receives enough of encouragement in many of our households, notably in the relationship between parents and their children, and in our public life in the relationship between the people and their officers, between teacher and pupils, and in our religious life in the relationship between the people and their God, soon to make it so.

As a nursery for the development of reverence, there is none better than the home. To the infant mind the parents stand as its God. Their tender and patient care, their fond love and self-sacrifice, impress themselves upon its yet unconscious mind as the Love and Power Supreme. One needs but listen to discussions between little children on the relative greatness between parents and God, to satisfy himself of the superior position parents hold in the hearts and minds of children. I remember overhearing such a conversation between a little boy and girl, in which both settled it to their fullest

Observed in relationship between parents and children.

satisfaction, that their Papa and Mamma were greater than God, the girl basing her argument on the fact that they gave her her clothes and toys and candies, and the boy significantly adding: "Yes, and Papa can whip."

While the gradually maturing mind corrects such childish extravaganzas, the feeling of reverence for their parents, which their helpless and dependent infancy has implanted, remains, and remains to the end of children's lives, if parents know the art of maintaining it, if they understand how to keep that golden means between affection and reserve, that attracts children's love and confidence, and repels that familiarity that breeds levity. Such parents not only win for themselves the filial respect due them, but also secure their children's reverence for whatever they themselves revere. Such parents have no difficulty of infusing into their children sentiments of reverence also for their elders and superiors and benefactors, for their God, and for him who ministers in his stead. The filial reverence that roots itself in parents' hearts grows in breadth and height till its branches spread over all deserving men and objects, and its crown reaches to the topmost throne of God. Easy bows that child's head in worship that sees its parent worship. Easy believes that child the highest and best that sees its mother, whom it thinks the highest and best, humble herself before one yet higher and better. The truth of this is beautifully confirmed by an authority no less eminent than Thomas Carlyle.

'My mother," wrote he, "with a true woman's heart and fine though uncultivated sense, was in the strictest acceptation religious. . . . . The highest whom I know on earth I here saw bowed down, with awe unspeakable, before a Higher in Heaven: such things, especially in infancy, reach inwards to the very core of your being; mysteriously does a Holy of Holies build itself into visibility in the mysterious deeps, and Reverence, the divinest in man, springs forth undying from its mean envelopment of fear."*

Among the ancients, judging from the literatures they have left us, parents seem to have understood the art of reverence-training better than we do to-day. Their authority over their children continued absolute throughout their life. Even the right of capital punishment was theirs, and was visited upon the son or daughter guilty of striking or cursing a parent. Men of power and authority, men fearless and cruel, men that routed armies and crushed giants under their heel, humbled themselves in the dust in the presence of their patriarchal sires, cowered under their curse, and prized their blessings higher than the highest on earth. Disrespect of parents, neglect of them in their old age, was classed among them with the most heinous sins, and the beautiful precepts they have left us on the treatment due to parents by their children, and the stories that have come down to us illustrative of the reverence shown to parents, of the sacrifices made in their behalf by their children, of the patience with which they endured even their foibles and failings, of the reverence shown their memory even after death, would indicate both the horror with which filial irreverence must have been regarded, and the infrequency of the offense.

Filial reverence of the ancients.

* Carlyle: "*Sartor Resartus*," Bk. II, chap. ii.

To a very large extent, this is still true in the Orient, and in the conservative parts of Europe. There children have not yet unlearned the reverence due to those that reared them and toiled and suffered for them. There it is still regarded a disrespect, to sit in a parent's seat, to contradict them, to argue with or to differ from them, even to complain of an injustice. Neither have parents unlearned there the art of winning for themselves and of maintaining such reverence. With all the love they have for their children, they will not yield an inch of their parental prerogative. Not for a moment will they permit them to outgrow the habit of looking up to them, even though their children have grown tall, and themselves have become small. Though their childrens' hearts form new alliances, they will never allow a son's wife or a daughter's husband to crowd a parent out, nor the happiness over their own parenthood to make them less anxious for a parent's kiss or blessing than in the days gone by.

Filial reverence abroad.

Among us, however, our new state of things has introduced new features into this old and sacred relationship between parents and their children. Reverence for parents is of all virtues the last we would think of ascribing to Young America. Barring noble exceptions, the self-assertiveness of Young America displays itself from his earliest childhood. While still in the cradle he is the tyrant; while yet in the nursery he rules the household. His will is absolute. His every whim is indulged. He looks upon his parents as created for the sole purpose of gratifying his wants. Ere yet out of his kilts he contracts father into "dad" or "pap," and mother into "mam," answers back, contradicts, mimics, and has not infrequently the satisfaction of hearing his impudence and irreverence applauded and told to others as youthful precocity, as prophetic signs of future greatness. Grown to riper years, his "dad" and "mam" change to "Boss," "Old Man," "Old Woman," "The Guv'ner."

Filial irreverence among us.

The son, if self-supporting, assumes under the parental roof the air of a boarder, often even when contributing nothing towards his support. He speaks of his home as the "hash house," and grumbles, and quarrels and finds fault with the manager of the household, his own mother, as if she were a hired servant. 'Ere yet out of his teens, he carries the latch-key, and is free to go and do where and what he pleases, and return at all hours of the night, without the need of giving an account of himself to the "old folks."

The daughter frequently leads the life of a princess. While her mother slaves around the house, she is lost in the mazes of a novel, or drums on the piano, or gads in the neighborhood, or pleasantly whiles her time away at the matinee or on the promenade. To preserve the softness and whiteness of her hand, and the fairness of her complexion, and the proportions of her figure, she shuns work, thinks honorable self-support degrading, has her mother dance attendance upon her, while her poor father is obliged to toil himself to death to support her idleness and to gratify her wants.

Much as the children are at fault for this state of affairs, that prevails in not a few of our households, the parents themselves are frequently not free from blame. They do not command the reverence that is their due, because they know not how to win it, or how to keep it. Their relationship with their children is often of that familiar kind that breeds disrespect. When fathers and sons gamble at the same table, make bets, engage in heated discussions on religious and political differences; when mothers vie with their daughters in vanities and gaieties, in personal display and extravagances, when parents must bribe their children into obedience, or are too weak to deny, or afraid to prohibit, their children anything, or must patiently submit to being corrected by their children on points of grammar or etiquette, in the presence of strangers, in such homes one must not expect to find children displaying feelings of reverence for their parents, nor expect to see them treat with reverence and consideration and appreciation their elders and superiors elsewhere, when the reverential feeling was never planted, or, if planted, was never permitted to develop within the home.

Frequently the fault of parents.

Another cause for our lack of reverence may be traced to its banishment from our Public Schools. The sacred awe that once encircled the school has vanished. Our people do not think with the ancient Talmudist that the teacher deserves to be honored more than the parent and as much as God,* nor do they look up with amazement to the schoolmaster, as did the villagers of Goldsmith's poem, wondering how "one small head could carry all he knew." There are scarcely any schoolmasters any more. We have schoolmisses now. Poor pay and poorer treatment, self-respect and the need of providing for their families: have driven the men out of the professions, and they keep the lady teachers only so long at their difficult and thankless posts, till some worthy man comes along to redeem them out of their house of bondage. For soldiers who have been disabled in the war millions of dollars are expended annually in pensions, and palatial homes are provided for them, where they may end their days in peace and comfort. To our teachers, however, who daily fight harder battles and receive more painful wounds than many a soldier did on battlefield, who daily battle with rebellious children and conspiring parents, battle against ignorance, battle for the suppression of vice and crime, for the promotion of prosperity and peace and good will among men, and who sacrifice in that service their best years, their health, to this blessed standing army we pay salaries barely enough to keep them respectably while on duty, and, when enfeebled or disabled by long and faithful service, we dismiss them—to find for themselves the bread of charity.

Observed in treatment of public-school teachers.

The treatment college professors receive at our hands is but little better. Few professions require such continued study and such faithful

Aboth 19 a; *Baba Metziah*, 33 a.

application, few are so trying on the mind and so wearing on the system, and few, if any, are so poorly paid as that of the college-professor. By virtue of their position they are expected to live respectably, and to keep themselves and families respectably, and to do this they are paid salaries that make it a constant struggle for them to make ends meet. It was a generous gift, that which Professor Loomis, who was exceptionally blessed with wealth, bequeathed the other day to Yale University. But his generosity showed itself most in the special condition he made as to the disposition of his fund of a quarter of a million dollars. It is to be devoted to the study of astronomy, but not by adding new buildings or instruments, but by paying better salaries to its professors, and by defraying the costs of their researches and publications. Even so old and so popular a University as Yale requires charity-bequests to enable it to pay respectable salaries to the men that give it its illustrious fame. Such is the honor America shows to its men of learning. We have plenty work for our professors, but little money, and less recognition, and yet less honor. Our honors we need for our rich Nabobs. Our big salaries go to professional base-ball players with their $5,000 salary for six months sport. Our attention and applause goes to popular theatrical stars with their $50,000 a year income.

Of College-Professors.

Abroad, if the professors' salaries are not any better than here, they are, in a measure, compensated by the high regard in which they are held in their communities. Kings and princes entertain them at their palaces. The aristocracy of wealth feels itself honored with the company of the aristocracy of the brain. Our aristocracy seems rather anxious to keep the learned fraternity at a considerable distance from them. Perhaps for good reasons. Learned men have a sharp eye and a keen scent for detecting parvenue upstarts and pretentious stupidity. How different the treatment is that is accorded to learned men abroad, even in what we are pleased to call Heathen lands, we may learn from the bit of news that has recently reached us from Prof. C. Meriwether, late of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, now Professor of English and History in Tokio University, Japan. "Upon arriving," so reads the news, "he was received with great ceremony and every mark of honor. A special palace was given him as his residence, with more than fifty servants. A stable, containing some of the finest horses in the kingdom, was placed at his disposal, and in every way he was treated with royal splendor." At home the American Professor's lot was most likely that hard-worked and ill-paid kind of the rest of his fraternity, glad perhaps to be able to live in a respectable flat, and to keep one servant, and to enjoy the luxury of a street-car ride.

Treatment of College-Professors abroad.

Another cause for our want of reverence may be found in our political system. We are in possession of Freedom of Press and Speech, and we are making liberal use of them. For political ends, we deem it our right, nay our duty, to foist our men and platforms upon the public, at the expense of the opposition. To attain our ends, no character is too sacred, no prior service too

Observed in treatment of public-officers.

honorable, no private life too inviolable, no mud too foul, no methods too contemptible. The purest motives we impugn, the best purposes we malign, the most honorably-won laurels we drag in the gutters, the most hard-earned reputations we bury under heaps of detraction and calumny. Not yet content, we press yet art (God save the mark !) into our service. We send glaring cartoons broadcast, carricaturing, belittling, befouling, men and objects others have been in the habit of looking up to with awe and reverence.

What the consequences are we know only to our sorrow. It seldom effects bad men, for the frequent excessive abuses and exaggerated charges directed against them, enable them to pose as martyrs; while good men, men who might render their country and people noble and able service, are frightened away, for fear of seeing their name and fame lampooned and carricatured, and the honor of their families besmirched. A feeling of distrust, suspicion, is engendered in the minds of the whole people. No one knows whom to trust, whom to believe honest. Politics have come to be looked upon as a thing unholy, and contact with politicians is believed by many to be getting into bad company. Start in politics, and one of two goals—so many believe—lies before you, either the State-House or the State-Prison, either the White-House or the Black-Cell, and the same means may lead to the one or the other.

Our youth, in the meantime, growing up in the midst of exciting campaigns and hot political discussions, hearing and seeing men in high office, or aspirants for the same, vilified and scandalized, join one side or the other, and, though wholly influenced by their surroundings, being too young and too inexperienced for independent judgment, often excel their elders in their contempt and scorn and ridicule with which they talk of men and institutions they ought to revere. Not long ago I heard a little knee-high to one of our greatest living statesmen declare, that that statesman, that had grown gray in honorable service to his country, was not fit to be his boot-black. And this piece of impudence I saw rewarded with loud applause and laughter by his parents and their friends. Little did those parents realize that their applause planted perhaps the seed of irreverence in their child's mind, that will grow and spread, till some day he will make of his own parents a boot-jack. A good parental booting instead of laughter would have been a better reward for the impudence of their little jack. Is it to be expected that, with a taste for detraction early developed, with habits of sneering and ridiculing early formed, and their abuse of their elders and superiors early applauded, they will enter the home, the school, the church, with feelings of respect, and accord to parents and teachers, to preachers and to God more reverential treatment?

It is not to be expected, and while the proverb that "it is the unexpected that always happens" holds good in many of our homes, and schools, in large numbers of others we do not find it, very often not even in the church, where we reasonably might have expected to find it. As a people we Americans are said to be great in everything, great in natural

possessions, great in wealth, great in enterprise, great in brag. Everything that others possess we are said to possess in the superlative degree; even godlessness.

We are said to be the greatest scoffers on earth. While we may be unwilling to acknowledge it abroad, here, at home, and among ourselves, we might as well be honest enough and admit that there is much truth in this charge. We have never given the world a God, or a Religion, or Sacred Institutions, and so we have no scruples in needlessly tearing down the good, that which has not outlived its time and usefulness, that which others have laboriously built up during thousands of years, and in poking fun at what others revere. We talk enthusiastically of science, because we have contributed an honorable share towards it. Science we believe to be real, practical, profitable; Religion we hold as a mixture of ignorance and superstition, of fraud and fanaticism, impractical and unprofitable, and, as scoffing is much easier than investigating and thinking, we find great delight in parodying and burlesquing and travesting what others hold sacred.

Our irreverence shown in our scoffing.

Profanity is another greatness, which we are said to possess in a superlative degree. Whether this be true or not, a fact it is, we have profanity enough in our land to supply the whole earth, with plenty to spare for a few of our neighboring planets. Nowhere in the world, travellers assure us, is the ear offended by such blasphemous and vulgar profanities as here. Sir Edwin Arnold informs us that the term "fellow" is the worst in the Japanese vocabulary of swear-words. I have recently read of a gentleman, who was a passenger on a vessel sailing from India, where he had lived for a number of years, who, greatly offended by the blasphemous profanity of an American sailor, turned to him, and, pointing to his boy, said: "This boy was born and brought up in a heathen country and a land of idolatry; but, in all his life, he never heard a man blaspheme his Maker till now." I have travelled through seven of the largest and most populous countries of Europe, and in not one of them have I heard profanities so vile, so vulgar, and so blasphemous as here. Nothing else satisfies us as profanity unless it is coupled with the name of God or that of His Satanic Majesty, and nothing less contents us than sending the man or object of our displeasure to the eternal roasting-place. Not a few among us think themselves all the manlier for the greater vulgarity and blasphemy of their oaths. From lips that never offer prayer, or utter blessing, the name of God falls most frequently and most revoltingly in curse.

In our profanity.

And in yet another irreverence we are said to excel, and the saddest of them all, and that is the levity with which we treat the judicial oath. Comparing the solemn manner in which the judicial oath is administered in many of the foreign countries, their fasting before repairing to their respective places of worship to render the oath before their Holy of Holies, comparing this mode with our manner of having officers of the court, who quite frequently are notorious infidels and scoffers, asking the men to be sworn to raise their

In our mockery of the judicial oath.

hands while they mechanically mumble some words, which they call the oath, of which frequently the only intelligible part is the conclusion: "So help me God!" "Fifty cents, please!" one is certainly under the painful necessity of admitting that the charge of turning the judicial oath into a farce and a burlesque, that is laid at our doors, is not unfounded. And we may as well also admit, that in stripping the oath of its reverence, we not only have opened wide the door to perjury, but also have knocked from under Law itself its strongest pillar, and from under justice and truth one of their mightiest protectors.

The result and the remedy.

Can we wonder then, with such irreverence abounding among us, with such levity and mockery of sacred things and objects, with such profanities and blasphemies of God, that the reverence shown our ministry should differ so materially from that in Goldsmith's poem, or in foreign lands? "Where God is blasphemed, the preacher or teacher is unhonored," wrote the Rabbis of old*, and modern experience confirms their observation. "God will not let him go unpunished who takes His name in vain,"† declares the Third Commandment, and daily observations assure us, that this is not an empty threat. We see the punishment in the loss of that sanctity, that once gave the sweetest charm to the home. We see it in the banishment of the best teaching-force from our schools, and of the best governing-power from our politics, and of the best character-builders from our pulpits. And this punishment will continue, until with Goethe we shall realize that Reverence is the one virtue, on which all our virtues depend, the one attribute without which all others avail us nothing, the one virtue "that makes man in every point a man."‡ This punishment will continue until we shall introduce Goeth's principles of reverence-building into our systems of education, till we shall teach our younger children to *look up* with respect and awe to their superiors; and our youth to *look down* on earth, and gratefully and modestly consider whence all their blessings flow; and those in the prime of life to *look about* and treat with reverence all to whom reverence belongs.

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*Talmud, *Berachoth* 19, 6. †Exod. xx. 7.

‡"Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre," Bk, II. Chap. i.

Through Labor to Rest.

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

March 13th, 1892,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D

PHILADELPHIA:
PRESS OF S. W. COODMAN, No. 116 NORTH THIRD STREET
1892.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion. (Dreams, Visions, etc.)
8. Delusion. (Hypnotism, Faith-Cure, etc.)
9. Hallucination. (Ghosts, Spiritualism, etc.)
10. Jesus in the Synagogue.
11. To-Day better than Yesterday.
12. Wanted—A Rational Religious School.
13. Civilization's Debt to Woman.
14. Civilization's Duty to Woman.
15. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends.
16. Justice—Not Charity.
17. A Personal Interest Society.
18. Ancient and Modern Idolatry.
19. The Law of Retribution.
20. Reverence to whom Reverence belongs.
21. Through Labor to Rest.
22. Children's Rights and Parents' Wrongs.
22.
24.
25.
26.
27.
28.

SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward.
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza—Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

SERIES II. 1888—1889.

1. Whence, Whither and Why?
2. The Voice of the People.
3. Uncharitable Charity.
4. Wife and Mother.
5. Husband and Father.
6. Origin and Descent.
7. The People of the Book.
8. Future Reward and Punishment.
9. The Ideal Commonwealth.
10. The Puritanic Sabbath.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM:

11. I. The Mosaic Age.
12. II. The Prophetic Age.
13. III. The Messianic Age.
14. IV. The Rabbinical Age.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM CONTINUED:

15. V. The Kabbalistic Age.
16. VI. The Mendelssohnian Age.
17. VII. The Present Age.
18. Ashes to Ashes, or Earth to Earth.
19. Sanitary Science.
20. Does Prohibition Prohibit?
21. Intermarriage.
22. Convert your own—Let Jews alone.
23. The 25th Anniversary of the Cornerstone-Laying of Temple Keneseth Israel.
24. Abused Benefactors.
25. A Benefactor Honored. (Rev Dr. I. M. Wise)
26. The Real Saving Trinity.
27. The Removal of the Leaven.
28. Dead through Creed.

Through Labor to Rest.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, March 13th, 1892.

ששת ימים תעבד . . . . . ויום השביעי שבת (Exod. xx, 9. 10)
וקראת לשבת ענג . . . . . אז תתענג על יהוה (Isaiah lviii, 13, 14)
עת לפרוץ ועת לבנות (Eccl. iii. 3)

"Ah, why
Should life all labor be?"
Tennyson.

One of the most interesting and one of the most startling, of the many interesting and startling, chapters in Professor Lombroso's work: "The *Man of Genius*," recently published in "The Contemporary Science Series," is the one that treats on "The Influence of Race and Heredity on Genius and Insanity." The distinguished writer takes occasion in that chapter to point out, by means of carefully selected statistics, the surprising predominance of genius among the Jews of Western Europe, and among Jews in general. In a tabulated form, he sums up the comparative number of Europeans (Aryans) and Jews (Semites) in 100,000 celebrities, and astonishes us in giving to the Jews, though forming but a very small percentage of the European population, in many branches almost an equal number of distinguished men, and in quite a few superior numbers. To reproduce his own table, he cites of celebrated

Mental superiority of European Jew.

	Europeans.	Jews.		Europeans.	Jews.
Actors	21	34	Miscellaneous .	4	3
Agriculture . . .	2	—	Metaphysics . .	2	18
Antiquaries . .	23	26	Musicians . . .	11	71
Architects . . .	6	6	Natural Science .	22	25
Artists	40	34	Naval	12	—
Authors	316	223	Philologists . .	13	123
Divines	130	105	Poets	20	36
Engineers . . .	13	9	Political Economy	20	26
Engravers . . .	3	—	Science	51	52
Lawyers	44	40	Sculptors . . .	10	12
Medicals . . .	31	49	Sovereigns . .	21	—
Merchants . . .	12	43	Statesmen . . .	125	83
Military	56	6	Travellers . . .	25	12

This table furnishes much food for reflection. It tells in the briefest language the longest story of the influence of heredity, of the indestructibility of the cultivated mind, of the mind-sharpening power of persecution, of the truth of Darwin's Law of the *Struggle for Existence*, and of the *Survival of the Fittest.* It tells how much of the sunny orient still lives and shines in its occidental exile, still displays itself in the Jew's speculative and meditative proneness, in his poetic and imaginative and oratorical flights, in his musical and histrionic instincts, commercial habits, diplomatic skill. It tells of the deathlessness of certain peculiar race-instincts, if not of the deathlessness of that peculiar people that ranks as the most distinguished of the Semitic race.

This latter belief finds strong confirmation in other tables prepared by other erudite scientists, which show greater immunity of Jews from epidemics and certain fatal diseases, greater longevity, and a smaller death rate of children, than among Non-Jews. To quote so eminent an authority as Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, of England, whose researches are confirmed and supplemented by those of M. M. Legoyt, Hoffmann Neufville and Mayer:

Physical superiority of European Jew.

"Children from one to five years of age die in the proportion of 10 per cent. amongst the Jewish, and 14 per cent. amongst the Christian population. . . . The average duration of the life of the Jew being 48 years and 9 months, and of the Christian 36 years and 11 months. In the total of all ages, half of the Jews born reach the age of 53 years and one month, whilst half the Christians born attain the age of 36 years only. A quarter of the Jewish population is found living beyond 71 years, but a quarter of the Christian population is found living beyond 59 years and 10 months only. The Civil States extracts of Prussia give to the Jews, a mortality of 1.61 per cent; to the whole kingdom 2.62 per cent. To the Jews they give an annual increase of 1.73 per cent; to the Christians 1.36 per cent. The effectives of the Jews require a period of 41½ years to double themselves; those of the other races 51 years. . . . The Jews escape the great epidemics more readily than the other races with whom they live. Thus the mortality from Cholera amongst them is so small that the very fact of its occurrence has been disputed."*

If a more scrupulous regard for wholesome diet and for temperance, if greater parental conscientiousness and happier and more faithful domestic life, if quieter modes of life, if all these causes be insufficient to account for this difference between Jew and Non-Jew, one can hardly help believing that a special Providence holds guard over Israel, and preserves it for special ends.

This latter sweet hope, however, is rudely dissipated, by yet another surprise in the same chapter of Lombroso's book, which is far from being as pleasant as the other. In very plain language we are there informed, that with all the prodigality of Jewish intellect and ability, the Jewish mind is suffering from over-strain and from other causes, to an alarmingly greater degree than that of any other people. In the cold and pitiless language of science we are there informed, that the Jewish people furnish in some European countries, four and even six times as many afflicted with mental disease as the rest of the population. He quotes Servi and Verga† as giving

Excessive mental suffering of European Jew.

*Richardson, *Diseases of Modern Life*, Chap. II.

†Gli Israelité di Europa, 1872; Archivio, di Statistica, Rome, 1880.

more than four times as many insane among the Italian Jews as among the Italian Christians; and Mayr, who, in 1871, gave the proportion of insane in Germany as follows:—

	Per 10,000 Christians.	*Per 10,000 Jews.*
Prussia	8.7	14.1
Bavaria	9.8	25.2
All Germany	8.6	16.1

To make his case surer yet, he quotes from an article: "*The Comparative Distribution of Jewish Ability*"‡ by Joseph Jacobs, an able Jewish writer of England, wherein he points out that "while Englishmen have 3,050 per million afflicted with mental disease, Scotchmen have 3,400, and Jews 3,900."

These are startling statements, and, as they are advanced by cautious and scholarly men, we may consider them reliable. Still, I have no doubt, that some of you are at this moment as sceptic as to the truthfulness of these facts and figures, as I was when first confronted by them. To hear it stated on one side by eminent scholars, that the Jews, though but one-sixtieth part of the European population, have contributed many of the most illustrious of the celebrities of Europe, far more, in proportion to the smallness of their number, than their Non-Jewish neighbors, that they enjoy greater longevity, and better immunity from epidemics and certain virulent diseases, that they are not addicted to mind-consuming passions, nor to the vice of alcoholism, nor to the use of any of the other health-sapping narcotics, and then to see it proved on the other side, that in proportion to their number the Jews contribute from twice to four times as many mental sufferers as the Non-Jews, is, I know from personal experience, not a little perplexing.

Much I pondered on the probable cause of this. I thought of the frequent marriages among our people within too close proximity of blood-relationship, of the impoverishment of blood and vitality through our scrupulously guarded prohibition of intermarriage with other races and people; I thought of the cruel persecutions, and of the insulting and degrading indignities, that were, and are, heaped upon our people, that prey on the minds of the more tender and more sensitive, till they drive them into madness; I thought of the enervating indoor-life and-vocation, of the overzeal in study, of the straining mental absorption in abstract theological speculations and kabbalistic mysticisms, of the rigorous religious devotions and observances, of the superstitious beliefs and fears, of the bigotries and fanaticisms, of many of our European brethren, and I believed I discovered in all of these some of the causes of their mental afflictions.

While trying to ferret out yet other causes, I suddenly recalled a paragraph in the same chapter of Professor Lombroso's book, which said that the Jews were not the only ones thus afflicted, that the *neurotic tendency* dominated the American as well. The mystery was solved. Knowing the cause of the

Due to Over-work and Under-rest.

‡Journal of Anthropological Institute of Great Britain, 1886, pp. 351-379.

American's nervous troubles, I was no longer in the dark as to the cause of the excessive amount of mental suffering among Jews. Both are the victims of that same malady, which in our unprofessional language, goes by the name of *Over-work and Under-rest.*

Almost everywhere in Europe, the Jew shares the American's restless toil and moil in the busy marts and shops, offices and studios, his insatiable greed after wealth or fame or power, his pitiful self-immolation on the altar of his inexorable idol, his straining every nerve and fibre to its utmost tension in this ceaseless feverish excitement, in his hurry and rush, wear and tear, till the whole system collapses, till the digestive system strikes, and the respiratory organs rebel, and the heart's faithful engines break down under the high pressure, till the nerve-strings snap, and the music ceases, and the light of reason goes out.

Worse still, for reasons for which he is not altogether responsible, the European Jew is preponderatingly an indoor brain-worker. In Mr. Lombroso's table of European celebrities, for instance, we find him exceeding the number of Non-Jews among the actors, merchants, philosophers, professors, poets, physicians, musicians; but we find a blank recorded against him among the distinguished agriculturists and seafarers; while his representation among distinguished travellers is given as but one-half, and among the distinguished military men as but one-ninth, the number of Non-Jews. His representation in the less noted mechanical and outdoor pursuits, such as builders, quarriers, miners, is by other statisticians given in still smaller number. As said before, for much of this he is not responsible. For many centuries, the persecuting spirit of Europe barred the doors of such pursuits against him, and forced him into those indoor brain-taxing pursuits in which he now predominates. And though he is now free to pursue any calling he pleases, acquired habits, the Laws of Heredity and Environment, a weaker physical constitution, (through long exclusion from hard, outdoor toil) have largely made him a creature of circumstances, beyond which but comparatively few have been able to rise.

And to indoor pursuits.

Furthermore, the cruelties and restrictions that were heaped upon him in the past, and which seriously blighted his general culture and worldly prosperity, existing no more, and the ostracisms and indignities to which he is still subjected, as a Jew, despite his enjoyment of equal rights, have kindled within him a double yearning, that of rooting out every lingering vestige of his degraded Ghetto-life, and that of enforcing recognition and respect, through superior fortune or through superior brain. Being by racial instincts naturally industrious and thrifty and capable, and impelled by this spirit of ambition, he entered upon the one great purpose of his life with a zeal that was as remarkable as its consequent achievement. What has taken others whole centuries to achieve, the Jew has equalled, and in many cases excelled, within but a generation or two.

And to over-zeal.

In all this he much resembles the American. The latter, too, allowed himself but a very short time in which to achieve a very large amount.

Starting with neither name or fame, or fortune, and enjoying the most favorable opportunities for their attainment, possessing, in addition, a vast amount of ambition, and placing before himself the illustrious example of European achievement, that took whole centuries to build up, he entered upon his fame- and fortune-building with a zest, that in rapidity somewhat resembled the hurricanes and cyclones of his country.

In this he resembles the American.

He attained his end. In the short time he allowed himself, he has already equalled the European in many of his accomplishments and possessions, and in quite a number he has far outstripped him. But, unfortunately, his success resembled the cyclone also in its destructiveness. He is prosperous—but diseased. He is pursuing the mad race after fame and fortune with the malady of the *neurotic tendency* upon him. He is a man blessed by God, but cursed by himself, a curse so virulent, that not even the bountiful blessings of God can neutralize its poison. With worry and anxiety he takes up the day's toil. Amidst feverish excitements, fortune-involving speculations, keen competitions, brain-taxing and health-sapping occupations, he passes the day. With want of appetite he sits down to his meals, and with dyspepsia he rises from the table. With nervous head-aches he retires, and the night he passes with insomnia, or with feverish dreams, in which the overstrained mind re-enacts, in an incoherent way, the gains and the losses, the hopes and the disappointments, the worries and vexations of the day.

So much then is clear, that in wonderful achievements in an amazingly short period of time the Jew and American resemble each other, and, alas, also in their fatal consequences. Two of the most capable and most energetic peoples on the earth, peoples that could prove themselves mighty benefactors to human kind, are fast digging the grave for their own sepulture, or, worse still, are already far started on the road that leads to the Insane Asylum.

And of the two, the condition of the Jew is the worse. With all his advantages over the American, such as belonging to an older and more enduring race, enjoying greater immunity from a number of diseases, being freer from the vice of drunkenness, and yet other vices, the curse of *Over-work and Under-rest* rests heavier upon him than upon the other. The American, at least, has one day out of seven, on which he ceases to be a slave of toil or Mammon, one day in the week, which he sanctifies to rest and holiness, one day that is wholly his and his God's and his family's, his weekly Sunday, which cools his burning brain, and calms his excited nerves and quivering muscles

The American-Jew a yet greater mental sufferer.

> "as a harper lays his open palm
> Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations."
>
> Longfellow, "*The Golden Legend.*"

But the Jew (I refer to the general rule in both cases) has not even that one day. He has no *Sabbath*. He has given it to the Christian world,

He has no Sabbath on which to rest.

but has forgotten that charity that begins at home; he has kept but little of it for himself. Toiling, as we have seen, mostly indoors, and mostly in vocations that tax the brain to its utmost, day after day, Saturdays' as much as Mondays', and Sundays' (if not in one way than in another no less taxing) as much as Saturdays', on the plea, that the *seventh day*, the Jewish Sabbath, he cannot observe in Christian lands on account of overwhelming Gentile environment and clientage and patronage, and on the *first day*, the Christian Sabbath, he need not, nay, must not rest, he neither hallows with rest nor sanctifies with worship, the Jewish or the Christian Sabbath. Is it a wonder then, that statisticians should report from two to four times as many brain-sufferers among Jews than among Non-Jews?

Let us not forget that these statistics, sad as they are, have yet that point in their favor, that they refer to the Jews of Western Europe, where among the more orthodox, especially among the poorer classes, there is a form of the Saturday-Sabbath observance, where holidays are more frequent, and where quieter environments and more conservative tendencies, exercise some check on the self-destructive course of the hard-toiling Jew. Max O'Reil gave us recently the following interesting illustration of the quiet and convenient way Europeans have in conducting their business.

He is not favored by European quiet and climate.

I remember once—it was at St. Malo, in the summer—I entered a hatter's shop at one o'clock in the afternoon. A well-dressed, ladylike girl came out of the back parlor and inquired what I wanted. "I want a straw hat, mademoiselle," I said. "Oh, that's very awkward just now!" "Is it?" "Well, you see," she said, "my brother is at dinner;" and after a pause of a few seconds she added, "Would you mind calling again in an hour's time?" "Not at all," I replied; "I shall be delighted to do so." I was not only amused, but struck with admiration for the independence of that worthy hatter. After a few years' residence in England a little scene of that description was a great treat. An hour later I called again. The young girl made her second appearance. "My brother waited for you quite ten minutes," she said to me. "He has gone to the café with a friend now." "I am sorry for that," I said. "When can I see him?" "If you step across to the café I am sure he will be happy to come back and attend to you." I thanked the young lady, went to the café and introduced myself to the hatter, who was enjoying a cup of coffee and having a game of dominoes with a friend. He asked me to allow him to finish the game, which of course, I was only too glad to do, and we returned to the shop together.

Such easy-going modes of plying their callings, that surround the European Jew, cannot but exercise a curbing influence on his impetuosity or ambition or greed. Besides, distinguished physicians are agreed that brain and physical work is less exhausting in Europe than here. To quote our own distinguished specialist on nervous diseases, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell,

"For some reason, mental work is more exhausting here than in Europe; while, as a rule, such Americans as have worked abroad are well aware that in France and in England intellectual labor is less trying than it is with us. A great physiologist, well known among us, long ago expressed to me the same opinion; and one of the greatest living naturalists, who is honored alike on both continents, is positive that brain-work is harder and more hurtful here than abroad,—an opinion which is shared by Oliver Wendell Holmes and other competent observers. Certain it is that our thinkers of the classes named are apt to break down with what the doctor knows as cerebral exhaustion,—a condition in which the mental organs become more or less completely incapaci-

tated for labor,—and that this state of things is very much less common among the savans of Europe. . . . Physical work is more or less exhausting in different climates. . . . I have carefully questioned a number of master-mechanics who employ both foreigners and native Americans, and I am assured that the British workman finds labor more trying here than at home."*

When, despite quieter ways and healthier climate, mental sufferings dominate the European Jew to an alarming degree, what may we not expect to find here, where the Jew is not favored by tranquil environment and climate, and where he shares both the push and ambition and greed of his European brother, and the American's restless excitement and breathless haste after fame or fortune? We are fortunately in the possessions of some vital statistics of American Jews, made under the auspices of the Eleventh Census Bureau of 1890, a review of which was published in the *North American Review*, of January 1891, by Dr. John S. Billings. These statistics are confined to the native-born and to those who have been in this country for several years, and though they are far from being complete they contain enough to more than confirm the story, good and bad, that is told by statisticians of European Jews, as may be seen from the following brief extracts.

Proved by statistics.

"Those Jews who have been in the United States for more than 5 years have a decidedly lower death-rate and greater longevity than the people of the same class by whom they are surrounded. . . . It also seems probable that they possess a partial immunity from and a special liability to certain forms of disease; that with prolonged residence in the United States their death-rate is increasing. . . . In this country, as in other countries, the Jews are less liable than others to tuberculosis, and especially to pulmonary consumption. . . . The Jews appear to be more affected by diseases of the nervous system, and especially by diseases of the spinal cord, and by diabetes, by diseases of the heart and great vessels, by diseases of the digestive system . . . . than their neighbors."

He quotes figures showing a decided increase of these troubles since 1880, also that the death-rate is rapidly increasing, while the birth- and marriage-rates are diminishing, also that the number of those suffering from acute or chronic disease is not only increasing but is already in excess of that found in the general population of the United States. He examines their different vocations, and finds their representation unproportionately large in the indoor brain-taxing pursuits, most prominently in trade, law and medicine.

And when we reflect on the large number of our Jewish merchant- and professional-friends suffering from nervous prostration, or staggering under the weight of heart-troubles and dyspeptic ailments; when we recall the large number of friends, whose systems have suddenly collapsed, who, without a word of warning, have been suddenly snatched away from us in the prime of their lives; when we see the ranks of the middle-aged thinning, and young men aging, long before their time, and when we reflect on the sad fact, that the sight of a healthy-looking Jewish merchant or professionalist is fast becoming a rarity, that over-work has bleached their cheeks, and worry has deadened the lustre of their eye, and long-continued application has

Confirmed by observation.

*S. Weir Mitchell, "Wear and Tear" pp. 58–61.

curved the spine, and over-zeal or over-speculation has made the mind irritable, and rich food together with want of sufficient rest and wholesome out-door recreation have played havoc with their digestive systems, when on this we ponder, we have the strongest confirmation of the facts gathered by the U. S. Eleventh Census Bureau, concerning the vital statistics of the American Jew.

How he observes the Sabbath.

Why this is so is not hard to guess. A double curse rests upon him. He is both an American and a Jew. As an American he works harder than any other man. As an American Jew he works harder and longer than any other man on the face of the earth. His Sabbath, with the possible exception of such as assemble here for worship and instruction on Sundays, is only a semblance of one. On Saturday, his *professed* "Day of Rest," he slaves. Sunday forenoons he generally spends in his shop or office, to accommodate a customer through the back-door, or to straighten out things after the Saturday rush, or to post up the books that have gotten behind, or to attend to mail-matters, or to get the material out for Monday's work, that no time may be lost. Sunday afternoons large numbers of them generally spend at the club, at the card-table, where hundreds of dollars are often lost and won, where the excitement of the game, together with the confinement in close and hot and smoky rooms, are even more taxing on the brain and more wearing on the system than the week-day's slavery. And this health-sapping time-killer they call pleasure. I often think, when I see our young men and their elders flocking on Sundays to the card-table, of that Oriental traveller who, watching a game of cricket, and hearing that many of those playing were rich men, asked: 'why they did not pay some poor people to do it for them,' and wonder what he would have said, had he entered one of those card-rooms, and seen what the players called pleasure. With not a few the Sunday evening witnesses a repetition at home of the afternoon's nerve-straining at the club.

For others again the Sunday brings straining and tiring work in the shape of attending meetings. Unlike most of our Non-Jewish neighbors, who, to keep their Sabbath holy, take enough of time from their week-day toil to attend to their various meetings, those overwhelming numbers of ours, who violate their Saturday, and spurn a Jewish Sunday-Service, and compelled by law to abstain from their week-day labors on Sundays, turn it into a general meeting-day. Their Conventions, the Annual Meetings, their Board- and Committee- and Society-Meetings, their School-examinations, are set for that day. Many a one is often required to attend two or three or more of them on a Sunday, and when night comes, it finds him even more exhausted than on any of the preceding six working-days. Thus is the Jew without a Sabbath, without a Day of Rest, but with an abundance of toil that saps his health and diseases his mind. And this is the reason why he furnishes in Europe twice and three times as many mental sufferers as his Non-Jewish neighbor, and then I have no donbt many more times here.

This is a truth, made clear by the inexorable figures of statistics, that

of all people the Jew is the greatest sufferer from *Over-work* and *Under-rest*. His constitution, that braved the storms of ages, is breaking down. His brain, that has illumined half the world, is darkening. His nerves, that endured the strain of centuries, are snapping. His heart, that once secured him greater longevity, and his digestive system, that once sent rich measures of healthy blood through his system, are failing, under the heat and pressure and break-neck speed of American slavery. Has he been preserved for such an inglorious end? Is he hastening, here and in Europe, to his own destruction? There is certainly no other alternative, unless he applies the only remedy at hand. He can not cure himself, at once, of his over-fondness for indoor and brain-draining vocations, nor lift himself out of the life-sapping whirlpool into which keen competition has forced him. But he can have his Sabbath, his weekly Day of Rest and Recreation and Sanctification, the only real pleasure on earth that he can have for nothing, and that can secure him greater good than all the others combined, that will prove that

A Sabbath needed at once.

> "Joy and Temperance and Repose
> Slam the door on the debtor's nose."
>
> —Friedr. v. Logau, Transl. by Longfellow.

To be sure, under present overwhelming Gentile environment, he cannot advantageously make Saturday his weekly day of Rest. But this is no reason why he cannot rest and recreate and worship on Sunday. It has ceased to be a matter of Sentiment. It has become a matter of Life or Death. It is a flagrant transgression against the Fourth Commandment to work *seven* days in the week; it is not the slightest violation to work six days and to rest on the seventh, even if that seventh be Sunday. Only a cruel monster, not a God, could punish a man for preferring to worship his God and to rest from his labors on the first day of the week, to profaning both the Saturday and the Sunday, and every other day of the week, with slavish toil. What matters it that Christianity borrowed its *first day Sabbath* from the Solar-worship of Heathens. Our own *Seventh day Sabbath* was derived from equal Heathen sources.* What matters it, if Christians connect a certain dogma with the Sunday; our resting and recreating and worshipping on the same day, does by no means involve the acceptance of that or any other dogma. Unitarians worship on Sunday, as do the Trinitarians, and the former are not the least disturbed by the different dogmas of the latter. Ingersoll makes of Christmas as joyous a holiday as the most pious Christian, without thereby subscribing to the myth connected with it. Some of our own chief Holy Days are of Heathen origin; our having made them subserve Jewish purposes, has not tended to increase their sanctity. Christianity has taken much from us; it is no humiliation to take something good from it.

Better a Sunday-Sabbath than no Sabbath.

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* "See the Saturday and Sunday-Sabbath," Series I, Lect. XX.

And in taking it, we do it not as a compliment, but to serve our own highest ends. We save our lives. We preserve ourselves as a people. Since we will not, or cannot, keep our own Oriental Saturday-Sabbath, let us, for our lives' sake, keep at least the Occidental Sunday-Sabbath. It has already, in one sense, been made obligatory upon us by the law of the land. Our shops are closed, our busy hives of industry are hushed. We suffer no financial loss by keeping Sunday. Let us also suffer no less of vital powers. Let us obey the scriptural injunction, and keep one day holy, holy not in the old Rabbinical or Puritanic sense, that turned the Sabbath into a day of yet greater hardships, but in the sense of that which the Prophet Isaiah advocated, a day of "Joy and Temperance and Repose," a day that shall rest overtaxed parts, and bring others into activity that have been suppressed during the week, that shall recuperate lost strength, repair damages in the system, rake out the ashes and cinders, and start the fire ablazing vigorously for the healthful resumption of the week's work. Consecrate the forenoon to God, in worship; the afternoon to Nature, in healthful out-door recreation, the evening to the Family, in sweet and happy reunion, and in joyful play and converse around the domestic hearth, and you spend the ideal Day of Rest. Your Sabbath then will be a sweet and refreshing oasis in the week's wilderness of toil. Its prayer and sermon, its song and music, its smile and laughter, will send fresh roses into bleached cheeks, and new fire into dimmed eyes, and new flashes of intellect into exhausted brain, will smoothen out the wrinkles which the week's worries have left behind, will straighten out the care-bent back, and make man look up not as an automaton, not as a human machine, but as the lord of creation, a child of God.

A question of Life or Death.

Children's Rights and Parents' Wrongs

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

arch 20th, 1892,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D

PHILADELPHIA:
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1892.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

BY RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion. (Dreams, Visions, etc.)
8. Delusion. (Hypnotism, Faith-Cure, etc.)
9. Hallucination. (Ghosts, Spiritualism, etc.)
10. Jesus in the Synagogue.
11. To-Day better than Yesterday.
12. Wanted—A Rational Religious School.
13. Civilization's Debt to Woman.
14. Civilization's Duty to Woman.
15. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends.
16. Justice—Not Charity.
17. A Personal Interest Society.
18. Ancient and Modern Idolatry.
19. The Law of Retribution.
20. Reverence to whom Reverence belongs.
21. Through Labor to Rest.
22. Children's Rights and Parents' Wrongs.
23. Slay the Sin, but not the Sinner.
24.
25.
26.
27.
28.

SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward.
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza-Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

SERIES II. 1888—1889.

1. Whence, Whither and Why?
2. The Voice of the People.
3. Uncharitable Charity.
4. Wife and Mother.
5. Husband and Father.
6. Origin and Descent.
7. The People of the Book.
8. Future Reward and Punishment.
9. The Ideal Commonwealth.
10. The Puritanic Sabbath.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM:

11. I. The Mosaic Age.
12. II. The Prophetic Age.
13. III. The Messianic Age.
14. IV. The Rabbinical Age.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM CONTINUED:

15. V. The Kabbalistic Age.
16. VI. The Mendelssohnian Age.
17. VII. The Present Age.
18. Ashes to Ashes, or Earth to Earth.
19. Sanitary Science.
20. Does Prohibition Prohibit?
21. Intermarriage.
22. Convert your own—Let Jews alone.
23. The 25th Anniversary of the Cornerstone-Laying of Temple Keneseth Israel.
24. Abused Benefactors.
25. A Benefactor Honored. (Rev Dr. I. M. Wise)
26. The Real Saving Trinity.
27. The Removal of the Leaven.
28. Dead through Creed.

Children's Rights and Parents' Wrongs.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, March 20th, 1892.

כבד את אביך ואת אמך למען יארכון ימיך (Exod. xx, 12)

לא יומתו אבות על בנים ובנים לא יומתו על אבות (Deut. xxiv, 16)

והשיב לב אבות על בנים ולב בנים על אבותם (Malach. iii, 24)

. . . 'Untaught in youth my heart to tame
My springs of life were poisoned."
Byron, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*

Of moral philosophers we have had many, and of sermonizers on the virtues and vices we have had yet more, and voluminous is the literature they have left behind them, but I doubt whether any one of them has portrayed the lowest vices and the highest virtues as forceful as Shakespeare did in the five brief acts of his "*King Lear.*" Within the few pages of this tearful tragedy he contrasts all that is most vicious and all that is most beautiful in human nature,—lust, ambition, avarice, ingratitude, injustice, deception, hatred, treachery, cruelty, with purity, sincerity, love, loyalty, forbearance, endurance, forgiveness, unselfishness, courage—in language and in action so powerful, that were all the sermons and systems, all the rules and treatises, on morality suddenly to become lost, and this play to remain, I verily believe enough could be drawn from it to reconstruct all that had been lost.

"King Lear" a moral philosophy.

In the delineation of one trait especially, in children's treatment of an aged parent, he reaches a climax perhaps unequaled in the whole world's literature. What character more repulsive than that of *Goneril* or *Regan*; what character more attractive than that of *Cordelia!* What deception greater than that wherewith the two first-named daughters wheedle out of their aged father his power and possessions, under the semblance of love and devotion; and what ingratitude more heinous than that wherewith they drive a weak, old sire into misery and despair, into madness and death! What parent's pang keener than that which groans out of his cry of anguish:

Its delineation of filial ingratitude.

"Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou showest thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!"

or out of the curse which he launches upon *Goneril's* head, that her own child may

> . . . "be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
> Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth
> With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
> Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
> To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
> How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
> To have a thankless child."——*King Lear*, Act I, Sc. iv.

What filial affection sweeter than that wherewith noble *Cordelia* comforts her much-suffering father, rescues from the brink of madness him whom her sisters had grievously wronged, and who himself had grievously wronged her!

The sympathies with the wronged father.

This tragedy is a general favorite of both audience and actor. Few of Shakespeare's plays keep the auditor as interested and arouse his passions as this, and not one yields to the impersonator of the leading character as rich a reward as *King Lear*. Unlike such rolls as Richard III, Yago, or Macbeth, whose meanness of character detracts considerably from the audience's appreciation of the excellence of the acting, the impersonator of *King Lear* holds the tearful sympathy of his audience to the last. It is the same with *Cordelia;* while her sisters *Goneril* and *Regan* reap for their reward the audience's silent contempt or loud hisses of disapproval. *Othello's* or *Macbeth's* butcheries, *Cassius'* conspiracy or *Hamlet's* uncle's crime, do not outrage our feelings as much as these daughters' base ingratitude. The holiness, the inviolability of, and the filial reverence due to, parenthood are so stamped into our very souls, that every fibre in us cries aloud: "Foul Treason," "Inhuman Barbarity," "Unpardonable Sin," at the sight of wrong done by child against a parent, and more especially when such a parent is aged and helpless and in want.

Children's ingratitude result of parental neglect.

Yet, without in the least condoning the offense of the two daughters of *King Lear*, I can not share all the sympathies lavished upon the father, nor all the vituperation heaped upon the daughters. To me *Cordelia's* nobility of heart is more of a surprise than her two sisters' cruelties. These two were, we have reason to believe, the natural product of a father's weakness and indulgence and folly. The opening scene, in which he shows himself the dupe of the flattering tongues of two of his daughters, and disinherits the other because, being true in her filial affection, she scorns those wiles by which her sisters secure their ends, shows but too plainly the kind of metal his fatherhood was made of, and the kind of example he must have set his children.

A child's character is not a spontaneous growth; it is largely what heredity and environment, constitution and training, make it. As is the mold that is prepared for it so is the form in which it crystallizes itself. If the pattern is for a sinner, a sinner the product will be. Monstrous characters like those of *Goneril and Regan* are not self-creations. The world condemns their ingratitude, and sympathizes with their aged father. Did it know the whole story, could it tell to what parental omission or commission the children's unnatural hard-heartedness was due, it would

perhaps censure less and pity more. The uncorrected evil of the parent shows itself in an intensified form in the child. Where you see a *Lear* expect a *Goneril.* Where you see a guilty *Goneril* look for the indulgent *Lear.*

Of all crimes, such heartlessness as these daughters are guilty of are exceedingly rare. Regard for parents is the virtue of every well-raised child, more especially of a child of the gentler sex. When, therefore, you see daughters pitilessly driving an aged parent into madness and death, hold them not responsible for all their guilt. Their cruelty is probably the bitter fruitage of a parent's sowing. Where you see the opposite, where you see a most reverential treatment of parents, when you see a child's noble self-sacrifice for an aged parent's pleasure and convenience, a child holding no burden too great, no expense too heavy, to make a parent's closing scene of life a bright and happy one, be assured that such parents do but reap what they have sown. When you read of a Washington hastening, immediately after his election to the presidency of the United States, to his aged mother, to clasp her to his bosom, and to tell her how much of all his honors was the work of her own dear hands; or when you read of Garfield insisting upon his aged mother standing by his side while taking the oath of office, and falling upon her neck in the sight of the thousands of people assembled, as soon as he had been invested with the power of the highest office in the land, be assured that both these aged mothers merited such filial reverence, that their toil, their self-sacrifice, their regarding the raising of their children as a sacred task and a responsible duty, their inculcating in their children, from their earliest infancy, principles of integrity, of usefulness, of piety, made it possible for their sons to occupy the Presidential chair of the United States.

With so much of parental neglect and ignorance and false training abounding, it is surprising that the *Gonerils* and *Regans* are not more numerous, and that the *Cordelias* are so frequent. To me it is the strongest evidence of the powerful hold that parenthood has upon the affections of its offspring, and of the safeguards which nature herself has placed around the most sacred relationship on earth, to keep the home intact, and to prevent society from going to pieces. The infant's absolute dependence for food and shelter, for comfort and protection, on its parents, the parents' power to grant or to deny these, to smile or to frown, to caress or to strike, engenders early feelings of awe, of gratefulness, of obedience, of respect, that endure long beyond the period when the child's dependence ceases, even long beyond the time when parents' weakness and imperfections become evident. Parents' gradual decline into the helplessness of old age, their inability to struggle for themselves when nearing the end of their days, recalls to children the time of their own helplessness, and prompts them to do whatever they can to make the closing scene of their parents' lives as free from care as possible. The absolute power of parents at the one end, and their helplessness and dependence at the other, are weapons

Parenthood fares better than it often deserves.

which nature herself has placed into their hands to enforce their children's obedience, respect, consideration, and with them they easily conquer the hearts of their offspring, often even undeserved. It is for this reason that the *Cordelias* are far more frequent than the *Gonerils* and the *Regans*, and that weak and indulgent and neglectful *Lears* frequently fare as well by their children as did the noble mothers of Washington and Garfield.

Fifth Commandment true in an altered form.

It often seems to me that the Fifth Commandment of our Decalogue is superfluous, that nature engraved it on the human heart as an eternal and universal law long before it was decreed by human legislator. We certainly find as beautiful illustrations of filial love and honor before the Proclamation of the Decalogue as after, and among Polytheists as well as among Monotheists. Often it seems to me, that if the Fifth Commandment had had a slight alteration in its text, that instead of reading: "Honor thy father and thy mother," etc. it would have read: "Honor thy son and thy daughter, that thy days may be long" we would have suffered nothing by that change, on the contrary, we would have been greatly benefited by it.

Children suffer more from parents.

It is not the parents that suffer as much from a want of honor from their children, as the children from a want of honor from their parents. On the side of the parents there stands arrayed Nature, Law, Religion, Public Opinion, Personal Power; on the side of the weak and dependent, of the helpless and speechless babe, there stands nothing. Absolutely at the mercy of those into whose care and keeping it is placed, it may be diseased physically, neglected morally, dwarfed intellectually, crippled spiritually, vice upon vice may be stamped upon its soul, burden upon burden may be laid upon its weak shoulders, wrong upon wrong may be heaped upon it, and there is no power to stop Parental Absolutism, no power to protect Dependent Childhood. Imprisoned in its cradle, locked within its four walls, too weak of tongue to tell its pitiful story of suffering, too weak of hand to break its fetters, too weak of mind to grasp the misery for which it is fitted, the world without goes on in woful ignorance of what is going on within, prating everywhere, in school, in church, in press, on platform, its endless platitudes about the honor due to parents, without bestowing a thought on the honor due to children.

The tyranny of parents.

Our age has much to say against the tyranny of might over right, against the power of the strong to press down the weak, and to keep them down, and to slave or starve or punish them into silence. But what tyranny greater than that of parents! What tyranny older than theirs! From the remotest antiquity their superior might constituted within the family the highest right. From time immemorial unto this, parents have thought themselves generous, deserving of the highest praise and life-long gratitude for the morsel of food and for the pittance of care they bestowed on those helpless little creatures for whose existence they, and they alone, were wholly responsible. The relationship between parents and children has much resembled, and in many quarters still resembles, that between despots and their

subjects. Parents sacrificed their children to their gods to bribe their favor or to assuage their wrath. They visited capital punishment upon them for disobedience—even when such disobedience was justified. They strangled new-born babes, especially when of the female sex, or exposed them to cold or hunger or to the tooth of ferocious beast, if they wished to rid themselves of the trouble and expense of raising them. They sold their children into slavery and rioted with the money realized. They gave them into marriage to whomsoever pleased the parents best. And yet other outrages they perpetrated upon their helpless children, and there was no one to question the rightfulness of their proceedings much less to stop their tyranny.

In the great conflict of right against might, in the general uprising of the oppressed weak against the tyrannical strong, that is being waged in modern times, the worst phases of parental despotism have passed away. But much of its spirit lingers still. Parents are still too prone to think only of their rights and not of their sacred and responsible duties as well, still too much inclined to pose before their children as their great benefactors, without considering that their children are not the benefited from their own choice, and that the sunshine and merriment of their sweet and innocent infancy and gay and happy childhood more than return all the benefits they receive, still too eager to din into their children's ears what reverence they owe their parents, without remembering, that there is a reverence which parents, above all others, owe their children, a reverence which, if shown to children from the earliest stages of their lives, would make their reverencing their parents the first and the last and the most beautiful of all their virtues.

They think of their rights and not of their duties.

Such parental reverence does not show itself in outward form and ceremony. It lies nearer to the fountain of affection, and closer to the seat of intellect. It reveals itself in the conscientious spirit in which father and mother assume the sacred office of parenthood. It reveals itself in the manner in which they feel themselves impressed with the awful responsibility of shaping the career of a human being for glory or shame, for success or failure, for life or death. It reveals itself in the mode in which they enter upon the discharge of the sacred office of parenthood, piously resolved never to allow a private pleasure or a public duty to crowd itself between them and their child, that no study shall be too difficult, no burden too heavy, no sacrifice too great, for the proper raising of that tender bud of life that God has entrusted to their care and keeping.

How parents can honor children.

It would be difficult to find among all the reverences a single one on whose faithful discharge more of individual and communal happiness depends than on this, and equally difficult would it be to find a reverence more sinned against than this. Never have children sinned half as much against their parents as parents have against their children. Never have children been half as ignorant of the duties they owe their parents, as parents have been igno-

How children are sinned against.

rant of the duties they owe their children. For every tear an ungrateful child has forced from parent's eye, a thousand have been forced from children on account of parental neglect. For every parent forced by an undutiful child into an untimely grave, a thousand precious blossoms of humanity have been forced to exchange the cradle for the grave on account of parental ignorance. For every parent forced to totter to his grave neglected and forsaken by his own children, a thousand children have staggered through life under the load of disease, corruption, vicious habits, laid upon them by neglectful parents. One-half of the crimes that the criminal court is obliged to deal with, might have been cured on parent's knee. Half the vices that infest society might have been rooted out in childhood as easily as is the weed from garden-bed, had but parents acquainted themselves with its existence, and with the proper means for its eradication.

How children are neglected.

Often when I hear parents complaining of the misconduct of their children, I hear them telling at the same time their own neglect and ignorance. It was the Philosopher Plato, I believe, who made it his business to correct the parent instead of his misbehaving child. How could the child act differently abroad, when never differently taught at home? Or how could a child be differently taught at home, when parents have not the faintest notion of the proper raising of children, or if they have, will not sacrifice their time and pleasure, and make a slave of themselves for their child, when they can get a nurse-girl to tend it for a paltry sum? One of our newspapers reported the other day this little conversation between a policeman and a little nurse-girl, who was wheeling a baby-coach, accompanied by a few children, and by a noisy and troublesome dog. "Do you have to take care of the dog?" asked the Policeman, to which the little nurse-girl replied: "No; the missis says I'm too young and inexperienced. I only look after the children."

Laughable as this little episode is, it conveys a tearful rather than an amusing story. We open the right of parenthood to all, without making physical and moral and intellectual fitness for that sacred and responsible relationship a legal and a moral pre-requisite. Young married couples with little ones at home, often hurl themselves into those whirlpools of society-dissipations and excitements, which, if they have a place at all, belong to the less responsible period of single life. It is a frequent complaint of unmarried society people that their greatest rivals are married people, who ought to be at home at the side of the cradle, or in the nursery in the company of their growing and developing children, instead of leaving them to hired domestics, or to aged and decrepit relatives, or under the influence of all sorts of sleep-inducing drugs. Night after night, afternoon after afternoon, children are left to themselves, or to the care of those worse than themselves. Their little tongues that long to ask a thousand questions of their parents, their little arms that long to twine themselves around their parents' necks, like the tendrils of the vine around the sturdy oak, their little heads that long to rest on parents'

bosom, their innocent eyes that fain would look into parents' eyes before sinking to sleep, find no such sweet occupation. I have read of a mother who made it a practice always to take her little girl in her arms just before being sent to bed, and to hold her close to her heart for a while, looking into her eyes, then kissing the little one, saying, "That is good-night, dear; go to bed like a good little girl." One afternoon the mother was detained from home until late at night. Returning, the parents were met at the door by the little girl, very wide awake. Papa picked her up, carrying her to the nurse saying, "How is this? nearly eleven o'clock, and this child not asleep." "I couldn't coax her to bed," said the girl; "she insisted she must see her mamma first." "Papa," said the little maiden very seriously, "I tan't do to bed till I'se yooked into my mamma's eyes;" and climbing into her mother's lap, taking the maternal face between her two little hands, she gazed long and earnestly into the eyes so necessary to her comfort then one long, hearty hug by both, and she sprang to the floor, holding out her hand to the nurse, saying cheerily to papa, "I'se yeady now. Dood night."* Ah, how rare are such scenes as these among our fashionable society-people! How rare are the opportunities of children fondly looking into their mother's eyes before retiring, to draw from them that inspiration, that love, that reverence that shall abide with them through life, that shall save them from temptation and from wrong! Slight as is the attention the little ones receive during the character-forming periods of their life from mothers who move in society, still less attention is accorded to them by their fathers. They have no time for such sentimentalities. They have serious matters to attend to. They have money to make, all day long, and all week long, often the Sabbath-day included. The evening finds them generally, when not seeking diversion away from home, tired, or absorbed in the newspapers, or out of sorts, that the children are never so happy than when furthest away from their parent. Oh, for another Socrates to shout from the house tops "What mean ye, fellow-citizens, that ye turn every stone to scrape wealth together, and take so little care of your children, to whom, one day, you must relinquish it all," and who, perhaps, will waste and squander it all the sooner by reason of parental neglect.

How children are ruined by parental ignorance.

Parental neglect is not the worst evil that helpless and innocent children have to contend against, parental ignorance is by far their greatest foe. Of home-staying, and their children-minding parents we have an overwhelmingly larger number than of those gay society-folks, who look upon children as a troublesome incumbrance, and are happiest when without them. All would have been well, if to their home- and children-loving virtues they would yet have added a knowledge of how to train children's hearts and souls and minds and hands aright, or, mindful of the Law of Heredity, how to fit themselves physically, morally, intellectually, before yet chosen for the office of parenthood. It was Goethe who said: "*Man könnte*

*Mrs. S. C. Jones, "*The Co-Education of Parent and Child.*"

erzogene Kinder gebären, wenn die Eltern erzogen wären," that it were easy to raise well-trained children, if well-trained the parents were themselves. But such well-trained parents are rarities. With all the aid that modern knowledge gives, with all the information on child-nature that physiologists and psychologists are only too eager to impart, with all the literature on the proper training of children at their command, there is a woful, a criminal, ignorance of how to rear children physically healthy and morally and intellectually sound, as the hundreds of little graves in our cemeteries, the thousand inmates of hospitals, asylums, penal and corrective institutes, as the tens of thousands ruined characters, stifled talents, blasted lives, tearfully prove. Where positive knowledge can be had, parents choose to experiment, and frivolously they turn into a piece of guess-work what should be treated as an exact science. Time enough, they think, to train children, when they shall have grown sufficiently to understand or to be reasoned with, or when they shall get into the teacher's hand at school. Little do they dream that the education of a child, that is in possession of all its faculties, begins at the moment it first beholds the light of day—not to go as far back as distinguished scientists go, who assure us that a child's training commences when that of its parents and grandparents begins—The younger its days the more active its sense-perception. To its wondering little eyes and ears every surrounding sight and sound is strange and novel, and not one of them fails to stamp itself upon its young and receptive mind. Thicker and thicker the painter Observation lays the colors on the Life-Picture that is to be, and that will never never fade. Faster and faster its glowing and liquid mind pours itself into the mould that environment shapes for it, and where it gradually hardens into permanent, unchangeable form. Facial features, voice, language, action, copy more and more those of the people surrounding it. Silently the little threads of Observation and Experience twist themselves, even in the cradle, into traits and habits, till threads grow into cords, and cords into ropes, and ropes gradually into cables, which not all the after-training of after-life can break.

Yes, Parents, change the reading of the Fifth Commandment to: 'Honor thy son and thy daughter, that thy days may be long.' Honor them when young, and they will honor you when you are old. As you deal with them so will they deal with you. Honor them with proper preparation for, and with conscientious discharge of, the office of parenthood. Honor them with considering parenthood holy, and childhood holier still. Honor them by sacredly keeping from their developing mind every noxious influence. There is a bird in the tropics that uses for the construction of its nest a certain leaf the aroma of which is poison to serpents. When a serpent, climbing after the dainty morsel, comes in front of such a nest, it drops from the tree as if struck by lightning. Thus, parents, surround ye your little ones with those protecting influences which will put every evil to flight that ventures near them. Honor them with a pure personal example, remembering that parents' actions are the models children

Honor thy children and thy days will be long.

pattern theirs after. Honor them with the gentle word of persuasion in preference to the harsh command of authority or the keen sting of punishment. Alpine climbers tell us that at certain seasons in the spring the traveller must beware of making the slightest noise while ascending, for often the winter's accumulated snow hangs so threateningly on the steep slopes above, that a loud word, or the striking of the Alpine-stick against a stone suffices to start an avalanche, that dashes to destruction everything that lies in its path. So does often a parent's loud word of anger or painful chastisement, start within the child an avalanche of passion of stubbornness, of rebellion, of viciousness, that utterly ruins what might have proven a noble character. Honor them with your frequent converse and companionship. Leave not to nurse what is a mother's sacred task, nor to teacher what is a father's solemn duty. Honor them with not being over-indulgent nor unreasonably severe. Think no sacrifice too great to win their confidence and their love. Early make them feel that though the whole world may condemn and spurn, their parents will forgive them if repentant, that though all the world may turn them from their doors, their parents' hearts and homes will always stand wide open to them. A young Scotch girl was lured one day from her quiet country home to London, where she speedily went astray. Day after day, week after week, her poor widowed mother, peered up and down the road, hoping for her daughter's return. One evening, while sitting in front of the hearth, thinking of her wayward child, she heard a footfall on the floor. Before her stood her repentant daughter. After the surprise, confession and forgiveness were over, the daughter asked: "How came it, mother, that at this late and lonely hour of the night I found the latch of the cottage open?" "The latch has never been shut day or night since you left me," was the mother's answer; "I feared that if you came and found it shut, you might turn away forever."

Thus honor your sons and your daughters, ye parents, rich or poor, and ye shall find that:

> "Aeque pauperibus prodest, locupletibus aeque;
> Et, neglecta, aeque pueris senibusque nocebit."—Horace, Ep. I. 25.
>
> "It profits poor and rich alike,
> But, neglected, equally it hurts young and old"

and you will find that the race of the *Gonerils* and *Regans* will disappear, while the *Cordelias* will hold sway in every home; that peace and happiness will rule your households and add many a happy day to your lives; that as the hearts of the parents are turned to their children, those of the children turn to their parents, that children will no longer suffer for their parents, nor parents for their children, that there will be no more Byrons to lament that

> . . "Untaught in youth my heart to tame
> My springs of life were poisoned"

but no end of Popes to exclaim: "My parents never cost me a blush, and their son never cost them a tear."

ERRATA :—Change in preceding lecture (No. 21) the word *debtor*, in the couplet on page 9, to the word *doctor;* and the word *not*, on the third from the last line of the same page, to *but;* and the word *less*, on the eighth from the first line on page 10, to *loss*.

Slay the Sin but not the Sinner

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

March 27th, 1892,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D

PHILADELPHIA:
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1892.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion. (Dreams, Visions, etc.)
8. Delusion. (Hypnotism, Faith-Cure, etc.)
9. Hallucination. (Ghosts, Spiritualism, etc.)
10. Jesus in the Synagogue.
11. To-Day better than Yesterday.
12. Wanted—A Rational Religious School.
13. Civilization's Debt to Woman.
14. Civilization's Duty to Woman.
15. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends.
16. Justice—Not Charity.
17. A Personal Interest Society.
18. Ancient and Modern Idolatry.
19. The Law of Retribution.
20. Reverence to whom Reverence belongs.
21. Through Labor to Rest.
22. Children's Rights and Parents' Wrongs.
23. Slay the Sin, but not the Sinner.
24. The Sanctity of the Home.
25.
26.
27.
28.

SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza—Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

SERIES II. 1888—1889.

1. Whence, Whither and Why?
2. The Voice of the People.
3. Uncharitable Charity.
4. Wife and Mother.
5. Husband and Father.
6. Origin and Descent.
7. The People of the Book.
8. Future Reward and Punishment.
9. The Ideal Commonwealth.
10. The Puritanic Sabbath.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM:

11. I. The Mosaic Age.
12. II. The Prophetic Age.
13. III. The Messianic Age.
14. IV. The Rabbinical Age.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM CONTINUED:

15. V. The Kabbalistic Age.
16. VI. The Mendelssohnian Age.
17. VII. The Present Age.
18. Ashes to Ashes, or Earth to Earth.
19. Sanitary Science.
20. Does Prohibition Prohibit?
21. Intermarriage.
22. Convert your own—Let Jews alone.
23. The 25th Anniversary of the Cornerstone-Laying of Temple Keneseth Israel.
24. Abused Benefactors.
25. A Benefactor Honored. (Rev Dr. I. M. Wise)
26. The Real Saving Trinity.
27. The Removal of the Leaven.
28. Deed through Creed.

Slay the Sin but not the Sinner.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

Philadelphia, March 27th, 1892.

(Exod. xx. 13) לא תרצח

(Ezek. xxxiii. 11) אם אחפץ במות הרשע כי אם בשוב רשע מדרכו וחיה

"Not for the death of the sinner pray
But for the death of sin."
Talmud, *Berachoth*, 10 a.

Never before did I realize how much of a world in miniature a modern newspaper is, how vividly it mirrors mankind's latest joy and sorrow, gain and loss, progress and regress, humanity and barbarity, as I did a few days ago, while perusing one of our morning papers. Conspicuous on the front page there were two columns, side by side, each headed by glaring headlines; the one attracting the reader's attention to a rare virtue,—the other to a barbarity most horrible; the one telling of man's love for his fellow-man,—the other of his cruel hatred; the one speaking of noble efforts and sacrifices to save human life,—the other narrating in sickening detail the story of a brutal strangulation of a human being; the one carrying us to the sea-port town Libau in Russia, and making us eye-witnesses of the landing of the steamer Indiana, that had left our port a fortnight before, and of the unloading of the provisions our people sent to the famine-stricken districts, and of the great rejoicing over American generosity,—the other conveying us to the capital of Austria, into a prison-court, to witness a scene, which, in bold, attractive type, it describes as follows: "Schneider Strangled."—"A Silken Loop Attached To A Stake Used."—"His Face Covered By The Executioner's Hands."—"Assistants Grasp His Arms And Legs And Pull Downward."—"Death Results In Four Minutes."—"A Sight Long To Be Remembered By The Spectators."

A painful contrast.

But for the fact that both of these conspicuously recorded events bore the same date, we could not but have believed that whole ages lay between the two, that the one was the latest product of modern civilization, the other a tale of Dark-Age cruelty, so beautiful, so noble, so divine, is the one, and so horrible, so inhuman, so fiendish, is the other. There is yet another reason, besides the date, that would have prevented our locating the Viennese strangulation in the Barbarous Ages, and that is the make-up of the executioner. His was not the conventional uniform of the hangman of by-gone ages,—no fire-red costume, no black mask. He was rigged out in the latest

Cruelty of modern executions.

style of the fashion-plate, he wore, "a high silk hat, fine clothing, and kid gloves," while the loop he used was of silken fabric. What refinement of cruelty! A silken loop around the victim's throat; the kid-gloved hand of a stylishly dressed gentleman firmly holding mouth and nostrils shut, while 'two horse-slaughterers grasp the hanging man by his arms and legs, and pull downward with all their strength.' Such the mode of judicially strangling the life out of a condemned human being, in the presence of his judges, and of high officials of the realm, in the capital of Austria, in the year Eighteen Hundred and Ninety Two!—

The brute still alive within us.

An account so revolting, alongside a column portraying one of the most beautiful traits of human nature, furnishes a striking illustration of how the divine and the brutish still contend for supremacy within modern society, how readily the one may gain ascendancy over the other, how a heart-rending account of human suffering will arouse a whole people to active and helpful sympathy, while the perpetration of a heinous outrage will inflame our passions into an inhuman thirst for revenge. And, moreover, it dispels the fond hope that we had begun to cherish, after the abolition of Capital Punishment in a few of the foreign countries, and in four of our own States, and after the introduction in our neighboring state of electrocution as a mode of execution, that the days of Capital Punishment were numbered, that mankind had sufficiently advanced in its humanities to punish crime in a less revolting though in a no less efficient manner. With the memories of the New Orleans and Memphis murderous mobs, of the horrible burning at the stake of a human being—a woman's hand lighting the pyre—recently enacted in the State of Arkansas, of the recent Viennese barbarous strangulation, fresh in our minds, it is hard to believe that the baser human passions have been softened, that we are less cruel than were our ancestors a decade of centuries ago, or than are the savages of the present day.

As barbarous as in by-gone days.

It is true, we no longer resort to those appalling measures, which former ages adopted for the punishment of the highest crimes. We have no such torture-chambers as the Dark- and Middle-Ages boasted of. We have no such soul-harrowing contrivances as European Museums still exhibit, and that once were in active and in frequent operation. We no longer nail criminals to the cross, or suspend them on breast- or shoulder-piercing spikes, on which they endure nameless tortures, are assailed by birds of prey and insects, burnt by the sun, maddened by hunger and thirst, till death comes to their relief. We no longer roast them over a slow fire, or immure them alive. We do not throw them as food to ferocious beasts, neither do we crush them under the feet of angered elephants. We no longer strap them down, drill holes into their bodies into which lighted tapers are set, which, burning lower and lower into the flesh, "illuminate" them into a most agonizing death. We no longer pour molten lead into their throats, nor hurl them into seething caldrons. We no longer tear them asunder on the public squares by means of spirited animals

hitched to each limb, nor do we break their every joint and limb on the wheel; nor do we resort to any of those other monstrous cruelties too ghastly and too frightful to mention. True as this is—and God be thanked that it is—when, however, we contrast man as he is to-day softened by more peaceful environment and greater ease and culture, with man of former times hardened by constant wars and bloodsheds and privations and struggles, it is a question to my mind whether the former cruel modes of inflicting Capital Punishment were as harrowing to the culprit and to the public, as are our more refined neck-breaking trap-floors, or electric currents, or silken loops adjusted by kid-gloved and fashionably attired gentlemen-hangmen.

I know the thought that now is foremost in the minds of many. They, too, object to the Viennese strangulation, but for far different reasons. It is its leniency that they find fault with. Instead of kid gloves they would have handled him with thorn-spiked cestus, and in place of silken loop they would have used an iron chain. Upon the execution of that monster, who heartlessly decoyed, and mercilessly strangled to death, innocent and confiding young women, they would have piled cruelty upon cruelty, and suffering upon suffering, till their death penalty would have equaled, or eclipsed, the most cruel method of former ages.

Justified on account of enormity of crime.

And why would they use such cruel measures? Is it to bring the criminal's victims back to life? Were all the sufferings of all the imagined hells to be visited upon the murderer, they would not succeed in restoring the murdered unto life. Or has he more than one life that human power can slay? If he has, human knowledge has not yet discovered it. Is it to rid society of his presence, and of his power of doing evil? Society will not be any the better protected from him when he suffers a protracted and a cruel execution, as when he meets with an instantaneous and a painless death. Does not such desire for cruel death penalties arise rather from a spirit of revenge than from a love of justice? Does not the fact of a detailed account of a horrible execution being wired across continents and oceans, to peoples in no direct way effected by the death of the murderer and his murdered victims, and of being conspicuously published in the leading journals of the world, does not the prominence given to all executions, show only too plainly how much of the brute there is still within us, what fascinations sensational accounts of murders and butcheries, whether lawful or unlawful, still have for us, and how profitable newspapers find it to cater to such brutish cravings?

Turns capital punishment into revenge.

"Not at all!" "Not at all!" some of you will say. The desire to see the murderer cruelly executed does not at all arise from a spirit of revenge, nor from brutish instincts. It emanates from one of the noblest sentiments of the human heart. It has for its object the saving of human life. The guilty shall die a shameful death that the innocent may live. The whole world's

Cruelty claimed to be a deterrent.

attention shall be drawn to the execution of a murderer, that other would-be-murderers may be deterred from following his example, and from suffering a similar miserable and painful death.

If this be the reason why so much publicity is given to executions, if their shocking brutalities are intended to strike terror into the human soul, and to paralyze every hand lifted with murderous intent against a human being, then the introduction of methods that shall rob the execution of its shame and pain and publicity, defeats that purpose. If the condemned murderer shall suffer an instantaneous and painless death, with as little knowledge of it as possible outside the prison-gates, what purpose does his death subserve? It is of no benefit to the murderer nor to those he murdered. It exercises no deterrent influence. It can only gratify a thirst for revenge. It cannot be for the purpose of self-protection, for, surely, so powerful a State as ours, for instance, could protect itself against its few murderers, by securely confining them behind bars and bolts, without laying violent hands on their life. If it be true, that brutal executions exercise a deterrent influence on others, then every State, that has the life and well-being of its subjects truly at heart, is duty-bound to abolish its swift and painless and secluded death-penalty, to enact the most cruel methods of by-gone ages, and to hail him as the greatest benefactor of human kind, who contrives yet more soul-harrowing and blood-curdling methods than have ever been known before.

If deterrent, why painless death advocated?

But facts and experiences do not seem to confirm the claims that have been set up for the deterrent influence of cruel executions or of any other kind of Capital Punishment. If anything, they prove the contrary, that Capital Punishment rather encourages than checks crime, and for reasons that seem quite clear. The criminal classes and those easiest tempted to crime are, as a rule, composed of people, who are either mentally deficient, or weak in will-power, or who have perverted notions of right and wrong, or who are inordinately vain or ambitious or sensational. The graphic accounts of sensational murder trials easily excite them. The notoriety of the tried and condemned criminal inflames their vanity. The detailed reports that are spread broadcast of the conduct of the condemned during his last days and last hours, the gushing sentimentalities that are lavished upon him, the sympathies which his approaching fate arouse, the pictorial illustrations of the final scene on the scaffold, appeal to their baser passions, quicken and strengthen the brute instincts, arouse a burning thirst for similar notoriety, which often is not quenched till they become heroes of tragedies of their own.

Experience proves Death Penalty not a deterrent.

It is an old experience in police-circles, that sensational murder trials and much talked of executions, often even when only enacted in the latest sensational novel or drama, are generally followed by a large retinue of imitators. Jack the Ripper has found imitators in all parts of the world. It is safe to assert, that were sensational reports of murders withheld from the public

But a tempter to crime.

press, were murder-trials restricted to the court-rooms, where they properly belong, and access to them granted only to such who have real business there, were less inflammatory reports published of executions, or far better still, were Capital Punishment entirely abolished, and its place taken by the less heroic and less sympathy- and sentimentality-arousing punishment of imprisonment for life, or for such a time till the criminal is wholly cured of his criminal tendencies, a strong tempter to crime would be removed from the weak-minded and weak-willed, and within a short time we would perceive an appreciable diminution of crime.

This is not a theorist's supposition; it is a fact attested by the penal experiences of civilized lands, and emphasized by the greatest alienists of the world. There are statistics to prove that every addition of torture to execution was followed by a corresponding increase of criminals condemned to suffer the death penalty, and that frequently it was but necessary to relax the rigor in the torture-chamber or on the scaffold to check epidemics of crime. There are facts and figures enough to prove, that there are persons that are most tempted to crime when rigorous penalties are inflicted for it, and that extreme tortures seem to exercise the same irresistible fascination upon them that snakes exercise upon birds, which, once under the charm of the serpentine eye, can no more away from it, but must rush into the jaws of death. We need but take a peep into the penal history of England to assure ourselves, that when the death penalty is frequently inflicted, and for paltry offenses, executions are carried on by the wholesale, and hangmen have a busy time of it. When the gallows were used as punishment for offenses such as cutting down a fruit tree, associating with gypsies, leading the life of a vagrant, stealing a handkerchief above the value of a twelve-pence, when about a century ago a child of twelve could be executed for rioting, and less than half a century ago a child of nine could be hung for stealing paint of the value of two pence-half penny, we cannot be surprised at the statement of a writer in Elizabeth's reign that "in Henry VIII's time seventy-two thousand thieves and vagabonds were hanged," nor can we wonder that the distinguished legal authority, Sir William Blackstone, should have called the attention of people and government to the fact, that the frequency of the death penalty "instead of diminishing, increases the number of offenders."* So much for the deterrent influence of Capital Punishment!

Where most cruel there murder most frequent.

Almost on the threshold of the Twentieth Century, it is the highest time that we learn the lesson these facts and figures and statistics teach. As long as we continue judicial executions, we popularize unlawful murder. As long as we keep the spectacle of putting a human being to death conspicuously before the eyes of criminally-inclined, weak-minded, weak-willed, perverted-notioned people we but tempt them to rival their teachers. As long as we arrogate unto ourselves the right of punishing certain crimes with death, we encourage others to do the same for what they deem crime, without the

A tempter to Lynchers.

*Green's: *Crime*, Art. III, Chap. v; Ellis': "*The Criminal*," Chap. VI.

preliminaries and technicalities of the Law. If we set the example of stringing up a fellow for taking the life of a fellow-being, we must not be surprised that "Judge Lynch" should consider himself equally entitled to exercise the same right for equal and even for less serious offenses. Often even he has more justice on his side than we have. His circuit lies, as a rule, in uncultured districts, or in thinly populated regions, that are poorly provided with prisons and courts. We, however, have all the protection we need. We have safe and well-guarded prisons. We have just courts. We have powerful means at our command for preventing the criminal from again endangering the life of a fellow-being. Our inflicting the death-penalty, therefore, since it benefits neither the murdered, nor the murderer, nor deters others from crime, has simply the gratification of a revengeful spirit for its object, and we have little reason to complain of the vindictiveness of lynchers, when they but do in an undisguised manner what we do under the sanctimonious cloak of Law, and when they, for the most part, do under the impulse of intense excitement and blinding passion what we do in all calmness, with deliberation, and in cold blood. With the gallows erected, as a tempting model to copy, in the penitentiaries of all our States, excepting four, we are not surprised at the following figures collected by the Chicago *Tribune*:

"Six years of United States murders (1884–1889 inclusive).

	Murders.	Legal Executions.	Lynchings.
1884	3,377	103	219
1885	1,808	108	181
1886	1,499	83	133
1887	2,335	79	123
1888	2,184	87	144
1889	3,567	98	175
Total of 6 years	14,770	558	975

Hence, of nearly 15,000 known murders in the six years, less than four per cent. were followed by legal executions. In the four States where the capital penalty is abolished, conditions are stated by competent authorities to be more satisfactory than elsewhere. The lynchings nearly all take place in States which retain the gallows.

Maine abolished capital punishment in 1876, restored it in 1883, and again abolished it in 1887. The Warden of the State prison (Mr. S. H. Allen) writes (1890): "I think it is the general feeling that murders are no more frequent now than when the death penalty existed." The Warden of Rhode Island State Prison (Mr. Nelson Viall) also writes (1890): I do not believe the death penalty will ever be restored in our State, or that the crime of murder has increased in consequence of the change."

Frequently a legal murder.

And for the sake of an average of between two or three executions in a State, a year, we keep up what some one has epigramatically described as "the shameful practice of hiring for a guinea an assassin to accomplish a sentence which the judge would not have the courage to carry out," and indirectly encourage, Heaven only knows! how much of unlawful murder. And worse still, who can tell how many of the hundred legal executions, that disgrace our land each year, are not really murders? Without at all entering to-day into the question of the mental and moral responsibility of the condemned, of how frequently the criminal is irresponsible for his crime, of how

frequently his crime is attributable to inherited criminal tendencies, to homicidal monomania, to moral alienation, whose presence and irresistible sway elude the understanding and the observation of judge and witness and jury, and whose crime should be expunged not on the gallows but in a Penal-Hospital, without entering this morning upon this phase of the question, who can tell of the awful mistakes that are not infrequently made, and that are beyond all human power of reparation? Who knows not how near many an innocent man has been to suffering the penalty of death on the gallows for a crime which he never committed, though circumstantial evidence strongly pointed to him, and which penalty he would have paid, had it not been for an accidental discovery of his innocence just in the nick of time? Is not Mr. Chalkley Leconey's case, across the Delaware, a year or so ago, still fresh in our memories? How strongly circumstantial evidence pointed against him, and how near suffering legal murder! The following clipping from our Public Ledger, shortly after Mr. Leconey's acquittal, conveys as triking illustration of how easy it is at times to fasten guilt upon innocent persons, and to make them suffer innocently a disgraceful death:

"In the same paper which contained the announcement of the acquittal of Chalkley Leconey was an account of a fatal accident which had just occurred in Philadelphia. An old woman, over eighty years of age, was badly burned by her clothing taking fire. The only person in the house was her son, who was burned seriously in trying to extinguish the flames. She was taken to the hospital, and *he was arrested on suspicion.*

The mother, in her anguish, had moaned out that it was her son's fault. She afterwards explained that she meant he was not so prompt as he should have been in putting out the flames. He was asleep on a settee when she let the lighted paper fall on her dress, and was probably bewildered by the fearful sight when awakened. Had she died without explanation, what would have been the position of that son? Who could have declared his innocence?".

And from Nebraska there recently came the news of the honorable discharge of Warren Clough, after fourteen years imprisonment for the supposed murder of his brother, and released through the dying confession of the real murderer. Warren's brother had been found dead in his barn, at Stewart, Neb. and all the money the brother had on the day before was in Warren's possession—rightly in payment of debts. His defence, and the change of hanging, to which he was sentenced, to imprisonment for life cost him $10,000. His wife got a divorce, and married another man, while he was unjustly in prison. It was fortunate, that he had money enough to make a noble fight for his life, else, he would have suffered innocently an ignoble death on the gallows, and no after-confession could have repaired the awful wrong.

But only the fewest have money enough to carry on such a fight, and for the want of it, many a one has been legally murdered for some other's guilt, according to Sir James Mackintosh's declaration, as quoted in an editorial in the New York *Sun*, some months ago, at least *one in every three years*, in England, and how many in this country, with our fondness of convicting on circumstantial evidence, and with a plentiful supply of disliked foreigners and of poor and ignorant and much-abused negroes.

to be made scape-goats of for other men's guilt, God alone knows. Capital Punishment continuing, what assurance have we that what has happened to others may not happen to you or me? Who is safe from being seized at any moment, and brought to trial under the charge of murder, by reason of certain accidental coincidences and circumstances that seem suspiciously to point against us? Who is safe from being strung up without regard to professions of innocence, especially when feelings run high, and when the press, as it so frequently does now-a-days, conducts the trial, and pronounces the sentence, before yet the case comes into court.

Such awful mistakes occurring, we are not surprised that thoughtful jurors should hesitate long, and tremble before the consequences of their decision, and that in more settled and refined communities there should be a growing disinclination to serving as jurors in cases involving capital punishment. Nor can we be surprised that mistakes should frequently be made on the other side, that jurors, rather than run the risk of hanging an innocent or an irresponsible man, will give the defendant every benefit of doubt, and set him free, perhaps to continue his depredations. Many a criminal has thus been set free, who, for the protection of society, ought to have been safely locked behind prison bars, and where he would have been, had Capital Punishment been abolished, and had the jury had the right of sentencing him for an indeterminate number of years of imprisoment, securing to society the chance of correcting its error, and of making honorable amends, if subsequent disclosures proved that mistakes were made.

Fear of serving as juror.

But, with our present only alternative of death or freedom for the man tried for murder, and with a steadily growing preference for granting freedom rather than run the risk of legally murdering an innocent person, with many a dangerous criminal set free in consequence of rigorous law on the statute book and lax administration in the jury box, it is not surprising that people, excited into uncontrollable passion by what seems to them an unjust verdict, should now and then rise in a mob, take vengeance into their own hands, and perpetrate still more frightful outrages, and make yet more grievous mistakes on the other side. With the awful death-penalty on our statute-books, with gallows in our prison-courts, to justify the right of legal murder, and with flagrant injustice often done to society from fear of inflicting so revolting and so irreparable a punishment, we must not wonder that Mob-and Lynch-Law should disgrace our land, and that we should number annually twice as many lynchings as legal executions.

Thereby the guilty often escape, and mobs encouraged.

Why continue this danger to defendant and to society? Why continue tempting the feeble-minded, the weak-willed, the vain and sensational and criminally-inclined, to murder, by such brutal spectacles of executions as was recently enacted in the Capital of Austria, when we have it in our power to safely imprison the criminal for life, or for an indeterminate number of years,

Slay the sin, but not the sinner.

till thoroughly cured or reformed? Why continue on the threshold of the Twentieth Century a barbarous and a vengeful mode of punishment, which experience, past and present, has proven to be no deterrent of murder, and to be followed by no increase of crime when abolished, as we have observed in those of our own States, in which Capital Punishment has been abolished, and confirmed abroad, according to the *Sun's* editorial, as follows: "It was abolished in Holland in 1870. Between 1861 and 1869 there were 19 murders; between 1871 and 1879 the number was only 17, despite an increase of population. In Finland there has been no execution since 1824, and yet murders are extremely rare; in Belgium none since 1863, and yet the crime of murder has decreased. Portugal and Roumania have abolished Capital Punishment without evil results."

Why not rather devote some of the time and interest and expense, spent on the slaying of a sinner, upon slaying sin? Erase the right of Legal Murder from your Statute-Books. Tear down your Gallows. Demolish your Electrocution-Chairs. They serve not Justice, they but serve your Revenge. The Sixth Commandment: "*Thou shalt not murder*" applies to the prison-courts as well as to the precincts outside of them. Spend no more time on the best mode of despatching criminals into the other world. Spend it rather on devising the best ways and means of eradicating crime. Prevent the breeding of crime or of criminal insanity. Break up your moral pest-houses. Tear down your Whitechapel districts, and scatter the pauper and criminal vermin that infest them. Suffer not the aggregation of the vagrant and the unemployed, or create labor for them to prevent starvation from forcing them to crime. Reform your prison-disciplines. Make them reformatory instead of penal institutes. Let not the man that enters a thief come forth a murderer. Save the discharged prisoner from falling back into crime, by kindly caring for him till able to care for himself. Cultivate kindlier sentiments among the lower classes. Lessen the misery and filth that surrounds them. Let not the saloon and the dive be their only source of pleasure. Reserve not all your beautiful Parks and Squares and Fountains and Drives and Avenues for the rich. Think of your alleys before you think of your *boulevards*. Take a personal interest in the sad lot of the poor. Help them to find employment, direct them, encourage them, elevate them, and you will do infinitely more towards checking crime by slaying sin than gallows and garrots and guillotines have done by slaying the sinner.

The Sanctity of the Home.

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

April 3d, 1892,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D

PHILADELPHIA:
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1892.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion. (Dreams, Visions, etc.)
8. Delusion. (Hypnotism, Faith-Cure, etc.)
9. Hallucination. (Ghosts, Spiritualism, etc.)
10. Jesus in the Synagogue.
11. To-Day better than Yesterday.
12. Wanted—A Rational Religious School.
13. Civilization's Debt to Woman.
14. Civilization's Duty to Woman.
15. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends.
16. Justice—Not Charity.
17. A Personal Interest Society.
18. Ancient and Modern Idolatry.
19. The Law of Retribution.
20. Reverence to whom Reverence belongs.
21. Through Labor to Rest.
22. Children's Rights and Parents' Wrongs.
23. Slay the Sin, but not the Sinner.
24. The Sanctity of the Home.
25. The Noblest Title: An "Honest Man."
26.
27.
28.

SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza—Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

SERIES II. 1888—1889.

1. Whence, Whither and Why?
2. The Voice of the People.
3. Uncharitable Charity.
4. Wife and Mother.
5. Husband and Father.
6. Origin and Descent.
7. The People of the Book.
8. Future Reward and Punishment.
9. The Ideal Commonwealth.
10. The Puritanic Sabbath.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM:

11. I. The Mosaic Age.
12. II. The Prophetic Age.
13. III. The Messianic Age.
14. IV. The Rabbinical Age.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM CONTINUED:

15. V. The Kabbalistic Age.
16. VI. The Mendelssohnian Age.
17. VII. The Present Age.
18. Ashes to Ashes, or Earth to Earth.
19. Sanitary Science.
20. Does Prohibition Prohibit?
21. Intermarriage.
22. Convert your own—Let Jews alone.
23. The 25th Anniversary of the Cornerstone-Laying of Temple Keneseth Israel.
24. Abused Benefactors.
25. A Benefactor Honored. (Rev Dr. I. M. Wise)
26. The Real Saving Trinity.
27. The Removal of the Leaven.
28. Deed through Creed.

The Sanctity of the Home.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, April 3d, 1892.

(Exod. xx, 14) לא תנאף

"A glance of heaven to see
To none on earth is given;
And yet a happy family
Is but an earlier heaven."

The *Midrash** relates a conversation between Rabbi Jose and a Roman matron, in which he maintained, that: marriages were predestined in heaven, and she: that it required no God to effect marital unions, that almost any one could turn man and woman into husband and wife. She proposed to give him a practical illustration of the truth of what she claimed. After his departure, she summoned her unmarried male and female slaves; placed the different sexes in rows, opposite each other, and then paired them off, at haphazard, just as they chanced to face each other. But, in a little while, the newly married couples appeared, one after the other, before her, with blackened eyes, and bleeding faces, and broken limbs, complaining bitterly of the mates she had given them, and begging to be freed from their insufferable yoke. She was convinced of the truth of the Rabbi's words, and hesitated not to confess it to him, when again they met, the Rabbi supplementing his former remarks with the saying, that: the linking in happy wedlock of well-mated people is the work of God, and even for Him as great a task as was the dividing of the Red Sea.†

Marriage made in heaven.

I cannot vouch for the historic truth of this story, but I am strongly inclined to believe the moral truth which it purports to teach. I believe in the divineness of the institution of marriage. I see in that strange, mysterious, irresistible fascination, which one man and one woman have for each other, and for each other only, out of all the human species, I see in the violent and inextinguishable flames, that love suddenly kindles within the heart and brain of one man and one woman, and that burn and burn, and rage, and reach out towards each other until, overcoming all difficulties and all obstacles, they exultingly meet and unite, I see in the passionate longing that suddenly springs up in the hearts of one man and one woman for each other's constant companionship, who before were proof against all of Cupid's arts

Marriage a Divine Institution.

*A compendium of ancient Jewish Homilies, Parables and Legends.
†Midrash Rab., Gen. 68.

and darts, often after but their first meeting, often before yet a word has passed between them, or before yet they know their names or stations, often without possessing any of the external attractions of physical beauty, of fortune or fame, I see in all this, a mystic, supernatural force, coming from on high, to link into holy and happy matrimony the one man and the one woman, who have been divinely destined for each other, and who cannot be kept asunder, or enter into other marital alliances, without violating God's decree, without ruining their own lives' happiness and that of others.

Faithful couples remarry in different lives.

Who knows but that the Hindoo is right in believing, that: the man and the woman, who upon their first meeting suddenly and truly and lastingly fall in love with each other, have met before; that the rapturous feeling within them at the first sight of each other, is but each soul's recognition of its former mate, that the two had lived in happy wedlock before, that in the slow evolution of the species the same two souls marry and die in one state, and reappear on earth, and marry and die again in another, higher state, till the human species is reached, and to be repeated again and again in the various higher stages of life that shall follow this. You remember how prettily this belief is told by Sir Edwin Arnold, in his charming Epic "*The Light of Asia*," in that part in which he speaks of the meeting and wooing and wedding of Prince Buddha and fair Yasodhara. It had been decreed in high council that the king's son, Prince Buddha, should be given in marriage to one of India's daughters. The fairest maidens of the realm were invited to compete with their beauty and grace and skill for the prince's hand and heart. From all parts Sakyas beautiful daughters came, each wishing in her heart to win so proud a prize. One after the other appeared hopefully and tremblingly before his throne to receive the reward of her skill from his hand. But the prize for which each fluttering heart yearned the most, Siddartha's love, none of them won.

> "Thus filed they, one bright maid after another,
> The city's flowers, and all this beauteous march
> Was ending and the prizes spent, when last
> Came young Yasodhara, and they that stood
> Nearest Siddartha saw the princely boy
> Start, as the radiant girl approached . . .
> . . . . . .
> And their eyes mixed, and from the look sprang love.
> Long after—when enlightenment was full—
> Lord Buddha—being prayed why thus his heart
> Took fire at first glance of the Sakya girl,
> Answered,: "We were not strangers as to us
> And all it seemed."

Continuing, he tells the story how, long ages back, they had met, he then a tiger, and she a tigress fair and brave, and how they had mated and lived happily together until death; and how, in ages later, they had met again, he then a hunter, and she a forest girl, to whom one day, as umpire in a race between swift-footed girls, as prize he

> "Gave a tame fawn and his heart's love beside,
> And in the wood they lived many glad years,

And in the wood they undivided died.
Lo! as hid seed shoots after rainless years,
So good and evil, pains and pleasures, hates
And loves, and all dead deeds, come forth again
Bearing bright leaves or dark, sweet fruit or sour.
Thus I was he and she Yasodhara;
And while the wheel of death and birth turns round,
That which hath been must be between us two."
Arnold's "The Light of Asia." Bk. II.

Poetic and fascinating is this Hindoo belief of the continuous remarriage in the succeeding ages of faithful and devoted pairs, and the old Jewish belief that marriages are made in heaven, that each has his mate divinely assigned. He that holds either of these beliefs has at his side a powerful aid to explain the often inexplicable, mysterious charm that one particular man and one particular woman exercise upon each other, their passionate love at first sight, their unconquerable yearning for each other's inseparable companionship, their unutterable grief when parted, their boundless joy when united, their heroic endurance for each other's sake of hardships, trials, sufferings, even death itself. With either of these two beliefs, it is easy to understand how it happens, that of the thousands and tens of thousands of men and women, often of different temperaments, of different training and culture, of different tastes and ambitions, that annually unite themselves for life, such vast numbers of them prove happy unions, make well-mated husbands and wives, are lovingly faithful and helpfully devoted to each other, tread hand in hand and heart with heart their common path of life, hold no thought apart, divine each other's wish 'ere yet expressed, study each others best interest, regard the home they found as their sanctuary, the centre of their world, their Paradise on earth, writhe under each other's agony, rejoice in each other's triumph, remain true to each other to the brink of the grave, aye, even beyond it.

A helpful poetic belief.

Even if these beliefs be only poetic conceptions of foreign lands and ancient times, in these days of prosaic opinions of the marital institution, it is refreshing to go back to times, and to mingle with people, that have not yet stripped all romance and all sanctity from the sweetest and holiest of all the relationships of life. As the panting and weary wanderer cherishes the reviving draught and the restful nook, as the sorrowing and despairing soul cherishes the slightest word of comfort and of hope, as the mother's soothing words calm her frightened babe, so comforting and encouraging it is to us in these days of marriage-profanation to read or hear of the Hindoos' or Jews' ennobling belief in the deathlessness and divineness of the marital state. Ever since it has become fashionable almost for every schoolboy and schoolgirl to ask, and to discuss, the question: "Is Marriage a Failure?" ever since it has become a profitable journalistic and theatrical feature to flaunt in the public's face all manners of matrimonial delinquencies, ever since every frivolous and contemptuous fling at the expense of marriage passes for wit, ever since the

A pleasing change from the cry: "Marriage a Failure."

frequency of divorces and the ease wherewith they are secured, the numbers of desertions, and of unhappy and ill-mated pairs, have become topics of our daily conversations, there are few things that the masses believe with firmer faith than that marriage, far from being a predestined decree, is a lottery, that men and women marry as chance happens to throw them together, somewhat as the Roman matron's plan in the Midrashic story, that marriage, far from being a divine institution, is, as modern realistic writers are portraying it, almost anything but a holy relationship, and, according to Tolstoi, even contrary to the will of God.

Marriage branded unholy.

Such croakers must remind us of that simpleton, who could not see the woods for all the trees, or of that fish that longed to have a look of water though surrounded by it. They themselves perhaps live in happiest wedlock. They see themselves surrounded by happy families, whose homes are sanctuaries and whose presiding spirits are priests. They see thousands of young men and young women meet, look deep into each others eyes, deeper still, into each others hearts, and remain sweetly buried there for ever. They hear their fervent vows at the marriage-altar. They see them walk peacefully and helpfully their path of happy wedded life. They see them invite their friends on the anniversaries of their wedding-day, that they may celebrate with them the sweet remembrance of the day that blessed them with each others faithful love and sincere trust and constant companionship. All this their own eyes see and their own ears hear abundantly, but because they know of the comparatively few whose married life is unhappy, whose love is not faithful and whose companionship is not true, whose matrimonial bark is ill-fated because it was launched ill-mated, who waited not for Love, the Divine Messenger from above, to unite them with the one their reasoning heart would have recognized intuitively as the divinely destined, but permitted sordid interest, base convenience, self-seeking matchmakers, to patch up a compact, and to wreck their lives, they straightway brand the whole institution of marriage as frivolous, as unholy, and, according to Tolstoi, as unprofitable, as deserving immediate abolition.

The many judged by the few.

Fancy an inhabitant of one of our sister planets paying us a visit of but a few hours duration. Fancy him spending a portion of that time in a Dime Museum, another portion in a Hospital, another in a Saloon, another in a Police Court, another in Whitechapel district, where he perceived only deformity, disease, drunkenness, brutality, misery, filth. Fancy yourselves reading the report he gave of us upon his return. You would fling it aside in disgust, as a gross slander of the earth's people. You would denounce him either as a malicious perverter of the truth, or as a fool, for making his exceptional observations and experiences stand for the universal traits of all the people of the earth. Such is the course pursued by many of our pessimistic essayists and novelists. They happen to come across isolated cases of unhappy marriages, or to chance into a Divorce-Court, or to read in sensational papers pitiable stories of conjugal infelicities, or to witness

stage-representations of the low and vulgar reasons for which people enter into marriage and step out of it, and forgetting that it is the exception that confronts them, that newspapers and theatres make exceptions their most prominent and most profitable feature, knowing that the exceptional, the novel, the sensational, have a strong fascination for the masses, that to deal with the general rule, to depict faithful husbands, devoted wives, happy homes, would mean financial disaster, for almost everybody can see that at home, in his neighbor's house, in the society in which he moves, without reading about it in the newspapers, without the trouble and expense to see it on the stage, forgetting this, they treat the comparatively few unhappy marriages as if they were the general rule.

Count Tolstoi has given us a striking illustration of such perversion of truth in a recent novel of his. I mention him, because he is the most honorable of his school of writers. He writes not for sensation or for profit. He is in earnest, and he sincerely believes and means what he writes and says. But, to be just, as well as charitable, the best we can say of him is that he is a deluded old man, who has forgotten the romance and poetry of youth, and the charm and power of early love. He is like that simpleton and fish that I spoke of before. He himself lives in happy wedded life. He associates with friends who are as happily married as he. He is surrounded by homes in which peace and sanctity, joy and harmony have uninterrupted sway. But he also knows a few isolated couples of which the husbands are characterless, and the wives heartless, and whose matrimonial bark naturally strand on the shoals of sin and crime, and he raises a loud hue and cry against the baseness of the marital relation, and clamors for its abolition. Behind him there is a school of realistic writers and speakers that vociferously echo his clamors. And their din and noise fairly drown the calm and truthful and dignified stories that are told by the world's best men and women, of the blessings of marriage, of the sanctity of the home, of its ennobling influence on the individual and society, how without the home many of our brightest stars would never have illumined our sphere, and many of our greatest blessings would never have been ours

Abolition of Marriage advocated.

Mr. Samuel Smiles has collected in his book "*Character*" a number of interesting and touching letters and excerpts from autobiographies of celebrated men and women, that strongly confirm my position, and from which, with your permission, I shall read a few selections:

Illustrations of marital blessings

"Many external circumstances of happiness," DeTocqueville wrote, "have been granted to me. But more than all, I have to thank Heaven for having bestowed on me true domestic happiness, the first of human blessings. . . . . Of all the blessings which God has given to me, the greatest of all, in my eyes, is to have lighted on Marie. You cannot imagine what she is in great trials. Usually so gentle, she then becomes strong and energetic. She watches me without my knowing it; she softens, calms, and strengthens me in difficulties which disturb *me* but leave her serene. . . . I cannot describe to you the happiness yielded in the long run by the habitual society of a woman in whose soul all that is good in your own is reflected naturally, and even improved. When I say or do a thing which seems to me to be perfectly right, I read immediately in Marie's countenance an expression of proud satisfaction which elevates me. And so,

when my conscience reproaches me, her face instantly clouds over. Although I have great power over her mind, I see with pleasure that she awes me, and so long as I love her as I do now, I am sure that I shall never allow myself to be drawn into anything that is wrong."

"Man longs for a happiness" wrote M. Guizot, whose turbulent life was sustained by a noble wife, "more complete and more tender than which all the labors and triumphs of active exertion and public importance can bestow. What I know to-day, at the end of my race, I have felt when it began, and during its continuance. Even in the midst of great undertakings, domestic affections form the basis of life; and the most brilliant career has only superficial and incomplete enjoyments, if a stranger to the happy ties of family and friendship."

"Twenty-four years experience has shown me," wrote Count Zinzendorf of his wife, "that just the helpmate whom I have is the only one that could suit my vocation. Who else could have so carried through my family affairs?—Who lived so spotlessly before the world? . . . Who would, like she, without a murmur have seen her husband encounter such dangers by land and sea?—who undertaken with him, and sustained, such astonishing pilgrimages? Who, amidst such difficulties, could have held up her head and supported me?"

Edmund Burke said of his home: "Every care vanishes the moment I enter under my own roof."

John Stuart Mill dedicated his treatise "*On Liberty*" to his wife in these touching words: "To the beloved and deplored memory of her who was the inspirer, and in part the author, of all that is best in my writings—the friend and wife, whose exalted sense of truth and right was my strongest incitement, and whose approbation was my chief reward, I dedicate this volume."

Luther, speaking of his wife said: ' I would not exchange my poverty with her for all the riches of Croesus without her. . . . The utmost blessing that God can confer on a man is the possession of a good and a pious wife with whom he may live in peace and tranquility."

The following is the epitaph Carlyle inscribed upon the tombstone of his wife: "In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common, but also a soft amiability, a capacity of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart, which are rare. For forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him as none else could in all of worthy that he did or attempted."*

Time will not permit me to continue these extracts, or to dwell upon the encouragement and help other great men received from their wives, such as the brave Dr. Livingstone during his travels in South Africa, or the blind naturalist Huber, or the philosopher William Hamilton, or the scientist Faraday, or the jurist Grotius, and a host of others. Neither will it permit me to quote extracts from letters and biographies of women in which they tell of their domestic happiness, how marriage ennobled their being, gave a holy mission to their life, how a babe's soft accents, a husband's tender words of love and cheer, allayed every fear, banished every evil thought, conjured Paradise from heaven into their heart, and spread its glory over all the domain over which they held sway.

But why need more be said, why need anything at all be said, in vindication of the Marital Institution, or in opposition to the senseless clamor for its abolition? They who would abolish it permanently would first have to undo some thousands of years of civilization, would then have to change human nature, would then have to annul God's decree, and their thwarted efforts, after they had proceeded but a little way, would soon teach them of the folly of their attempt. Whether we

To abolish Marriage must change Human Nature first.

* Smiles, *Character*, Chap. XI.

believe or not that the two souls, that mysteriously and irresistibly feel themselves drawn towards the marriage altar, lived united in happy wedlock in a preceding life, or that the two hearts, which pure love inseparably welds into one, were divinely predestined for each other, this we must believe that the union of two hearts and souls of opposite sex in Holy Wedlock is a Law of Nature, a Decree of God.

It is a mistake to believe that it is the option of man or woman to marry or not. If it were, few men and women would voluntarily take upon themselves the cares and burdens, the trials and sufferings, that marriage, with all its happiness, involves. A few may rebel. The masses must marry. Nature is determined that the human species shall continue, and shall gradually develop into the god-like, and for that end it needs, it must have, and it will have, the Institution of Marriage. It knows no better means and no better training-school than it. In that sacred relationship the root of civilization lies imbedded. It is the fountain from which all our virtues spring. It is there where husband and wife learn the lesson of mutual dependence and mutual helpfulness, consideration for each other's feelings, respect for each others rights, endurance of hardships and trials for each others sake. It is there where the altruistic instincts acquire ascendancy over the egoistic, and the passions subject themselves to the control of reason. There parents learn and practice the lesson of self-sacrifice, forethought, industry, domesticity. There children learn and practice obedience, gratitude, love, reverence. There both learn to give to society that support and obedience that shall enable it to promote the highest good of all, and to protect the sanctity of each home. That a relationship from which so much of public and private blessings flow, that is so powerful a civilizer, that holds within its grasp almost the only blessings that make life worth living: the purest love, the sincerest appreciation, the most devoted companionship, the most heroic self-sacrifice, the highest happiness, should not bear the impress of divine coinage is difficult for the thoughtful to believe. To be asked to believe, as Count Tolstoi would have us, that the marital relationship degrades the human being into a sensuous beast, and should, therefore, be abolished, is an insult to those blessed beings whom we name parents, children, husband, wife, is an insult to that sacred home that was our first school of love, of virtue, our first and sweetest fount of happiness.

With some of you, who have observed some phases of the marital state in the upper and in the lower strata of society, the sophistry of the realistic school of writers may have considerable weight. Unable to discover the stamp of divine coinage in marriages that are scandalized by corruptions and brutalities, you may be of the opinion that: if such marriages have been made anywhere outside our sphere, it must have been in the lowest hell, if such a place there be. But let me caution you again: Beware of false generalizations; make not of the exception a general rule. There have been theologians many whose lives have been unholy; religion nevertheless

Abuse no argument of uselessness.

continued a holy and a blessed institution. Children have been brutal to parents, and parents cruel to children; the parental and filial relationships have nevertheless continued sweet and ennobling to this day. Husbands and wives may be false to each other, and homes may be cursed; marriage will nevertheless continue a Divine Institution, and homes bits of heaven strewn all over our earth. Where such unhappy couples you see, remember that God never was their match-maker, neither was their marriage contract signed in Heaven. Cupid never aimed his dart of love at them; it was the demon of discord who shot his arrow, barbed with unholy desires, into their hearts, and poisoned them forever.

There are those, who would not wait for their God-sent mate, whose coming, their hearts, if pure, would unerringly have divined, and they married in haste only to repent in leisure. There are those, who passed by the one that Heaven sent to bless their lives and to sanctify their homes, and linked themselves to greater purse or to greater physical beauty, or to the bubble of a greater name, only to find the greater prove the worse.

Reasons for unhappy marriages.

But a little time sufficed to convince them that infatuation is not love, and that calculating shrewdness does not secure marital bliss.

Wealth may have filled their houses with elegance, and prospered them in a worldly way. But it starved their hearts and left their mansions poor in that domestic happiness that makes the humblest cottage rich. It afforded abundant idleness, and ample means for gratifying every wish within reach, and the idler their hands the busier their feet in running, and the more plenteous their means to gratify cravings, the greater their indulgences and excesses, their revels and riots, their forgetfulness of marital duties and marital vows.

Beauty may have exercised a powerful attraction, and aroused admiration everywhere. But it turned their heads, and made them slaves to vanity and flattery, made them sacrifice modesty to display, and domesticity to public exhibition, encouraged rivalries, awakened jealousies, aroused suspicions, and—extinguished the flame that once burnt within them and for each other, and darkened the home forever.

Disparity in station, in breeding, in disposition, may have lent piquancy at first, but the novelty wore off, and they found to their infinite grief that they were married but not mated. Companionship between them became formal. Home became intolerable to them. They sought elsewhere the pleasures and diversions they could not find at home. Disrespect and hatred lodged themselves within their hearts, and strife and cruelty within the home. Peace and happiness took wing, and left broken hearts and desecrated homes behind.

But they that embark on the matrimonial sea with a commission from on high encounter no such dangers. With flying colors, and amidst cheers and blessings, they sail fearlessly forth, with goal clearly fixed, with helm firm in hand, with love-filled sails to speed them on, with compass in their hearts so delicately poised as to indicate the slightest deviation

Easy sails the properly fitted matrimonial bark.

from their path, and to set them instantly aright. The winds may howl, the waves may lash, with experience-attested charts before them, with watchful eyes and with courageous hand to guide, their well-constructed bark fears not those shoals and rocks on which many an ill-guided craft has stranded. To the last captain and mate remain conscious of the sacrifices each has made for the other, in undertaking together the hazardous journey of wedded life, and of the responsibilities they owe to that little crew they, one by one, take aboard. To the last each shares the others cares, each strives to lessen the others burden and to increase the others joys. To the last there is not a moment's shrinking from duty or relaxation of watchfulness. To the last both bestow the utmost care and attention upon their little crew, that they, in their turn, may one day safely guide noble craft's on life's varied seas. On whatever bark such captain, mate, and crew you see, in whatever home such husband, wife, and children you find:

"If there is happiness below,
In such a home she's shrined;
The human heart can never know
Enjoyment more refined,
Than where the sacred band is twined
Of filial and parental ties,—
That tender union all combined
Of Nature's holiest sympathies."

—Fitzarthur.

The Noblest Title: An "Honest Man."

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

April 10th, 1892,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D

PHILADELPHIA:
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1892.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion. (Dreams, Visions, etc.)
8. Delusion. (Hypnotism, Faith-Cure, etc.)
9. Hallucination. (Ghosts, Spiritualism, etc.)
10. Jesus in the Synagogue.
11. To-Day better than Yesterday.
12. Wanted—A Rational Religious School.
13. Civilization's Debt to Woman.
14. Civilization's Duty to Woman.
15. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends.
16. Justice—Not Charity.
17. A Personal Interest Society.
18. Ancient and Modern Idolatry.
19. The Law of Retribution.
20. Reverence to whom Reverence belongs.
21. Through Labor to Rest.
22. Children's Rights and Parents' Wrongs.
23. Slay the Sin, but not the Sinner.
24. The Sanctity of the Home.
25. The Noblest Title: An "Honest Man."
26. The Highest Crown: A "Good Name."
27.
28.

SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza-Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

SERIES II. 1888—1889.

1. Whence, Whither and Why?
2. The Voice of the People.
3. Uncharitable Charity.
4. Wife and Mother.
5. Husband and Father.
6. Origin and Descent.
7. The People of the Book.
8. Future Reward and Punishment.
9. The Ideal Commonwealth.
10. The Puritanic Sabbath.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM:

11. I. The Mosaic Age.
12. II. The Prophetic Age.
13. III. The Messianic Age.
14. IV. The Rabbinical Age.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM CONTINUED:

15. V. The Kabbalistic Age.
16. VI. The Mendelssohnian Age.
17. VII. The Present Age.
18. Ashes to Ashes, or Earth to Earth.
19. Sanitary Science.
20. Does Prohibition Prohibit?
21. Intermarriage.
22. Convert your own—Let Jews alone.
23. The 25th Anniversary of the Cornerstone-Laying of Temple Keneseth Israel.
24. Abused Benefactors.
25. A Benefactor Honored. (Rev Dr. I. M. Wise)
26. The Real Saving Trinity.
27. The Removal of the Leaven.
28. Deed through Creed.

The Noblest Title: An "Honest Man."

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

Philadelphia, April 10th, 1892.

לא תגנב (Exod. xx. 15.)

ארור מסיג גבול רעהו (Deut. xxvii. 17.)

מניע בר יקבהו לאום (Prov. xi. 26.)

אני אמרתי בחפזי כל האדם כזב (Psalms cxvi. 11.)

"I hope I shall always possess firmness enough to maintain, what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an "Honest Man."—George Washington.

When on such a collection of Biblical citations as the above I ponder, I cannot but think of yet another Scriptural passage, the one the wise Koheleth wrote, "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; there is nothing new under the sun. Is there anything whereof it may be said: See, this is new?"* There may be little comfort in such an array of crushing testimony against the honesty of people of the hoary past, yet it assures us that dishonesty is not an invention of our own. The earliest lawgiver had found it necessary to put the thief into the pillory of his Ten Commandments, where he has remained on public exhibition to this day. Robbing the poor, amassing lands and properties by fraudulent means, "cornering" markets, were, as passages such as the above indicate, familiar crimes in ancient times, and the Psalmist of old went so far as to declare that "every man is a deceiver."

The antiquity of Dishonesty.

Such a characterization of one of the most advanced peoples of the past, and by a Biblical writer, would speak volumes for the depravity of human nature, were it not for the writer's own implied confession that he had indulged in an exaggeration, that it was a hasty statement, made at a time when he was under great affliction. This confession explains a similar characterization of another highly cultured people, found in the writings of a more recent distinguished author in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. He makes the hero of his fancy say that "to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand," and to give to his friend's news that "the world's grown honest," the reply "Then is doomsday near." Hamlet, too, was laboring under great mental affliction, was in a melancholy mood, knew of base

Its universality.

* Eccl. i, 9–10.

falsities and strongly suspected more, and so it was quite natural for one in such a state of mind to indulge in gloomy exaggerations, to believe no more than one man out of ten thousand honest, and to expect the dawn of doomsday sooner than seeing the world growing honest.

Honesty held to be an unprofitable investment.

But not so easy of explanation is a still more recent statement by another distinguished writer, M. Renan, in his new volume of "*Souvenirs.*" This scholarly author, in all seriousness, questions whether in our present state honesty is at all possible or even profitable, to quote his own words: "If it were quite clear that virtue was a paying investment, men of business who are very sagacious, would long since have noted the fact and become virtuous. We know that virtue is a bad investment in this present finite state of things,"* or, in other words, that honesty, at present, is not the best policy, and that the average man, to further his own interests, must be, or chooses to be dishonest. I had scarcely gotten over my astonishment at so extravagant a statement by one, whom a long experience as author ought to have taught the necessity of carefully weighing each word before giving it to the public, when my attention was drawn to two items of news, one contained in a recent New York letter to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, and reading as follows.

"The average man is dishonest," said a prominent New York merchant to your correspondent to-day. The merchant is a member of the Chamber of Commerce and Board of Trade and the President of another commercial association. "I do not mean to say," he added, "that every man is dishonest, far from it, but I do say that the average man, and the average woman, for that matter, will steal if he or she gets a chance, and I base this opinion upon my own experience and observation in business. During the past ten years thirty-six of my own employés have stolen from me in amounts ranging from a few dollars to $5000. A recent case was that of a $35 a week clerk who defaulted for less than a thousand dollars. Thirty-six discovered cases of theft among my own employés in ten years."

and the other stating that a journal a short time ago had offered a school prize for the best essay on "Honesty." Of the twenty-three responses received a large proportion proved to have been stolen, and one, a poem, was stolen entire. And when to such facts as these we add the late disclosures of official corruption in New York, in Chicago, in our own City, and elsewhere, that proved the guilt of dishonesty on men that were trusted and honored by their Communities, that held distinguished offices in religious and charitable and social organizations, when we think of the Canadian Colony of United States ex-Aldermen, ex-Bank officials, ex-Superintendents of Sunday Schools, ex-Deacons of Churches, it seems almost impossible not to agree with the Psalmist of old that all men are deceivers, or with Shakespeare that among ten thousand men possibly one honest man may be found, that we shall sooner behold doomsday than an honest world, or with Renan that virtue must be a bad investment in this present finite state, or with the prominent New York merchant that the average man will steal if he gets a chance.

Were this, however, to be our final verdict we would be guilty our-

* Ecl. Magaz. April, '92, page 500.

selves of that very exaggeration which we reprove in others. It is undoubtedly true that men and women have been dishonest ever since we have any knowledge of them. Equally true it is that fraud and robbery still flourish before our very doors. But the sweeping charge that the average man is dishonest, or would be so if he had a chance, is, in my opinion, not true. The term "average man" includes the whole of rational and responsible society, and I have too firm a faith in the sway of morality over humanity, to believe every sane member of it guilty of, or temptable to, dishonesty. Thousands of years of civilization, of education, of religious teaching, of social intercourse, of necessitated bridling of the greeds and appetites, have stamped the lesson that honesty is the best policy, more, is a right *per se*, too deep in human nature to permit dishonesty to become the controlling vice of man. It is unfortunately true the lesson has been a difficult one to learn, and many have proven themselves poor pupils, some even hopeless cases. But why overlook the many, who have mastered their task, and daily repeat it without a flaw, whom neither obstacle nor temptation will confuse or lead astray?

The average man not dishonest.

Honesty has not yet become such a rarity as to necessitate our visiting some ancient museum to see a specimen of it. It flourishes at our doors. It looks into our windows. It runs against us on our streets. It counts its devotees among the young and among the old, among the high and among the low. There is probably not one among you who has not beautiful stories to tell of pleasing encounters with it. Only this very morning on my way here I observed, as I had frequently done before, different newspapers displayed for sale on the doorsteps of a house, with a number of coins scattered over them, without a salesman in sight. I saw a man approach the unguarded improvised newspaper stand, pick out the paper he wanted, deposit the price for it, and go his way, without any one present to satisfy himself of the honesty of the transaction. An insignificant affair though it was, to me it proved that the owner of these papers showed by his absence that he did not believe in the dishonesty of the average man, while the man who selected his paper and deposited the price of it alongside the other coins, without as much as looking for the salesman, convinced me that there are some who will not steal even though they have the chance.

Illustration of people's honesty.

I remember asking once for a name or date, I do not now recollect which, in one of my classes, to which the answer was rather slow in forthcoming. At length the answer, or what I understood to be the right answer, was given me by one of the boys, which I acknowledged with a few words of praise. When I had written the answer on the board to impress it the better on the other pupils, the boy that had, as I believed, given it rose to say, that the answer on the board was not what he had said, and that he was therefore not entitled to the praise he had received. Here we have another illustration that chance, and even the safest, will not always tempt to dishonesty.

It was the Rev. Robert Collyer, I believe, who told us the touching story, how he was one very cold evening approached in an Edinburgh hotel by a little boy, with a pinched face, his bare feet frozen, his body but scantily covered with rags, and asked: "Please, sir, buy some matches." Mr. Collyer did not want any. "But they are only a penny a box," said the shivering little fellow. The cheapness had no temptation for the Reverend gentleman. "You may have two boxes for a penny" begged the little piece of starved humanity. Mr. Collyer had no change, and promised to buy some other time. "Oh, do buy them to-night," the boy pleaded, "I will run and get you the change, for I'm very hungry." Unable to resist any longer, the clergyman gave him a shilling, never expecting to see the boy again. For a few hours his expectation proved true. But late in the evening a still smaller and still more wretched looking boy rushed into the hotel, up to a group of gentlemen, and breathlessly asked: "Be any of ye's the gentleman that bought matches from brother Sandie." Mr. Collyer told him he was the man. "Here, sir, is fourpence out o'yer shilling. Sandie cannot come; he's very ill; a cab ran over him and knocked him down, and he lost his cap and his matches, and your sevenpence, and both his legs are broken, and the doctor says he'll die, and that's a'," and then putting the fourpence on the table, the poor child burst out in tears, and brought tears into the eyes of his listeners. Mr. Collyer accompanied the boy to his miserable lodging in the slums of Edinburgh, where he found the story only too true. Both their parents were dead. There was neither food nor warmth in the room, temptation enough to be dishonest, and yet the dying boy's only thought in all his agony was to have the change brought back—all that was left of it—to the gentleman, and he could not be pacified till his wee little brother had started to take it back, and to explain the delay and the shortage of the change. A pleased expression stole over his pallid face when he saw Mr. Collyer enter the miserable hole. Faintly he apologized for not coming back with the change, begged him not to think him dishonest, commended his little brother Reuby to his care—and breathed his last. Here was extreme poverty, slum-environment, inexperienced youth, favoring opportunity, fatal accident, mighty temptations to dishonesty, and yet even here human character proved that it is not wholly depraved.

Let us look at this question from yet another point of view. During the recent Franco-Prussian war, as Dr. Neale informs us, a cavalry Captain called a French peasant, who was working in the field, to his side, and commanded him to take him and his troop to a good barley-field, where the horses could be fed. The peasant, obliged to obey, led them some way, till at length he brought them to what they wanted. "These will do very well," said the Captain. "Nay, follow me a little further still," said the guide, "and I will show you one that will do better." Soon they reached another barley-field. "This does not seem to be as good a field," said the Captain, somewhat surprised, "as that which you led us past." "No," said the peasant, "but this is *mine*." Was this perhaps

another instance of the average man's dishonesty or of his yielding to it under favoring chances? Here was a simple peasant, forced to show a barley-field to an enemy for depredation, passing by one that satisfied the enemy even better, and leading them into his own field, believing it in his heart to be dishonest to surrender another man's field to the foe, and save his own.

Let us hear another story, one that Paxton Hood tells, that will help to make our argument stronger still. The scene of this narrative is laid in the Alpine region of Switzerland, and the principal characters are two humble peasants, named Franz and Gaspard. "My friend," said Franz one day to Gaspard, who was mowing his field, "the time is come to clear the hay from the meadow. You know there is a dispute about the meadow whether it belongs to you or me. The judges meet at Salenche to-morrow, and they want us to appear before them to state our case." "You see, Franz," answered Gaspard, "that I have cut the grass; it is, therefore absolutely necessary that I should get it up to-morrow; I cannot leave it." "And I cannot send away the judges, who have chosen the day themselves. Besides, we must know to whom the meadow belongs before it is cleared." They debated some time. At length Gaspard said to Franz: "Go to Salenche, tell the judges my reasons as well as your own for claiming the meadow, and then I need not go myself." So it was agreed. Franz pleaded both for and against himself, and, to the best of his power presented his own and Gaspard's claims. When the judges had pronounced their sentence he returned to his friend saying: "The meadow is thine; the judgment is in thy favor, and I wish you joy." What better chance can anyone have to further his own cause at the expense of another than Franz had? What better evidence can we have that there are men whose honesty is beyond all temptation of gain? What better proof that not everybody has arrived at that pessimistic state in which every man is believed to be dishonest than the confidence which Gaspard reposed in Franz?

It may be objected that in the examples that I have given the temptations weremere trifles, and that the heroes were mere children who had not yet gotten beyond the influence of Sunday Schools and Nursery Tales, and who had not yet the courage to be dishonest, or simple rustics too far removed from the centres of civilization to be contaminated by the corruptions of trade, and by the extravagances of society. As far as the trifling temptations are concerned, your own schoolday recollections will bear me out that a teacher's public recognition of merit is not a trifle to a pupil; and to boys selling papers or matches for a living the brown coppers are as much of a treasure as the yellow guineas and eagles are to the merchant princes, and a barley-field or a meadow is as much of a fortune to a French or Swiss peasant as a Western ranch is to a Duke. And as to saddling dishonesty on the cities, especially on their wealthier people, we need but recall the money-transaction between the founder of the House of Rothschild and the prince of Hesse Cassel to be assured that men may live in cities and engage in trades, and be wealthy, and have

the best chances for greatly increasing their wealth by dishonest means, and yet maintain a spotless honesty. During the French War the prince of Hesse Cassel, fleeing through Frankfort with a large treasure in his possession, left it with Rothschild, to be used as seemed best to the banker, with little hope of ever seeing it again, knowing that the enemy might anyday enter Frankfort and rob the banker of all his possessions. A part of his fear came true. The French army entered Frankfort, plundered the city, robbed Rothschild of all but the prince's treasure, which was buried in his garden. This he dug up, and used in trade, and when the times of peace returned he restored the money and the jewels to the prince, though he had lost his own. The prince in gratitude recommended the honest banker to various sovereigns, and thus helped to build up the name and fortune of the famous Banking House. Here was certainly chance enough for dishonesty. Herr Rothschild could easily have given it out that the deposited treasure had been robbed together with his own, and the prince would never have been the wiser. And should it even be claimed that the banker's honesty was only a speculation, that he counted on larger returns from his honesty than his dishonesty would have yielded, even this would disprove Renan's belief that 'virtue is a bad investment, that if honesty were the best policy sagacious business men would long since have noted the fact, and become honest.'

There is yet another objection to be met. Men may admit that the Psalmist and M. Renan and the New York merchant indulged in exaggerations when they credited every man, or the average man with dishonesty, that the illustrations of honesty that I had given are true, and a thousand others like them, and yet hold with *Hamlet* that "to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand," that the degrees of dishonesty from highway robbery to the little harmless deceptions are so many, and some of such delicate shading, that people are often guilty of it without knowing, and in such large numbers as to make Pope's celebrated line:

Wide prevalence of dishonesty admitted.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

also true in paraphrase:

"An honest man's the rarest work of God."

It may be claimed that the prominence given to such stories, as I cited above, in school, in church, on stage, in press, on platform, in conversation, indicates that honesty is an exceptional virtue, that the patent locks and bolts and safes and burglar-alarms wherewith we protect our homes and shops and offices, the precautionary contracts and notes and pledges and signatures we ask and give often even from and to our nearest and dearest, the fears we entertain, the suspicions we harbor, do not show a very strong faith in human honesty; that the higher salaries we pay for, and greater honors we show to, honest service, that the reward we offer and pay to the restorer of a lost article, and the indignation we feel when such a return is not sufficiently rewarded, shows but too plainly how rare and how marketable a virtue honesty is.

That objection, we fear, is one that we shall not easily meet. It is unfortunately based on too much truth to encourage much of an attempt at answering it. Explain away as much as we may, the fact remains that dishonesty is perhaps the commonest, the most wide-spread sin of the human family, that it infests every strata of society, that it is as much at home in the Courts of Justice, in the Halls of Legislation, in the School and in the Church, as it is in the Public Marts.

It is not a frequent pulpit theme. Preachers are often too dishonest themselves to aim their eloquence at the dishonest. It is there where Renan's doctrine of the unprofitableness of honesty has considerable force. Honest speaking might injure the preacher's salary, might endanger his re-election, might bring coolness between himself and his influential supporters. There was a plantation preacher during the days of slavery, who wielded considerable influence over his little flock of slaves. One day the slave master said to him: "Pompey I hear you are a great preacher." "Yes, massa, de Lord do help me powerful sometimes." "Well, Pompey, don't you think the negroes steal little things on the plantation?" "I'se mighty 'fraid they does, massa." "Then, Pompey, I want you to preach a sermon to the negroes against stealing." After a brief reflection, Pompey replied, "You see, massa dat wouldn't never do, 'cause 'twould trow such a col'ness over de meetin'." Other and more cultured preachers are equally afraid that preaching against the transgression of the Eighth Commandment is apt to seriously damage their popularity, and to throw a coolness over their relationship with those, whose toes might be stepped upon.

Due to Preachers' Dishonesty.

Such pulpit dishonesty, such fear of honestly preaching the honest truth to dishonest people, may be not a little responsible that fraud and knavery and deception are still perhaps the commonest and most wide-spread of all our sins. Among the other reasons that Law of Nature that enforces a Struggle for Existence stands foremost. The necessities of life are not equally divided. Some have much, others little, others must engage in a keen struggle to have any at all. Cold and hunger are painful, and to those that have to suffer them the abundance of the rich is mightily tempting. And since man's evolution from the lower species, among which the instinct of the inviolability of proprietary right is wholly wanting, is but of a comparatively recent date, and since in lower animal life the mode of maintaining existence is, excepting the domestic animals, wholly by means of brute-force, thievery, cunning, it is not to be wondered that brutish men in want should still employ the methods of brutes to keep alive.

To "Struggle for Existence."

As another reason for the frequency of frauds and deceptions we may mention that other Law of Nature, that enforces the *Survival of the Fittest*. The fittest, however, as in the commercial world, for instance, is not always the most virtuous. Here, too, Renan's belief that "virtue is a bad investment in this present finite state of things" applies with considerable directness. Honest men with

To "Survival of the Fittest."

honest methods are forced to compete with dishonest men and dishonest methods for the patronage of people, who are largely guided by appearance or price or talk, and lower price and poorer quality and oily talk win where honest goods and honest prices and honest representation often fail. To have an equal chance for surviving, such would-be-honest men are much inclined to look upon themselves as martyrs, but not to the extent of sacrificing loss rather than integrity. They think themselves justified to falsify goods, to misrepresent, to steal from their laborers' wages, as their competitors do, to have an equal chance for proving themselves the *Survival of the Fittest.*

As another reason we might mention the manifold advantages that wealth enjoys, and the corresponding degradation and misery of poverty.

To Advantage of Wealth.

"In this present finite state of things" labor has little for its toil, money has it all. The purse is mightier than the square and compass, mightier than the pen. The rich man has a world at his feet; the poor man has a world at his throat. All honors, all doors, all hearts, all pleasures, fly open before the one; and close before the other. The handsome mansion of the one faces the beautiful avenue; the miserable tenement of the other stands in the filth-reeking alley or by-street. The table of the one groans under the weight of the choicest viands; the other groans because of the emptiness of his table. Luxuriant equipages convey the one; the other must trudge with weary foot his distant way. To escape the summer's heat, the one hastens to the seaside, or to the mountain top, or to his country residence, and to escape the winter's cold he betakes himself to a warmer climate; the other must swelter at his toil when the sun burns hottest, and shiver when the storm blows coldest. Discontent roots itself in the heart of the latter. It developes a false line of reasoning. He believes that all men have an equal right to all wealth, that the taking from the rich the superfluities of wealth is an act as salutary as the leech's drawing blood from a full-blooded patient, that his wealth was easily acquired, and that it is, therefore, no wrong to help oneself to a part of it.

As another reason for the prevalence of dishonesty we might mention our tolerance of high-toned fraud. We bestow the title of genius on

To tolerance of high-toned fraud

those sharpers who know the art of swindling the people out of millions of dollars. We honor as our aristocracy the "Bears" and "Bulls" of our Stock Exchange, that lower or raise the value of stocks as best profits their own pockets and empties those of others. We hail as benefactors the organizers of monopolies, trusts and combines, who wreck fortunes and lives, raise prices, lower wages, impoverish the many to enrich the few. We feel ourselves honored to be noted by "stock-gamblers," "stock-waterers," by those who "corner" the markets, bankrupt the nations and plunder the people. We invest with high offices the henchmen of legislation-needing corporations, political bosses, who deal in voters as drovers deal in cattle, and whose services, pledged to the people, are ever at the command of the highest bidder. With such high-toned fraud as model, we cannot be

surprised at the abundance of low-toned thievery in the lower strata. With such honors heaped upon the big sharks, we cannot be surprised that the small fry should be tempted into the high art of spoliation to be somebodies, too, believing with Weber: "Man muss heutzutage betrügen, wenn man ein ehrlicher Mann sein will," we cannot be surprised that there should be such a wide-spread belief that to be successful the best mode to pursue is

> "the simple plan
> That they should take who have the power
> And they should keep who can"

and that the captured common criminals should ever seek to palliate their offense by claiming that they have done only in another form what the rich are doing daily unpunished, that there is Law for the rich but not for the poor, that for the private thief there is the prison, for the public thief there are honors and offices, for the slayer of one: the top of the scaffold, for the slayer of the thousands: the top of the ladder.

As another reason why dishonesty is so common and so wide-spread we may mention certain false standards of morals that are winked at, even sanctioned, by respectable people. Men often parade as economy, as sagacious dealing, as sharp manoeuvering, what is downright fraud and deception. It would require a more powerful magnifying glass than any that has yet been constructed to discover a difference between thievery and certain sharp dealings practiced by people, who think themselves paragons of honesty. People think nothing of squeezing their tax-rates till scarcely the rind is left to the authorities, to elude the revenue-officer and to evade the payment of duties, of rail-way fares, as if it were less criminal to defraud governments or corporations than individuals. People think nothing of advertising wares and prices in style and language that are well-known to themselves to be positive misrepresentations, as if it were less criminal to steal money out of peoples' pockets in one way than in another. People think nothing of recommending to others employees whom they have dismissed for unfitness, and friends whose abilities they know to be of little value, as if tampering with a man's confidence were not as much of a crime as tampering with his cash-drawer. People think nothing of screwing their laborers' wages down to the starvation point, as if stealing a man's labor were not as great a guilt as stealing its accumulated product. They may call it "legitimate business," "honest gain," or by some other euphonious name—as the Arab thieves call in their language, their plunder: "gain"—call it what they will, Lowell still is right:

To false standards of morals.

> "In vain we call old notions fudge
> And bend our conscience to our dealing;
> The Ten Commandments will not budge;
> And stealing *will* continue stealing."

We must not misunderstand the last line of this stanza. Lowell does not mean to say that man will always continue stealing, but that stealing,

Hope for the future.

no matter in what form, will always be called stealing. No, I do not think that fraud and deception will always be as common and as wide-spread as now. We have seen that they are not as all-pervading as the Psalmist and Shakespeare and Renan and the New York merchant would have us believe. I believe, and I have proof for believing it, that there is less dishonesty now than ever before. I believe there will be less of it in the future than now. I have faith in the moral evolution of human kind. I believe the time is fast drawing nigh when preachers will be less fearless to speak the honest truth, and congregations less resentful at hearing it; when men will heed more the counsels of the divine that is within them and less those of the brute instincts that are not yet eliminated; when men will place integrity above self-interest, and find it the most profitable as well as the most honorable investment; "when plain living and high thinking" will replace extravagance and the resorting to dishonest means for its indulgence; when labor will equally share with wealth the advantages and enjoyments of life; when character and not money will constitute the universal standard of moral excellence; when the high-toned criminals will be dealt with as the low-toned; when every man will echo the noble sentiment Washington expressed: "I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain, what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an "Honest Man."

The Highest Fame: A "Good Name."

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

Philadelphia, April 17th, 1892.

לא תענה ברעך עד שקר (Exod. xx; 16)

עד שקרים לא ינקה (Prov. xix; 5)

מפיץ וחרב וחץ שנון איש ענה ברעהו עד שקר (Prov. xxv. 18)

"There are three crowns: the Crown of Learning, the Crown of Priesthood, the Crown of Royalty, but the Crown of a Good Name is greater than all." (Talmud, *Aboth* iv; 13.)

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Goldsmith—*The Hermit*. St. 8.

So the poet said, and experience confirms his saying. But experience also confirms the addition some wag made to this stanza, that though "man wants but little here below" he wants of that little a great deal. Authorities on Dietetics tell us that about twenty-five ounces of plain and nutritious food is all that an adult requires a day to keep mind and body in good health and in vigorous activity, and that nature readily supplies that want with but a little aid from man. The covering that man needs to protect himself against the cold and heat, nature, too, amply provides, also requiring but little of man's labor. Were man content with this, a few hours' toil a day would suffice to secure for him all the necessaries for the maintenance of strong and useful life. But man, instead, makes life synonymous with ceaseless toil and moil. The earth he turns into a mighty workshop, where his hours of respite are few, and his cares and worries many. He toils for more food than he can eat, for more clothes than he needs, for more money than he can wisely spend, for more power than needed to keep his own, for more knowledge than required to guide him aright. Why this life-long slavery for what is not needed? Why this care and worry for that which, when attained, brings but more of burden? For what is increase of wealth but a recognition of one's poverty? What is increase of power but a recognition of one's feebleness? What is increase of knowledge but increase of ignorance, increase of pleasure but increase of pain, increase of fame but increase of defamers?

Life made a ceaseless toil.

Yet, what is all toil and trouble compared with the satisfaction of living on other peoples' lips, of filling a place in other peoples' minds, of

seeing one's name conspicuous in public movements, of being well spoken of, well thought of by friend and stranger, near and far. Here is the solution why man slaves for more than he needs to maintain life, or to guide him aright. His aim is a name. No man is a nonentity from choice. However great his indifference to other things, he never seeks of his own accord to pass for a cipher. Men fear unimportance more than want, and oblivion more than death. There are those who, if they cannot be famous, will rather be infamous than be unknown altogether. Every man would figure as a somebody, and to gratify his desire he knows he must distinguish himself in some way above his surrounding fellow-creatures, he must achieve or possess something that others have not to attract his neighbors' attention. For the prize of a name men will resist temptations that no other motive could be powerful enough to withstand, and dare feats that no other gain could tempt. Men will pluck a name from the very jaws of death, will ascend into the very heavens to wrest it from the gods, will descend into the lowest hells to seize it from the grasp of Satan himself, will make of their bodies torture-chambers and of their brains seething caldrons, will freeze and starve to death at the North Pole, or throw themselves as prey to deadly fevers, to ferocious beasts and men in Africa's interior, will search heaven and earth for new discoveries and new contrivances, and not hesitate to surrender their lives and all as purchase-price.

For the sake of a name.

It is fortunate that such a craving is implanted in our nature. Without it, we would be like beasts foraging for food and crouching in our lairs, having no other aim than appeasing the innerman and protecting the outer. The desire of enjoying a good name has been the creator of most of our genius, the driving-wheel of our best talents. It has converted savagery into civilization, cowards into heroes, idlers into doers. It is the propelling force of progress, of enterprise, of achievement. It is the root of virtue. It preserves the integrity of the individual, the sanctity of the home, the purity of society, the peace of the nation.

Craving for a name the driving-wheel of progress.

When such benefits are the products of a good name, when such sacrifices are made and such hardships endured for it, when all men's actions are more or less animated by it, one would reasonably have expected to find men and women in the undisturbed enjoyment of whatever name they have honorably acquired, and others encouraged to strive for the same end, that society may be benefited by the possessions of a larger number of people, who pay the costly price of hard and noble service for the honor of enjoying a good name. But it is the opposite rather that we find.

Detraction of a good name is more frequently met with than recognition of it. Calumny runs more fluently from tongues than praise. The more eager men are for praise the readier they often are to deny it to others. The more anxious men are to be well thought of by others, the more willing they often are to think little of others, and, if it must be, to fabricate the reason for

Detraction of name a common vice.

belittling their name. As there are eyes that get wild with rage when the color red is held before them, so are there ears that become frenzied with malice at hearing another man praised. You can easily turn many a comedian into a tragedian, many a musician's *pianissimo* into a violent *fortissimo*, many a preacher from lamb to wolf, by merely saying a word of praise of a brother colleague in their hearing. The most praise-deserving often has the scantiest recognition, or is most exposed to slander's tongue. Reputations built up through long years of painful toil and self-denial, are not infrequently torn down, sullied forever, in less time than it takes to tell it. Pulling down is easier work than pulling up. There are plants so sensitive that the merest touch will wither them. Equally as delicate is a good name. Touch it with unclean hands, or breathe the breath of foul slander upon it, and not all the sands of all the oceans will remove the stain, nor will all the perfumes of Arabia sweeten it again. So easy a work is such detraction, and of so cheap a price, that everybody can afford the luxury of indulging it. Their number is small, who do not sometime seek to whiten their own names by blackening those of others. Alexander Pope is right:

> "The world with calumny abounds,
> The whitest virtue slander wounds;
> There are whose joy is night and day
> To talk a character away:
> Eager from rout to rout they haste
> To blast the generous and the chaste,
> And hunting reputation down,
> Proclaim their triumphs through the town."

Its prevalence due to exemption from punishment

I know not whether it is the ease with which this sin is committed, or the impunity which it enjoys, that is responsible for its wide prevalence. Neither can I tell whether it was always as common as now. But this I do know: it was not always as safe. It was a dangerous business at one time to tamper with a man's reputation. The man convicted in the time of Alfred the Great of having maliciously spread an evil report against his neighbor had his tongue cut out. Were such a law enacted now-a-days, we would either see a mighty stampede into the well-nigh deserted truth-telling camp, or see our earth fast becoming a vast Dumb-Asylum. In other countries those guilty of unjustly detracting from the character of others had the word SLANDERER stamped with a hot iron on their foreheads. Were that practice now in vogue, our ladies would wear their bangs thicker and deeper over their foreheads than now, and our men would imitate that style of hairdress with surprising rapidity. In other countries those convicted of having written a defamation of another's good name, had their right arms cut off. Were such a punishment still meted out to calumniators, an amazingly large crop of one-armed war veterans would suddenly spring up, our campaign-liars would fast exchange their stumps for the position of one-armed flagmen at railway-crossings, and many of our lawyers and diplomats, authors, editors and preachers, would be

obliged to take to writing with their left hands, or to thinking with their right minds.

Even in ancient times, few sins were looked upon with as much of contempt as slander. Of the four classes that will never be admitted into the presence of the Divine Majesty, the Rabbis of old mention the liar as one and the slanderer as another.* Even the Spirits of Evil, some of the ancient sages declare, detest the backbiter; 'God will judge and condemn him from above, and the Prince of Sheol from below.'† The thief and murderer have not even awakened such scorn as the malicious defamer of character. There are thieves whose boldness and daring and chivalrous spirits involuntarily win our admiration, and tempt us to more lenient judgment. The same is true of some murderers. We stand aghast at their deeds, but their valor, their perilous adventures, their passion, at times force our admiration; we pity the circumstances that led to their crime, we seek to palliate the offense by suspecting some mental aberration. We have had criminals, who became popular idols, for whom women raved, whom to imitate became the highest ambition of youth, and whom men immortalized in romance and poetry, characters such as Dick Turpin, Jonathan Wild, Jack Sheppard, or brigands of the *Fra Diavalo* and *Karl Moor* type, which the opera and the drama have made familiar to us. But the slanderer has never yet awakened any other feeling than the most contemptuous scorn. We despise him for the want of that courageous and chivalrous spirit wherewith even thieves and murderers win our admiration and pity. We despise that cowardice that in cold blood, with malice aforethought, stabs a man in his back, that attacks him when and where he cannot defend himself, that, like the serpent in the grass, stings him when least suspected, robs him of what took infinite toil to build up, and what all the treasures of the earth, what an eternity of time, cannot restore. We know of no insult that so touches us to the quick, that so makes our blood to boil as to be called a slanderer. There is the serpent's hiss in that word. It injects its poison into the wounded feeling, that will not heal till the insult has been resented. In countries where duelling is in practice to call a man a libeller is an offense which only blood can expiate.

Slander more detestable than other crimes.

We do not wonder at the severity and contempt with which slander has been punished. What enemy mightier than it! What poison more fatal! What weapon sharper!

Its poison the most fatal.

> "'Tis slander
> Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
> Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
> Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
> All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
> Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
> This viporous slander enters." *Cymbeline*, Act III, Sc. iv.

It but whispers a word or two, utters but a monosyllable, points but its

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* Talm. Babl. *Sanhedrin*, 103, a. † ibid. *Erchin*, 15 b.

finger, shrugs but its shoulder, raises but its eye-brow, and a fair name is sullied, a happy home is blasted, sweet and comforting relationships are broken up, and society is robbed of one of the strongest incentives for the elevation of the individual and for the progress of humanity. One's good name gone, and all is gone. Other losses may be restored, but the name that has become slander's prey can never be wholly recovered. We may deny and defend, and prove the slander a base invention, but the report that has once gone abroad is beyond recall. Of the hundred that have heard the slander ten may hear the denial, and five of these may believe it. The foul finger marks will remain. The scar which the serpent's tooth has left will abide forever. The shaken confidence, the broken union, though restored, will forever show the signs of mending. Suspicion will linger, and grow into slander again, when its victim is in the grave, and no longer able to defend himself. Children and children's children will bear the marks of the mire and venom with which the calumniator besmirched a fair ancestral name.

> "For slander lives upon succession;
> For-ever housed, where it gets possession."
> *Comedy of Errors*, Act III, Sc. 1.

"Forever housed where it gets possession"—ah, who can tell a more pitiful story of this than Israel, and on what day more appropriately than this? This is our Christian neighbors' Easter Sunday. In thousands of sanctuaries, consecrated to peace and good-will, there is repeated to-day, amidst great pomp and festivity, one of the foulest slanders that was ever conceived by human brain, and ever uttered by human lips. On this day, some eighteen hundred years ago, an ancient solar festival, (commemorative of the vernal equinox, and of earth's resurrection from winter's death, and celebrated by heathen nations by fictitious slaying and burying and resurrecting of their sun-god idol) was converted into an historic event. Of the *Sun-God*, a *Son of God* was made, and around him they wove a fantastic tissue of heathen-borrowed myth. They brought him down from Heaven to walk the earth in human guise, to suffer and to be crucified, according to the Father's own decree, and to the Son's special wish, to atone with his blood for the sins of a depraved people, and thereby to appease the wrath of an angry Father. Then they singled out a number of men from a particular people to perform the work, on which the salvation of all human kind, past, present and future, depended. And when they had done the deed, which, according to such a dogma, ought to have been regarded the most glorious service ever rendered by man to man, they were rewarded with infamy and infinite suffering, and not only the participators themselves, but also the whole people of which they formed an infinitesimal part, some of whom lived hundreds of miles away from the scene of action.

Illustrated by the Christian's slander of the Jew.

So much for the myth. As to the historic kernel underlying it, you know the story of that noble brother of ours, who, in his zeal for his people, unfortunately permitted himself to be deluded by his enthusiastic

followers into the belief, that he was the Political Deliverer, for whom the Judeans were then hoping and praying, to redeem them from the tyranny of the Roman conqueror. You know the story of the treasonable entry, at a time of political unrest and frequent seditious uprisings, into Jerusalem, that was under the watchful guardianship of the Roman legions, especially at the approach of the Passover, when every male Israelite made his pilgrimage to the Holy City. You know of the madness of his proclamation as "King of Israel" in the very sight of the Roman Standards. What followed you know. Rome, never tolerant, never generous, always cruel, nailed this enthusiast, as it had nailed others before, on the cross, with a crown of thorns on his head and with a mock-inscription over it, to warn other aspirants against a similar fate. What followed this you also know, and that is the saddest part of this whole sad story. The tragedy of one—slander turned into a tragedy of a whole nation; the crucifixion of a day it turned into a crucifixion of eighteen centuries. As time passed on the brief story of this tragic event was transmitted from mouth to mouth of his devoted followers, and, as is the fate of all oral transmissions, it grew in size, in marvelousness, till it became utterly impossible to tell exactly where history ended and where legend began. As the years rolled on, it passed from Jew to the Romanized Gentile, who blended his own myths with this myth-history, and made the confusion greater still. And as conversions among the Romanized world became more and more frequent, and hostilities against the great mass of the Jews, who refused to believe in the Messiahship of the Nazarene Martyr, grew more and more bitter, it dawned in some mind as an excellent propagandic policy, as a powerful mean to conciliate the Romans, who, for political reasons, likewise hated the Jews, to clear them of all guilt, to credit them with a saintly character, to represent them as helpless weaklings in the hands of the Jews, and to pile the whole responsibility upon the innocent heads of the martyr's own brethren.

Thus was that slander born, that has made an innocent people a scorn and a byword among the nations of the earth. Thus was that slander born, that for eighteen centuries long made the Jew a fugitive and an outcast, in every land where that Prince of Peace and Good Will, their own brother, was worshipped. For this slander was the Jew made, eighteen hundred years long, to saturate the soil of half of the inhabited world with his heart's blood, was he made to endure excruciating agonies in torture chambers and on *autos da fe*, was he made to suffer heart-rending cruelties, nameless insults, loss of human rights, exclusion from respectable society and callings. And to our own days this slander has endured, so true are Shakespeare's words, that "slander lives upon succession; for-ever housed, where it gets possession." To this day an innocent posterity is treated with contempt, is slandered and vilified, is suspected and hated, for a crime falsely charged to a no less innocent ancestry. Could you but hear some of the sermons that are delivered to-day, some of the cruel epithets that are hurled at the brethren of Him they worship, you would need no further proof to be convinced of the

ineradicableness of slander's poison. The learned Academies have entered their protest, the damaging contradictions in the different Gospels have been made manifest, the heathen sources of gospel stories have been laid bare, the analysis of Jewish History, Literature, Laws, Customs and Institutions have given the lie to these false charges. It has availed nothing. The slander lives,—and Israel suffers.

This form of slander, of creating a libel out of nothing, of condemning whole peoples through countless generations, without the intermixture of a grain of truth in its support, though the most pernicious, is fortunately not the most frequent. Of peoples as countryless and as defenseless as Israel the world has not many, and prudence suggests greater care and justice in speaking of larger and more powerful nations. Had Rome not been so mighty, and her influence and protection not so desirable, and her people not so subject to conversion, and had Israel not been so weak, it would never have been made to suffer for her crime. It is an old trick of might to make the wrong appear right, and the right appear wrong, and to play the roll of the mighty has never been Israel's privilege or misfortune. But of the other forms of slander we have much more. There is that insinuating slander of the Half-Truth, that tells all the faults it knows of a neighbor, and carefully conceals all his good qualities, a single one of which might atone for all the other faults combined, were it but known. It is an old sin, one that Juvenal already satirized in language as strong as this:

The slander of the Half-Truth.

> "There's a lust in man no charm can tame
> Of loudly publishing our neighbor's shame;
> On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,
> While virtuous actions are but born to die."
>
> *Satire IX.*—Transl. Stephen Harvey.

There is that slander that hears but the side that is derogatory of a neighbor's character, and makes the most of it, without taking the trouble of assuring itself whether there be any truth at all in the report, and, if there be, what the accused has to say in his defense. It is said of Aristides, that he lent but one ear to one who accused another behind his back; the other ear he held shut, saying, that he reserved it for the accused, and that he will not suffer one ear to believe till the other has also heard. No wonder he was called the "Just," for other men generally adopt a different course; they keep both ears wide open to scandal and accusation, and both tightly shut against denial and defense. We feel incensed over that Russian procedure that arrests, convicts, transports, a man upon the merest suspicion of political intrigue, without as much as granting a hearing to the accused. We burn with indignation when we read of that Robespierrian tyranny during the French Revolution, that condemned a man to the guillotine upon no stronger evidence of guilt than mere suspicion, that only admitted evidence against the accused, never a witness in his favor. But how often are not we ourselves guilty of similar wrongs. How often do not we ourselves condemn a man upon the merest suspicion, without

The slander of the Half-Testimony.

what spitefully, is to be pardoned; what angrily, is to be pitied, what justly is to be thanked." Only treat the slanderer with patient silence, he will tire of his venom, just as the dog tires of baying the moon. You are never so near proving the truth of his defamation than when you stoop to take notice of him. Lowering yourselves to his level you may be tempted to copy his tactics, and become vipers yourselves. Keep calm, maintain your dignity, and you will find that

> "No falsehood can endure
> Touch of celestial temper."
> Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book IV, Line 811.

So live that a blameless life may be your only answer to slander's tongue. So live that noble deed may give the lie to the calumniator's detraction. So live that the traducer's persecutions, instead of awakening fear, may be pleasing compliments to you. So live that even though the world deny you justice, your own conscience may know your purpose holy, your character spotless, your name unstained.

A Plea for Noble Ambition.

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

April 24th, 1892,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D

PHILADELPHIA:
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1892.

SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

SERIES V. 1891—1892.

1. Theologies many—Religion one.
2. Who wrote the Pentateuch?
3. Shylock,—the unhistoric Jew.
4. Nathan, the Wise—the historic Jew.
5. Darkness before the Dawn.
6. On the Threshold.
7. Illusion. (Dreams, Visions, etc.)
8. Delusion. (Hypnotism, Faith-Cure, etc.)
9. Hallucination. (Ghosts, Spiritualism, etc.)
10. Jesus in the Synagogue.
11. To-Day better than Yesterday.
12. Wanted—A Rational Religious School.
13. Civilization's Debt to Woman.
14. Civilization's Duty to Woman.
15. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends."
16. Justice—Not Charity.
17. A Personal Interest Society.

Glint-Lights On The Ten Commandments.

18. I. Ancient and Modern Idolatry.
19. II. The Law of Retribution.
20. III. Reverence to whom Reverence belongs
21. IV. Through Labor to Rest.
22. V. Children's Rights and Parents' Wrongs
23. VI. Slay the Sin, but not the Sinner.
24. VII. The Sanctity of the Home.
25. VIII. The Noblest Title: An "Honest Man."
26. IX. The Highest Fame: A "Good Name."
27. X. A Plea for Noble Ambition.
28. The Old in the New and The New in the Old.

SERIES IV. 1890—1891.

1. Westward—Not Eastward
2. The Force in Nature—God.
3. Gain from Pain.
4. Pain from Gain.
5. The Law of Environment.
6. American Apathy.
7. Russia and her Jews.
8. Among the Immortals.
9. After Death—What?
10. Before Death—What?

Jewish Converts, Perverts and Dissenters:

11. I. True and False Converts.
12. II. Jesus—a Jew, and not a Christian.
13. III. Paul—The Jew and the Gentile.
14. IV. Forced Converts.
15. V. Allured Perverts.
16. VI. Spinoza-Not a Convert nor a Pervert.
17. VII. Brilliant Women—Ignoble Perverts.
18. VIII. Börne and Heine—Perverts through Christian Intolerance.
19. IX. Isaac Disraeli — A Pervert through Jewish Intolerance.
20. X. Benj. Disraeli—A Convert, yet a Jew.
21. XI. The Blank Leaf between the Old and the New Testament.
22. Love as a Corrector.
23. Eyes they have, and see not.
24. Ears they have, and hear not.
25. Tongues they have, and speak not.
26. The Morning Dawns.

SERIES III. 1889—1890.

1. "Eppur si Muove" (And yet she moves).
2. Jew Against Jew.
3. Possibilities of Youth.
4. Possibilities of Age.
5. Art as an Educator.
6. A Child's Prayer.
7. Nurseries of Crime.
8. The Jew as a Patriot.
9. Are We Better than the Heathen?
10. Business Integrity.
11. How Molehills into Mountains Grow.
12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
13. What Love Joins—No Court Sunders.
14. Religion in the Laboratory.
15. Myths in the Old Testament.
16. Myths in the New Testament.
17. Living for Others.
18. Heredity.
19. Is this a Christian Nation?
20. Purim and Lent.
21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

SERIES II. 1888—1889.

1. Whence, Whither and Why?
2. The Voice of the People.
3. Uncharitable Charity.
4. Wife and Mother.
5. Husband and Father.
6. Origin and Descent.
7. The People of the Book.
8. Future Reward and Punishment.
9. The Ideal Commonwealth.
10. The Puritanic Sabbath.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM:

11. I. The Mosaic Age.
12. II. The Prophetic Age.
13. III. The Messianic Age.
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EPOCHS IN JUDAISM CONTINUED:

15. V. The Kabbalistic Age.
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17. VII. The Present Age.
18. Ashes to Ashes, or Earth to Earth.
19. Sanitary Science.
20. Does Prohibition Prohibit?
21. Intermarriage.
22. Convert your own—Let Jews alone.
23. The 25th Anniversary of the Cornerstone-Laying of Temple Keneseth Israel.
24. Abused Benefactors.
25. A Benefactor Honored. (Rev. Dr. I. M. Wise)
26. The Real Saving Trinity.
27. The Removal of the Leaven.
28. Deed through Creed.

A Plea for Noble Ambition.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.

Philadelphia, April 24th, 1892.

(Exod. xx. 17) לא תחמד

(Jerem. vi. 13) מקטנם ועד גדולם כלו בוצע בצע

(Habak. ii. 9) הוי בצע בצע רע לביתו

We read in the *Book of Esther* of the great honors shown by the Persian King *Ahasverus* to his Prime Minister *Haman*, how he raised him above all the princes of the realm, commanded all his court-officers and attendants to bow down before him, and to reverence him. In one so highly honored, so abundantly blessed with all the heart could desire, one might reasonably have expected to find a truly happy man. But the Scriptures assure us of the contrary, tells us of his discontent and vexation of spirit because some insignificant Jew, Mordecai by name, who frequented the palace gate, refused to bow down before him and to do him reverence, and acquaints us with the tragic end of his brilliant career, because, not contented with the honor shown him by king and princes, he sought to revenge himself on some insignificant mortal, for refusing to bow before him.

Honored, and yet miserable.

This story furnishes a rich field for moralizers, and they have not been slow in taking advantage of it. Haman has come to be looked upon as a type of a man insatiably greedy after honors, and his miserable end is held up to the ambitious as a warning. Mordecai, however, is lauded to the skies for his moral courage, for daring to refuse to a powerful minister, to a mighty king's favorite, an honor which belongs to God alone, and his example is held up to others for faithful imitation. I must confess, I have never been able to approve of all the vituperation that has been heaped upon the Persian, nor share all the praise that has been lavished upon the Jew. I have before this given my reasons for doubting the historic worth of the *Book of Esther*.* Such a portrayal of character as here given of Mordecai strengthens my doubt. One, that stood as near to the throne as he, would have known what honor is due to the chief minister of the realm, would not have begrudged showing a respect which an orientalist is only too glad to show; nor would he, as a scarcely tolerated Jew in a stranger's land, have been so imprudent as to invite upon his people a fearful persecution, by refusing to honor a distinguished

* See *The Feast of Esther*, Series I, 11.

official of another faith and people, which his religion did not prohibit, and of which some of his most illustrious ancestors have set the example.

As to the character of Haman, its delineation is faithful enough to allow a belief in the possibility of its having been a pen picture of some covetous official in the remote past. If historic, he deserves more of our pity than our censure. We are dealing then with a patient rather than with a criminal, with one of those unfortunates, of whom history has recorded many, who lost control over the fiery steeds of ambition, which, dashing off like mad, hurled him at last over the dizzying precipice down into the horrible abyss.

Ambition's fiery steeds scamper along in every sound mind. In some they run with a quicker pace than in others, but present they are in each, placed there by nature's own hand, and for each man's good—so long as he keeps the reins well in hand. But that is not an easy task. The racers are many. The desire not to be outstripped by a neighbor is strong. Almost involuntarily the hand seizes the whip at the sound of the fast-gaining rival behind. To overtake the one in front becomes the passion of the one behind. Faster and faster and more and more painfully falls the whip upon the steeds. They shoot forward with lightning speed; the track flies from under their feet. The racers are now side by side in dangerous proximity. They are wild with excitement. Now the one leads; now it is the other. The steeds are covered with foam. The drivers are hoarse from shouting, and blind from the dust. They hear not the cries of warning. They see not the beings and objects they run down in their mad course. One rival sinks exhausted on the track. Another quickly takes his place. He, too, falls; and another; and another; and yet others. The road is strewn with wrecks and ruins, with gasping and mortally wounded steeds and drivers. One succeeds in getting far ahead of all his rivals; he has none to fear; still he flies into a passion at the sight of a crawling blind old nag he chances to pass, and brings his lash heavily down upon his breathless steeds to run the harmless traveller down. At last he is the only one left upon the tracks. He has gratified his passion; the victory is his. Fatigued, he seeks to halt his coursers, but they no longer obey his call or command. The more he pulls back, the faster they shoot forward. On, on they rush, till at length steeds, chariot and driver tumble together in a heap of hopeless exhaustion.

Ambition on the race-course.

It is only on some such pathological theory as this that we can account for that strange disease of many men, who, with honors thick upon them, without a rival to fear, with ample treasures and pleasures at their command, will permit themselves to become unhappy, or frenzied with rage and malice, because some insignificant fellow refuses to doff his hat to them, or because some by-street shopkeeper dares to catch a few penny customers. What we condemn in them as avarice or envy, is often but the after-effect of years of uncontrolled ambition. They have been on the race-track so long, have been dominated for so many years by the passion of reaching the goal the soonest, and plucking the prize the first, have for so many

Excessive ambition leads to the disease: covetousness.

years kept a sharp eye on competitors, and have run down feared and dangerous rivals so long, till their passion turned into disease, compelling them to continue the race though they have long since reached and passed the goal, to fear and suspect every man as their rival, to feel envious of, and miserable at, another man's success, and to have no peace, no comfort, till the breathless steeds of their ambition have run them down and utterly destroyed them.

I have said that Haman deserves our pity rather than our condemnation, if for no other reason than in self-defense, in extenuation of a sin, from which, I am sure, but the fewest of us are free. We have before us in *Haman* the intensified form of a passion that has a distinguished place in the minds of most of us. We all love honor, and very many of us are engaged in a hot race after it, though not many of us may be willing to admit it as frankly as did King Henry V, whom Shakespeare makes to say:

Who is insensible of honor is insensible of shame.

> "If it be a sin to covet honor,
> I am the most offending soul alive."
>
> *King Henry V*—Act IV. Sc. 3.

and I am as much in doubt as King Henry was, the tenth commandment to the contrary notwithstanding, as to whether "it be a sin to covet honor." I am strongly inclined to suspect a man of being insensible of shame who is insensible of honor. Show me the man who tells you that he cares for neither honor or fortune, that he is contented with obscurity or poverty, and I will show you either a prevaricator or a fool. His very posing as a man, who cares not for honors often but cloaks a greedy appetite for it, as there are people who parade more haughtiness in their ostentatious exhibition of exceeding humbleness and modesty than they possibly could have done by any of the regular modes of displaying pride. If the tenth commandment be understood to prohibit the cherishing of some noble ambition, the setting of some other man's great success and honor before us as a goal to attain, through personal effort, similar fortunes and stations, then the man, who has never transgressed against it, must be of the category of that boy who never told a lie—because he was dumb, must never have had brain enough and energy enough to cherish, and strive for, a noble ambition.

I have never held that commandment responsible for so absurd a teaching. Man should be ambitious, he shall covet honors and fortunes, and he will, commandment or no commandment. God has taken good care to implant the instinct of ambition deep in human nature, especially in its most illustrious representatives, to make the progress of humanity not a matter of choice but of compulsion. But for that attribute, we never would have advanced as we have, we never could have advanced at all, judging from the comparison between the unambitious beast and the ambitious human being, or between the stagnant oriental villager and the enterprising citizen of an occidental metropolis.

Our indebtedness to ambition.

Ambition is the salt that preserves the mind from stagnation, and the body from decay. But for it, our greatest powers would never come

to light, our noblest faculties would rust unused. It is the baton that holds our best energies harmoniously together and starts them off in rythmic motion. It is the lash that drives our blood into healthful flow and our mind into useful activity. It is the source of all the mind values highest, and all the heart cherishes the most. It has laid the foundation of the first place of worship, and the corner-stone of the first school, and there has not been a church or school since that owed not its existence to it. It has steeled the arm of the first warrior, and has made every distinguished soldier laugh at danger ever since. It has guided the pen of the first writer, and of every writer since. It has inspired the mind of the first reformer, lawgiver, discoverer, inventor, and of all their countless successors since. It has taken the first ship across the ocean, and the first locomotive across the land; sunk the first shaft into the earth, stretched the first telegraph over the continents, and the first cables under the seas. It has started more enterprises than mind has knowledge of, and has brought more blessings into the world than man can count. For all the comforts of life we are indebted to it. It has lightened our burdens and heightened our joys. It has widened our horizon and deepened our knowledge. It has removed life's trials and tribulations further off, and has brought heaven nearer. To say, therefore, that this innate spirit of ambition, that ever urges man forward and onward, that ever impels him to think more and to achieve more, to be more and to have more, is a violation of the Tenth Commandment, is contrary to the will of God, is simply madness.

Ambition disparaged.

I know that in speaking a word in favor of ambition, I run counter the stereotyped commonplaces wherewith it has been attacked both in speech and in print. Few quotations and illustrations are more fluent on our lips than those which belabor wealth, belittle honor, and elevate the sweets of contentment. Our nursery tales and Sunday School Literature are full of such morals. Our primers revel in them. Our preachers find them grateful subjects, and poets delight in turning them into popular rhymes. Lines such as Shakespeare put into the mouth of Cardinal Wolsey:

> "Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition,
> By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
> The image of his Maker, hope to win by it."
>
> *Henry VIII.*—Act III., Sc. 2.

or such as these:

> "Alas! the joys that fortune brings
> Are trifling, and decay;
> And those who prize the trifling things
> More trifling still than they."

spring up, uncalled, in our memories as soon as the subject is but broached; and pastorals and farm-ballads that contrast the palace of the rich with the cottage of the poor, the rich fare and costly costume of the one with the frugal meal and humble dress of the other, and show how, despite the difference, the lot of the poor is far more enviable than that of the rich, are constantly appealed to in praise of contentment, and in condemnation of ambition. The whole vocabulary of abuse is piled on wealth.

It is designated as the root of every evil, the source of every woe, the bane of every bliss. It is the curse of society, and we are warned against the seductive tempter that conceals the fatal poison. In eloquent terms the fascinations of mediocrity, are portrayed to us, and no labor is spared to convince us of the wisdom of *Agur* of old in praying that 'God may give him neither poverty nor riches'* and of Goldsmith's cleverness in regarding "ignorance of wealth" the "best riches."†

But, strange, with all the bitter denunciation of ambition, with all the eloquence and rhetoric in favor of poverty or mediocrity, with all the abundance of literature in all languages, ages, climes, against fame and fortune, there has never been a cessation in the intense race and struggle among all the people for whatever honor and riches there was to be had. And what is stranger still, they that write and speak most vehemently against ambition, are, as a rule, in keenest and hottest pursuit after it. There have been writers and speakers who worked hard, even while writing and speaking on the beauties of mediocrity, to reach the highest place and the fattest salary, and they would never have forgiven you had you asked them whether their work was an illustration of the mediocrity they so much praised. People have been too busy obeying the forward-urging instincts of their nature, and too conscious of the hypocrisy of the eulogizers of poverty or mediocrity, to pay much attention to such sophistries. They knew that, at best, their rhetoric was but a sugar-coating of a very bitter pill, which adverse circumstances obliged them to swallow, or a revengeful thrust at the honored and the wealthy, who were not in the least ruffled by it, knowing that though much pitied by the panegyrists of obscurity, it would not have been safe to offer to exchange with them.

The disparagement unheeded.

Neither have they been much dissuaded from the ambitious course on which they were bent, by the saws and sermons on the mockery of fame and the misery of wealth, by people who have had a surfeit of glory, and whom age or feebleness had incapacitated from continuing in the excitement of the race, or from any longer drawing enjoyment from their fame or fortune. A thousand death-bed warnings against the bubble of glory are not one half as much of a deterrent, as the sight of the honor shown to one celebrated man, or of the pleasures and possibilities within the reach of one wealthy man, acts as a spur.

People have also learned to understand what is generally included under contentment, or under the modest term of mediocrity. Thomson only asks for

> "An elegant sufficiency, content
> Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
> Ease and alternate labor, useful life
> Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven."
>
> *The Seasons—Spring*; Line 1158.

Who would not be content with such an abundance of blessings, or who would refuse to be poor or mediocre with such treasures as these as his own? Who can acquire these without bringing a large amount of ambition

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*Pro. xxx, 8. †The Traveller.

into play, or can rest content after honorably acquiring as much as this? He that by hard and honest toil has secured for himself 'an elegant sufficiency, friendship, books, ease, useful life, progressive virtue,' will not, and cannot, rest on his laurels, and say: "I am done, I have nothing more to wish for or to strive for." Our distinguished author Holmes has amused himself not a little over such conceptions of contented poverty or mediocrity as this Thomsonian one, and has added one of his own in the following clever satire:

"Little I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone,
(A *very plain* brown stone will do,)
That I may call my own;—
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;—
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victuals nice;—
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land;—
Give me a mortgage here and there,—
Some good bank-stock,—some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share,—
I only ask that fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names;
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo,—
But only near St. James;
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are bawbles; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things;—
One good-sized diamond in a pin,—
Some, *not so large*, in rings,—
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
Will do for me; I laugh at show.

* * * * * * * * * *

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them *much*,—
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content!

That there have been those that have been contented with very little, and have been happier with it than others with very much I shall not deny. Did not Diogenes content himself with a barrel for a home, and have we not had hermits contented with yet less? But for how much is the world's civilization indebted to such men as these? What have they done to promote the best interests of human kind. Was not their isolation or their idiosyncrasy a species of selfish ambition to win a saintship in Heaven or a crankship on earth? What has the world benefited by those other much-lauded contented beings, who want little, and have their want, and care nothing for the abundance of others, and are merry and gay the livelong day, without a care for to-morrow, without a pang for the lost opportunity of yesterday, without provision for the time when they shall be no more, without any other final request than

The unambitious not the world's benefactors.

"Cover my head with turf or a stone,
It is all one, it is all one."

To be sure they have enjoyed their life;—but so do the cattle in the field. And they have enjoyed it with not a few of the products of other men's ambitions. They have never spelled their names Moses or Jesus or Mohamed. They have never turned immortal epics, or chiselled immortal gods and goddesses, or reared over them proud temples and mighty palaces. They have never started out as pioneers into unknown lands, or ventured into the untrodden fields of scientific research. They have

never answered to the name of Gutenberg or Watt, of Stephenson or Fulton, of Franklin or Edison. No emancipated slaves ever stammered before them their gratitude; no freed nations and peoples ever bedewed their graves with their tears, or raised towering monuments over them in grateful recognition of their noble services.

Fortunately the world has not many such—sometimes I question whether it has any at all that are of sound mind and capable of lending their fellowmen a helping hand. Be a man of thought and energy and you can as little help being ambitious as you can help thinking. There is that in you that must out; you can stop it only at your peril. You must have an ideal to strive for, a hope to live for, a goal to aim at. Your contented days cease with your childhood—become a man, and

Doubtful whether unambitious people exist.

> "Glücklicher Säugling! dir ist ein unendlicher Raum noch die Wiege.
> Werde Mann, und dir wird eng die unendliche Welt."
>
> Schiller, *Das Kind in der Wiege.*

If you look up with thoughtful eye, there are the mysteries of nature with their countless riddles to tempt your ambition to wrest the long-kept secrets from Heaven itself, by means of patient vigils at night and painful researches during the day. If down you look, there is the grave to tempt a desire not to pass completely from the memories of the living after death. If you look abroad, there are the wants and wrongs of humanity to tempt your ambition to achieve something which, while benefitting your fellowmen, may enable you to think with Horace of old: "*Non omnis moriar*" that you will not die altogether. If there is a spark of manhood or womanhood in you, it will assert itself as ambition in spite of you. It will show itself in your unceasing restlessness, in your discontent with what you have acquired, in your planning, and scheming, and reaching out after, something that shall be higher and better than what you have achieved. You will cry with Goethe for "*More Light!*" though eighty-three years of noble service be behind you, and the shadow of death already upon you.

Will our ambition make us happier? It may in one sense; and it may not in another. When nature planted that instinct within us she only thought of the happiness of humanity, not of the individual. She intended that the individual should seek and find his happiness in the consciousness of toiling for all mankind's good, present and future, and in the knowledge that such toil by ambitious men in the past has enabled him to enjoy his present advantages. It is a mistake to believe that men seek honor or riches or power for the sake of deriving pleasure from it. It is done in obedience to a law of nature,—primarily on account of necessities which life imposes, secondarily on account of the necessities which society imposes. If a happiness is sought after by the ambitious other than the gratification of their ruling passion, or such as naturally flows from healthful activity, they are liable to disappointment. The most ambitious men have certainly been the unhappiest, as far as worldly pleasure goes. Moses died this side of the promised land, after a life of toil and vexation.

Ambition does not necessarily bring happiness.

Jesus died upon the cross, with a Latin mock-inscription over his head to serve as a warning against ambition. Columbus was carried home in chains from the new world which he had discovered. Hannibal died of the poison draught administered by his own hand. Caesar died from the dagger-thrust dealt by his dearest friend. Napoleon died a conquered, captive exile far from home. Bismark at Friedrichsruhe is brooding on the ingratitude of kings. We envy kings, while kings envy beggars. We envy the stars of the stage and the platform, while they perhaps curse the day they first set foot upon it. We envy the stars of the professions, while their ceaseless toils and worries and responsibilities make them devoutly wish they had less of honor and more of the humbler people's happiness. We envy the princes of the money marts, while they, the "poor in abundance" and the "famished at a feast," wish we had all their wealth, and they had our freedom from vexatious cares. We envy the honors and fortunes of the Hamans, while they lament and mourn and are utterly miserable because some insignificant fellow is so uncivil as not to bow before them.

That, with countless of such deterrent illustrations before us, it should be difficult to find in civilized lands a true man or a true woman, whose thought or action is not animated by this fire of ambition, this enticing tempter, this beguiling cheat, is no small proof that we have but little choice in the matter, that nature bids, and we must obey, must climb from ambition to ambition, from toil to toil, from vexation to vexation, that the wheel of progress may roll on.

Yet ambitious we must be.

I have no need, therefore, to urge upon you to cherish ambition, to strive for fame and fortune, even in the face of disheartning difficulties. You will do it without my telling, as you have done hitherto. Nature has put you in the way of it on the day of your birth, and the whole system of your training has kept you on it. The praises at home, the honors and prizes and medals in school, the statues of celebrated men on the public squares, their pictures on your walls, their biographies on your tables, the distinction the famous and the wealthy of your community enjoy, the satisfaction you enjoyed when you succeeded in downing a competitor or in outstripping a rival, or in starting some new and noble enterprise, have made ambition almost as much of a necessary element of your intellectual and social life as air and food are of your physical existence.

And ambitious we will be.

But a word or two might be profitably said in the way of warning against excess of ambition. Keep the fiery steeds well in hand. Hold your reins taut, or you are lost. The moment you lose control over them, they control you, and dash off with you either to wreckage of morals or to wreckage of life. Learn to discriminate between noble ambition and evil covetousness. A wide chasm separates the two. On the one side is honor, right, emulation, blessing, on the other side is shame, wrong, avarice, crime, and the horrible chasm between and below is strewn with the mangled corpses of those who sought to bridge the two.

But covetous we must not be.

It is this that the *tenth* commandment would teach us, and it is here where it has a powerful lesson to teach. It objects not to ambition. It opposes covetousness. In the fostering of noble ambition it sees the possibility of faithful compliance with all the preceding nine commandments. In the nursing of covetousness it sees half of the other commandments in danger. Let a man lust after his neighbor's belongings, and he may make Mammon his God, he may murder, violate the sanctity of his neighbor's home, steal, slander and perjure himself, in trying to get by unlawful means what is not his own.

If your neighbor has what you too desire to have, get it in the honorable way your honest neighbor got it. There are as many good things yet to be had as ever were gotten. Not all the discoveries have yet been made, not all the good words have yet been said, not all the great movements have yet been inaugurated, not all the earth's treasures have yet come to light. But they have to be gotten. Mere envious longing, or revengeful brooding, without raising your hand or putting your best foot forward, will never get you in honest possession of them.—If they are not to be had, then brood not over impossibilities, else covetous longings and criminal feelings will enter your mind. Set your heart on other ambitions, and you'll soon find others as good as those your neighbor has.

Strive for noble aims with noble means.

Before, however, you enter upon your new ambition measure your aim by your strength. Aim high, but never attempt an eagle's flight with a sparrow's wing. You will either drop exhausted, or resort to tricks to attain your end. Better unfamed but honest in the valley beneath than a notorious marauder on the mountain tops.

An eagle's flight with a sparrow's wing.

"Wohl besser ist's, ohn' Anerkennung leben
Und durch Verdienst des Höchsten werth zu sein,
Als unverdient zum Höchsten sich erheben,
Gross vor der Welt und vor sich selber klein."

Bodenstedt, *Mirza-Schaffy*.

Before, however, you enter upon your new ambition weigh its purpose. You may have the power of a giant yet the object may not deserve the strength of a dwarf. The accidental possession of a giant's strength is no reason for its being used giant-like in an unworthy cause. He that goes forth to conquer the world for conquest sake, to slaughter the nations to display power, or to gratify a lust of slaughter, may fill a page in the world's history, but a bloody, an execrable page it will be, a page as foul as that of Lucifer in Milton's epic, who to display his power, and to gratify his thirst for ruling, thought it "better to reign in hell than serve in heaven." If great powers are yours, believe that they have been given you for great and good works. Cherish a noble ambition with them, and seek to attain it by noble means. Be right, and you need have no fear of ultimate success. Few men fail who deserve success, who heroically toil for it, who patiently wait for it. And even if they fail, far better is it to fail in the right than to succeed in the wrong.

Use not a giant's strength giant-like in an unworthy cause.

The Old in the New and The New in the Old

A Sunday Lecture

Before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel

May 1st, 1892,

BY

Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

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SUNDAY LECTURES.

By Rabbi JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D. D.

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8. Delusion. (Hypnotism, Faith-Cure, etc.)
9. Hallucination. (Ghosts, Spiritualism, etc.)
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12. How Mountains into Molehills Dwindle.
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21. The Tyranny of Fashion.
22. Religious Unbelievers and Irreligious Believers.
23. War Against War.
24. Martyr's Day.
25. Native against Foreigner.
26. Ancient and Modern Saints.
27. Shifting but not Drifting.

SERIES II. 1888—1889.

1. Whence, Whither and Why?
2. The Voice of the People.
3. Uncharitable Charity.
4. Wife and Mother.
5. Husband and Father.
6. Origin and Descent.
7. The People of the Book.
8. Future Reward and Punishment.
9. The Ideal Commonwealth.
10. The Puritanic Sabbath.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM:

11. I. The Mosaic Age.
12. II. The Prophetic Age.
13. III. The Messianic Age.
14. IV. The Rabbinical Age.

EPOCHS IN JUDAISM CONTINUED:

15. V. The Kabbalistic Age.
16. VI. The Mendelssohnian Age.
17. VII. The Present Age.
18. Ashes to Ashes, or Earth to Earth.
19. Sanitary Science.
20. Does Prohibition Prohibit?
21. Intermarriage.
22. Convert your own—Let Jews alone.
23. The 25th Anniversary of the Cornerstone-Laying of Temple Keneseth Israel.
24. Abused Benefactors.
25. A Benefactor Honored. (Rev. Dr. I. M. Wise)
26. The Real Saving Trinity.
27. The Removal of the Leaven.
28. Deed through Creed.

The Old in the New and The New in the Old.

RABBI JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF, D.D.
Philadelphia, May 1st, 1892.

Psalm (cxviii, 24) זה־היום עשה יהוה נגילה ונשמחה בו

"The daisies peep from every field,
And violets sweet their odor yield;
The purple blossom paints the thorn,
And streams reflect the blush of morn.
Then lads and lasses all be gay,
For this is nature's holiday."
Wolcot—*May Day.*

Who needs be told that this is nature's holiday? Who needs the poet's summons to be gay on this first of May? Can the heart be sad at the sound of the merry music of the winged choristers in the air, or that of the purling brooks and murmuring rivulets and laughing waterfalls and whispering winds in hill and dale, in forest and field? Can the eye be sorrowful at the sight of the glorious entry, which nature makes on this first of May into our land, accompanied by the soul-enrapturing pageantry of myriads of her daughters, young and fair and gay, attired in robes of pink and white and violet and gold, their flowing tresses studded with countless little dewdrop diamonds, whose brilliancy rivals even the lustre of their sparkling eyes, dancing and sporting with bewitching grace on the velvety lawn of green, or coyly scattering balm and fragrance from between the branches of bush and tree? Can the mind be gloomy on a day, on which nature joyously celebrates her triumph over winter's tyrannous power, her emancipation from those powers of evil that had stripped her of all her glory, had cruelly rent and torn her, had left her as dead, without a sign, without a hope of ever returning to life, to health, to beauty, again?

Nature's Holiday on the first of May.

What need of poet's summons to be gay on this first of May? Are not our hearts and souls joyful this day for yet another glorious reason? What means this vast assemblage of festively attired men and women, of maidens and youths, this brilliant floral display around this pulpit, this joyous spirit that permeates this sacred place, these festive hymns chanted by an augmented choir? Are these not the tokens that we celebrate to-day a double holiday, one with nature without, the other with *Keneseth Israel* within?

The Congregation's Holiday on the same day.

Verily, it is a joyous festival our Congregation celebrates to-day, one that

"As it fell upon the day
In the merry month of May,"

which religions and peoples, of all ages and climes, have celebrated as a festive day, finds us in a better spirit for rejoicing, more especially, on account of the similarity between the causes that gave rise to each. We, too, celebrate to-day the close of a trying winter, and the full advent of a glorious spring. Five years long have we been buffeted by storms. From all quarters the cold and chilling blasts came rushing in upon us. Unfriendly hands stripped us of our glory. Five years long have we been on trial for our life, and a speedy death was predicted for us. This day witnesses to our triumph. Like a day in May our Congregation stands to-day at the close of five years probation, with leaves and buds, with blossoms and flowers thick upon us, to show that winter's storms have done no harm, with promises of a glorious fruiting summer, of brighter days and serener hours.

Disheartening outlook five years ago.

When five years ago, in a blustering autumn month, we entered upon our first season of *Sunday-Service*, in conjunction with our weekly Saturday-Services, in this House and before this Congregation —both then considerably smaller than now—we did not look forward to so beautiful a May Day celebration as this. The innovation was not a new one in our Congregation, but there was little comfort to be derived from previous results. Though courageously inaugurated by our former leader, the late Dr. Samuel Hirsch, in 1883, and ably championed by this experienced Champion of Reform in Two Continents, the obstacles by which he found himself environed proved insurmountable. Hampered by advanced age—the learned Doctor was then within two years of rounding his three score years and ten—and by insufficient acquaintanceship with the English language to attract the youth, for whom these services were mainly intended, the *Sunday Services* exercised no attractive force, and after but a short trial they ceased. As the resurrection of movements that bear the stamp of failure is more difficult than starting upon enterprises whose merits have not yet been tried, we had much to fear and but little to hope, when five years ago the *Sunday Service* was launched for the second time upon the sea of Philadelphia Judaism.

Judaism in a winter sleep.

Besides the failure the *Sunday Service* movement had met with in our own congregation, there was the yet deadlier foe of apathy to be encountered that had seized the Jewish community of Philadelphia. Judaism had seemingly sunk into a long winter sleep. The signs of active, growing life were few. The storms of indifference and doubt and unbelief had scattered our youth, had stripped the hoary tree of Judaism of its young sprouts and green leaves and fresh blossoms and promising fruit, had left it half covered with the sere and yellow leaf, and half bare of everything. Through the skeleton branches and over the flowerless meads and deserted fields resounded in melancholy blasts and in weeping strains the mournful wail: "Judaism is dying! Her children are deserting her! Her Holy Places are desolate! Her Holy Days are desecrated!" And when, touched by this tearful lament, a sprout, a bud, appeared, full of life, and began to dream

of a glorious re-awakening, and to give promise of a beauteous spring, quickly came the icy breath of dogmatism and chilled its glowing enthusiasm, and froze its hope and promise unto death.

To cease speaking in figurative language, to resume our plain, every-day speech, we all recall the apathetic state of Judaism in our city five years ago. Our sanctuaries resembled mausoleums, whither sorrowing mourners mainly wended their way for communion with the dead, or such aged men and women, whose task of life was ended, who felt that their time to be gathered home was nigh. Of the younger and happier element, of the men and women in the prime of life, but few attended the regular Saturday *Sabbath Service*, either because their presence was rigorously required, in the busy marts, in their shops and offices, during the hours the *Sabbath Services* were conducted in the synagogues, or because the Services themselves had ceased to attract, to interest, to benefit them.

Congregational apathy.

Outside the synagogue doors the scientific spirit of our age permeated the hearts and minds of the people, and manifested itself in a thousand different ways, that radically and beneficially differed from the older thoughts and forms and methods. Within the synagogue but little of that outer radical change was apparent. Doctrines were preached as absolute truths, which the schools had denied as falsehoods. Beliefs were tenaciously adhered to, which riper scholarship had proved untenable. Forms and ceremonies and rites were observed and practiced, which archeological researches had proven of heathen origin, and which no longer impressed the heart or awed the mind. Languages were used in the Service which had become unintelligible.

The rising generation that had been nurtured on the genial bosom of a new age felt itself strange and uncomfortable in the Jewish House of Worship. The Service to them was cold, obsolete, and in parts ludicrous. Adherence to the synagogue became more of a matter of duty than of conviction, and even the rare attendance was more from compulsion or custom or fashion than from a desire to gratify the religious yearnings of their souls. The mere payment of dues was deemed sufficient support of a congregation. As long as they paid their money to keep the establishment agoing, no one, they believed, could reasonably find fault with their absence. Parents sent their children to the Religious School and to the Service, though loudly proclaiming their disbelief in what was taught and said and done there; and children were quick in catching their parents' unbelief, and in imitating their indifference. The pulpit drew little helpful encouragement from the pew; and the pew drew little healthful inspiration from the pulpit. The pulpit lost faith in the pew; and the pew questioned the sincerity of the pulpit. The signs of decay lay heavily upon the pulpit; and the marks of dissolution disfigured the pew. Stagnation enthroned itself in pulpit chair; and stupor nestled itself in member's bench, and the freezing atmosphere that enveloped both, slowly chilled the congregations into a winter sleep.

This ill-boding apathy it was that aroused *Keneseth Israel*, despite its record of former failure, to venture for the second time upon the introduction of a *Sunday-Service*, in conjunction with the weekly *Saturday-Service*, hoping to awaken Israel out of its lethargic sleep, to draw its youth away from its indifference to religious matters, by conducting such services in a language intelligible to them, and in a form compatible with the modern spirit and with modern demands, and on a day that presented no obstacles, and entailed no loss of time or labor or money. Though fortune smiled on the opening service of the second attempt, though a vast throng gathered, especially of the young people, to participate therein, though they came again and again, and in ever increasing numbers, still, we were not yet without our misgivings, partly because of our fear of reaction, but more especially because of the storm of opposition, which the largely attended and much talked of *Sunday-Services* aroused. The apathy of our community was over. Israel aroused itself from its comatose state. Not only our own congregation but all the other congregations as well were suddenly wide awake, and drawn up in opposing battle arrays, and engaged in fierce encounter with each other. On the one side the battle cry was: "*Better Judaism with a Sunday Service than no Service and no Judaism*" from the other side went up the shout: "*Better no Sabbath than a Sunday Sabbath, and no Judaism than a Sunday-Service.*

Keneseth Israel ventures a second time upon a Sunday-Service.

We were somewhat disheartened at first by this unexpected opposition. We had lulled ourselves into the sweet hope, that by faithfully retaining the *Saturday-Service* as heretofore, and by drawing into the synagogue on Sunday for worship and instruction, those who could not, or would not, attend on Saturdays, those who had strayed from us, those who had almost become lost to us, we would receive the heartfelt thanks and the helpful support of those Congregational leaders and supporters, who had loudly bewailed the indifference of the Jewish youth, and the decay of Judaism. We had also believed that they would find so much to do to gather their own lost and straying as to have no time for scattering the assembled of a sister-congregation. Still, though somewhat disheartened, we did not permit ourselves to become dismayed. We gradually began even to draw inspiring courage from the opposition. We construed the bitter attack as an indication that we were on the right track, and ought resolutely to proceed, for no true Reform has yet escaped fanaticism's wrath, nor failed of ultimate success by reason of its opposition. Bravely we continued Sunday after Sunday, without encroaching in the slightest upon the rights of the Saturday. The attendance swelled till our space could no longer hold them, obliging us to publish our weekly discourses to accommodate those of our families and friends for whom we had no room. Our membership increased, largely from the despaired of younger element, till it obliged us to add a gallery to this House, and soon even this addition proved insufficient to accommodate the demand for seats.

Meets with opposition.

The opposition, in the meantime, grew in virulence as we grew in popular favor. It laid suspicions at our doors of which we did not even dream, and charged us with motives of which we had not as much as thought. Much it had to say and write of the evils our movement would lead to, but never a word had it for the good that we achieved. Our imaginary wrongs it scanned with the eye of a hawk; our real benefits it looked at with the eye of a mole. We were told that it was not our people we sought to elevate but ourselves, that it was not Judaism we labored for but for sensationalism. We recognized in this an old charge, one that was hurled at the Prophets of Ancient Israel, at the Philosophers of Greece, at the Reformers of Europe, at the Liberals of the New World, and we were not disturbed by it in the least. We knew that reform has never yet been regarded by obscurants otherwise than as a crime, and the reformer as a selfish, disturbing sensationalist. We knew that to inaugurate innovation is to court immolation, is to invite the hatred of those, who believe it is better to leave well enough alone than to fly to novelties whose value has not yet been proven, and that involve much work besides. This last reason is perhaps their sincerest. Reform has had more to suffer from laziness than from conviction. The proper way of spelling *conservatism* often is I-n-d-o-l-e-n-c-e. Love of ease is the bitterest foe to change and progress. The ancient Sybarites banished their artisans that their quiet might not be disturbed,—and perished in their sloth. Our modern Apostles of Standstill would, if they could, banish the hard-toiling self-forgetting Vulcans, who forge the poison-dissipating, the atmosphere-purifying, the life-invigorating lightning bolts,—and doze into listless torpor, and perish a prey to rust and decay.

Charged with seeking self-elevation.

Another accusation with which our innovation was charged was that it deliberately sought the destruction of Judaism. What a poor conception of Judaism theirs must have been to believe, that the religion, that has defied the ravenous tooth of time, that the most powerful empires could not crush, could be brushed out of existence by such feeble hands as ours, or by so harmless a feature as a *Sunday Service*, when our fathers conducted a couple of services on Sundays, and on every other day besides! And with what poor grace came such a charge from those, whose camp was well-nigh deserted, whose stagnation and obstinacy to take heed of the newer wants, had fairly forced the rising generation out of the pale, many of whom our Sunday Services, and other reform measures, had saved from swelling the ranks of agnosticism and infidelity! Does not a charge like this sound very much like a pursued thief's cry of "Stop Thief!"?

Charged with seeking destruction of Judaism.

It is true, we introduced some changes, but that was done to benefit Judaism and not to injure it, to build up, and not to tear down, to strengthen, and not to weaken, in the spirit of that ancient sage who taught: "There's a time to act for the Lord by breaking His commandment." It is true, we lopped off dead branches, pruned wild growths, cut away troublesome accretions, abolished forms and customs, that

originally never belonged to Judaism, that were tacked on during dark and superstitious ages. But all this we did only to cleanse and to vivify, to rejuvenate and to beautify, our sacred heritage.

Such salutary changes our opponents branded as destructive of Judaism, as subversive of the unalterable laws established by our fathers.

Change from the worse to the better regarded wrong.

There was once a simple-minded farmer of our State, a so called Pennsylvania Dutchman, who had inherited with his father's farm his father's manner of carrying his grist to the mill. He would put the grist in one half of the bag, and a heavy stone in the other half to balance it on the horse's back. One day he told his son, a bright and lively youth of sixteen years, to saddle the horse and ride to the mill with the grist. The son divided the grist equally in the two halves of the bag, threw it across the horse's back, flung the heavy stone aside, and hurried to his father to tell him how he had managed to balance the grist without loading the horse with an additional heavy stone. The old farmer stolidly surveyed the bag, and with a severely reproachful look said: "Johannes, your daddy, your grand-daddy, and your great-granddaddy, all went to de mill wid de stone in one end of de pag, and de grist in de odder. Unt now you, a mere poy, sets yourself up to know more as dey do. Yust put de stone in de pag, and never more let me see such smartness like dat." The similarity between the stolid and conservative Teuton is clear. Thus was our riding ourselves of oppressive burdens condemned as precocious smartness, for no other reason than that as it pleased our parents and grandparents and great-grandparents to weigh themselves down with heavy loads, it ill-becomes us to so dishonor our ancestry as to seek to lighten our yoke.

When about a century ago some bold men proposed that the streets of Madrid should be cleansed, the proposal was met with excited indignation. The question was submitted by the Government to the medical profession of that time. They reported adversely. 'They had no doubt that the dirt ought to remain. To remove it was a new experiment, and of new experiments it was impossible to foresee the issue. Their fathers having lived in it, why should not they do the same? Their fathers were wise men, and must have had good reasons for their conduct. The filth shall remain.'* And it did remain, and made Madrid a favorite spot for cholera and other plagues. So was our work of removing some of the accumulated rubbish of ages, beneath which the mildew and the vermin of doubt and indifference were eating into the very heart of Judaism, met with the indignant opposition, that what was good enough for our fathers ought to be good enough for us, that our fathers were wise men, and it ill behooves us to presume to be wiser than they, to remove what they permitted to accumulate, to introduce innovations whose issue it was impossible to foresee.

Another charge that was brought against us was that we were promoting infidelity. In this charge too we recognized an old accusation against

* Buckle, *History of Civilization in England*, Vol. II, Chap, I.

reformers, and we were not disturbed by it in the least. Why should we have been? If to open the floodgates of a stagnant pool to give the water a chance to run along, and to run itself clear, and to rid itself of its green cover of vermin-housing and poison-breeding slime, that prevented its reflecting the golden light of day, and the silver sheen of night, if to arouse people from their torpid slumbers, if to draw people into the House of God for worship and instruction, who before were strangers there, if to break from peoples' minds the fetters of indifference, of doubt, of unbelief, and to make them active participants in the congregation's religious, charitable, educational interests, if all this constitute the head and front of Infidelity-Dissemination, who might not be proud of being an infidel?

Charged with promoting infidelity.

But it was not infidelity that we promoted. It was the Judaism which the God-inspired Prophets of old taught and lived. We but followed their lead, and heeded the signs and admonitions of our own times. The bravest general is not he, who never sustains defeat, but he, who when defeated, prepares at once to turn defeat into triumph. The greatest coward is he, who in the midst of a rout, refuses to admit his defeat, and thereby brings upon himself utter destruction. There were forms and beliefs and observances which the all-conquering sword of progress had mowed down, and had left as mangled corpses on the wayside. Vain was the attempt of patching and plastering, of effecting a semblance of life with the aid of the galvanic battery. The life that pulsates from the throbbing heart was dead, and not all the machineries and trickeries and hypocrisies of the world could vivify them into life again. And idle was the fear that their fate involved the death of Judaism. *Truth never dies.* Truth never can and never will be injured by the all-vivifying Spirit of Progress. Those increments and appendages which the breath of progress can blight do not deserve to live. The form may change, the rite may pass away, but *Truth is eternal.* Twenty-five hundred years ago, so runs the Buddhistic myth, blind *Faith*, in league with *Mara*, the Prince of Darkness,

Truth is eternal.

> "She who gave dark creeds their power,
> Silabbat-paramassa, sorceress,
> Draped fair in many lands as lowly *Faith*,
> But ever juggling souls with rites and prayers;
> The keeper of those keys which lock the Hells
> And open Heavens,"

stormed in upon good Gautama for daring to inaugurate change and reform.

> "Wilt thou dare," she said,
> "Put by our sacred books, dethrone our gods,
> Unpeople all our temples, shaking down
> That law which feeds the priests and props the realms?"
> But Buddha answered, "What thou bidd'st me keep,
> Is form which passes, *but the free truth stands*
> *Get thee unto thy darkness.*"
>
> Edwin Arnold,—"*The Light of Asia*," Bk. VI.

Forms pass and rites change. They have passed and changed since

Judaism exists. Those that Moses observed were unlike those Abraham followed, and both were ignorant of forms and rites, that are deemed to-day by obscurants as the very props and pillars of Judaism. Those of the priests were unlike those of the prophets, and both unlike those of the Rabbis of mediaeval times, for which formalists demand to-day blind obedience, unquestioning compliance, as the *sine quo non* of Judaism. But the *Truth* that Abraham and Moses, the Prophets and Rabbis, proclaimed as the *Essence of Judaism*: *Right-Thinking and Right-Doing*, the belief in the *Common Fatherhood of God*, and the duty to unite mankind into a *Common Brotherhood of Man*, under the sway of *Universal Peace* and *Good Will and Enlightenment*, that Truth has never changed, will never pass away, ceremony or no ceremony, Saturday-Service, or Sunday-Service or Monday-Service.

Forms change.

Such were the accusations with which our innovations were opposed five years ago, and which have continued with unabating malignity unto this day. But this vast gathering, this festive spirit, these vocal and instrumental dispensers of joyous melodies, these beautiful floral decorations, are eloquent witnesses of the little harm opposition and detraction have wrought. The second attempt at *Sunday-Services* has been crowned with a success far surpassing even our fondest expectations. They have restored unto our fold those that had strayed from us, and gathered unto our bosom those that others had given up as lost. They have awakened more life in the general Jewish community of Philadelphia than was ever felt before, and called into existence a number of educational and charitable organizations, and stimulated a heartier support of those already in existence. They have more than doubled our membership. They have increased the *Saturday-Services*, and in such throngs have they gathered the worshippers into this House on Sundays, rain or shine, autumn, winter or spring, as to make this the last *Sunday-Service* in this Temple,—the present crowded condition, and the demand for seats, having obliged us to erect a new and spacious Temple. They have assembled not only our own people, but have also brought hither hundreds of our Gentile friends, who frequently went away with a better opinion of Jews and Judaism than ever they had before, and a number of them have been regular worshippers at our shrine, almost since the opening of these services. They have sent, for five consecutive seasons, more than 2000 printed copies of our weekly discourses over the length and breadth of our country, and to a number of European lands, where they have been translated, entire and in part, in a few foreign tongues. They have given our country "The Jewish Publication Society of America," and our city "The Personal Interest Society," and our congregation "The Society of Knowledge-Seekers," "The Choral Society," "The Post Confirmation Class," "The Service Ritual," "Our Pulpit," "The Keneseth Israel Public Library."

Our achievements despite opposition.

Well may we celebrate a double festival on this beautiful First of May, for so joyous a spring after our dismal winter, for so glorious a close of so hazardous a beginning. And in our rejoicing let us not fail gratefully to remember those former illustrious

Due to work that preceded ours.

leaders of ours, who first cleared the field, and cultivated the ground, and planted the seeds, and watched and tended the young sprouts that made this glorious May Day possible. With such precursors, it is not surprising that we achieved so much. Though the fruitage of their planting was slow in ripening, prevented it could not be. Needed reforms nobly championed, intelligently taught, cannot end in nothing. They may be delayed but averted they cannot be. Not even the Reformer himself can recall the reform he has inaugurated. He may go backwards to shame and oblivion, but his reform goes forward to everlasting glory. That reform is the best that proceeds the slowest and encounters of difficulties the most. It is the hottest reformer that cools the first, and the speediest reform that is fullest of crudeness and imprudence. The blossom of May must be planted in winter, must for months be hid out of sight, must endure the nipping and the stripping winds, and the embrace of winter's white shroud. Never yet was summer fruit but its seed or root was of the season that went before. Deep-rooted beliefs, hoary-headed institutions cannot be uprooted or destroyed over night. *The Old must be in the New, and the New must be in the Old*, if the mind is to be convinced, and if the heart is to be won.

The New was in the Old.

The sower of reform seldom is its reaper. The Reuchlins must struggle, the Husses must burn, that the Luthers may wear the aureole. The flood-light of the aureole is a composite of all the glint-lights that preceded it. Only its quantity is its newness, its quality is that of the brave old pioneers that first shot their luminous rays into the darkness and wilderness, and without these older lights there never would have been, there never could have been, the new. Had not an Isaiah or Micah of old championed with inspiring eloquence the Judaism pure and simple against the Judaism weighed down with a heathen-borrowed ceremonialism, never could an Einhorn or a Hirsch have taken courage to preach and teach the Judaism of the brain and heart against the Judaism of obsolete forms and empty lip-service. The old was in their new, and their new was in the old. Had not our former leaders explored the wilderness, hewn out a path, paved the way, never could we have so successfully espoused the Judaism of Deed against the Judaism of Creed, nor could we have had so proud a record to transfer from the Old Temple to the New.

May the Old be in the New.

When again these *Sunday-Services* we shall resume we shall have passed from this old Temple to the new. May we carry into the new the old spirit of Progress, of Harmony, of Loyalty to our Sacred Faith, that has reigned here nearly three decades of years. May we not forget that it was not for larger comfort or display but for larger usefulness with larger numbers that we exchanged the old for the new. In the glory of our May Day let us not think that the danger of the winter is past. The storms of May are many, and roughly they handle the sprouts and buds of rich promise. The crop of summer is in greatest danger in its dawn. A nipping spring frost has killed many a winter's anxious waiting and fervent hoping. Our time for rest is in the distant future still. Still we must turn wastes into arable fields, still we must break the crust and scatter the seeds, still we must tend and nurse, must weed and prune, if a rich harvest we would garner in. When all Israel one shall be as its God is One, when all mankind as brethren shall live as God their Common Father is, when noble Deed the simple Creed of each will be, when Truth and Peace will over all hold sway, when May Day balm and glory every heart shall fill, then, and not till then, will our work be done.

THE NEW TEMPLE.